SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLV MARCH, 1909 NO. 3

AT HERRICK'S HOME IN DEVON

By Edna Bourne Holman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LOUIS A. HOLMAN

THE vicar may go fox-hunting. There is one Devon dignitary, however, as much a part of the ground as the solid hedges, who is sure to be on the spot, the butt-woman. Nobody knows where she got her title; nobody knows how to spell it. Why should any one think to inquire? It would be like reducing to writing the talk of the lambs in the January fields.

The Dean Prior butt-woman was hanging out the church-warden's washing, with pegs, be it remembered, not pins. At the cook's call she came over to the door in the vicarage garden-wall. She was unendingly good-natured and strong; "pure Devonshire," I was told. She reminded me of that

> "Rockie Generation,
> A people currish; churlish as the seas;
> And rude almost as rudest salvages."

The cook had not rejoiced to see me. She assured me that the vicar knew nothing about any famous predecessor, that there was some mistake about her kitchen being old. She was confident that down the Buckfastleigh road excellent "teas" were obtainable. She was strangely at variance with the vicar's smiling wall-flowers, daisies, and violets, no doubt descendants of Herrick's "Maids of Honour," who

> "doe bring
> In the Spring;
> And wait upon her,"

and with the glimpse I had of the embattled gray church-tower almost hidden among evergreens. Evidently the mantle of Herrick's "Maid Prue" had not held together long enough to descend to her. Nobody would have been apt to offer up a "gallant Cock" upon her recovery from an illness. She bore a resemblance to ordinary cooks, whom Herrick might have had in mind when he wrote:

> "These *Summer-birds* did with thy master stay
> The times of warmth; but then they flew away;
> Leaving their Poet (being now grown old)
> Expos'd to all the comming Winters' cold.
> But thou *kind Prew* did'st with my fates abide,
> As well the Winter's as the Summer's Tide:
> For which thy love, live with thy master here,
> Not one, but all the seasons of the yeare."

The cook was relieved when the butt-woman came with her keys. This worthy led me across the lane through the churchyard gate. There was the sleepy little "God's acre," with crumbling stones and waving grasses, the poet's resting-place. The exact spot is unknown; the "Redbrest" evidently heeded his request:

> "Sing thou my Dirge, sweet-warbling Chorister!
> For Epitaph, in Foliage, next write this,
> '*Here, here, the tomb of Robin Herrick is.*'"

Beyond the fortress-like church, seen between the yews, lay the high vastness and rich colors of the distant sunny Moor, like the purlieus of the Celestial City. With a scene like this daily before him, I wondered why Herrick could not have made his "Noble Numbers or Pious Pieces" just a bit more noble and pious.

The church tower is larger than I expected to find it after the "Ternarie of Littles":

> "A little Hearth best fits a little Fire,
> A little Chappell fits a little Quire,
> As my small Bell best fits my little Spire."

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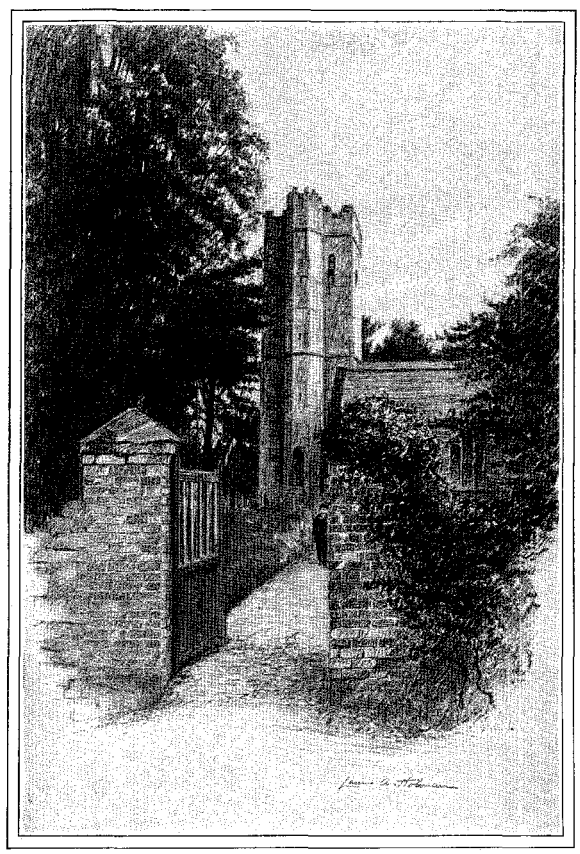
It is unusual, as its staircase turret has a door at the bottom opening out upon a short flight of steps. Like the door in the Norman entrance, this one is heavily dotted with iron bolts. When the butt-woman propped it open with her broom, the glimpse at the spiral stone stairway within made the old structure seem more like a stronghold than ever. An inner door in the turret led down to the ringers' picturesque room. This portion of the church is as Herrick knew it, except for the coating of cement necessary to preserve it.

The main building with its new slate roofs has been changed, especially the interior. Herrick certainly never saw the high box-pews and the two stoves with long pipes. As in every English church, restoration is in progress. Fortunately the beautiful arches and pillars have been relieved of their wrappings of mortar. With its chancel, nave, and two aisles, the church seemed large for so tiny a village. The butt-woman protested that it seemed well filled when the gentry from Buckfastleigh were present. She contributed other facts, all in that broad speech which no West-country writer has adequately reproduced. She touched on the annual distribution of bread to deserving poor women, one of whom she proudly claimed to be; on the ages, illnesses and traits of her children; on the kindliness and hunting prowess of the vicar; on the obstacles that confront a woman who tries to keep that church clean — and, judging from its appearance, these are insurmountable. The church was dedicated to St. George the Martyr, she said. Herrick was a name she did not know; the only important people were the Buckfastleigh gentry. She looked her bewilderment when I saw fit to stand before



Church of St. George the Martyr.

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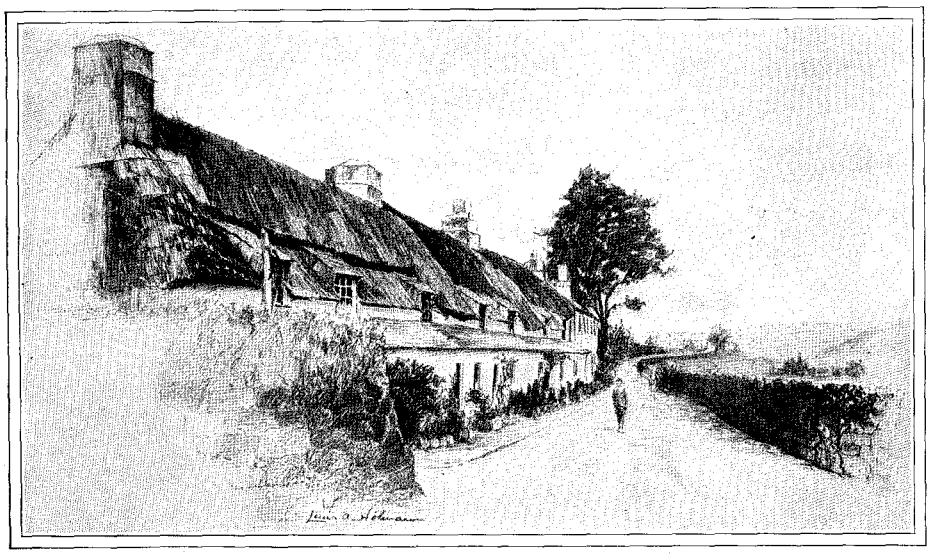

Street in Dean Prior.

a colored monument, with its kneeling figures like wooden dolls, and copy Herrick's lines:

"No trust to metals or to marbles, when
These have their fate, and wear away as men;
Times, titles, trophies, may be lost and spent,
But vertue rears the eternal monument.
What more than this can tombs or tombstones pay?
But here's the sunset of a tedious day,
These two asleep are; I'll but be undrest
And so to bed. Pray wish us all good rest."

Neither the butt-woman nor any other authority is certain whom the verse commemorates, but probably it refers to Sir Edward Giles and his wife, Herrick's friends at Dean Court. Sir Edward was the patron of Dean Prior: the poet, however, was given the living by the "Royal Martyr" himself.

The butt-woman was just setting forth the need of money for church repairs, but she interrupted herself when she found me studying monuments.

"Us have a better one in the vestry," she said. She led me to the north-east corner behind a curtain, and pointed her blunt finger up at a brass set in carved stone. A bull's head was at the top; on the lower edge of the frame were the words: "*Virtus omnia nobilitat.*"

"That belongs to the one that built us this church!" she announced repeatedly. The inscription ran thus:

In this Churchyard lie the remains of
ROBERT HERRICK,
Author of the
Hesperides & other Poems.

Of an Ancient Family in Leicester
shire, and born in the year 1591,
He was educated at St. John's College
and Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

Presented to this Living by
King Charles I. in the year 1629,
ejected during the Commonwealth,
& reinstated soon after the Restoration.

He died Vicar of this Parish in the year 1674.
This Tablet was erected
To his Memory by his Kinsman, William Perry-Herrick, of
Beau Manor Park, Leicestershire, A.D. 1857.

"Our mortall parts may wrapt in Seare-clothes lye:
Great Spirits never with their bodies dye."
Hesperides.

Communion with the past was stopped by the arrival at the Norman door of a handful of pudgy children, all with more than "a sweet disorder in the dresse." In this out-of-the-world place they had contrived to know that it was noon. The butt-woman dared not leave a prowling stranger in the church; with dignity she locked me on the outside and led her flock toward home. They went out through the lych-gate, exactly such a group of

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Dean Prior. Garden gate of Dean Court.

parishioners as used to visit the unecclesiastical vicar's little house.

"Low is my porch, as is my Fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my doore
Is worn by th' poore,
Who thither come and freely get
Good words, or meat."

The face of the country has changed more in these two centuries than the people who till it.

I had gleaned that the real village of Dean Prior was beyond the "Church town." Two lanes led to it, and anybody who knows this country will understand that the nearer of the two proved the longer. The disconsolate rain that turned the red road into indescribable mire made clear to my mind one much-discussed point. Herrick has left many bitter references to the "loathed West," for instance:

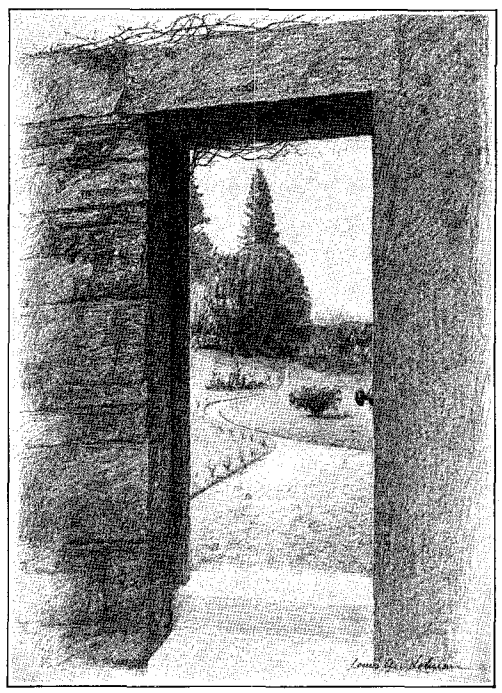
"More discontents I never had
Since I was born, then here;
Where I have bee'n, and still am sad,
In this dull *Devon-shire*."

Still, he apparently found the inspiration for most of his best work in the "drooping West"; he admits this himself in the next breath:

"Yet justly too I must confesse;
I ne'r invented such
Ennobled numbers for the Presse,
Then where I loath'd so much."

It is perfectly plain. Though he missed "silver-footed Thamasis" and other London joys less innocent, he really loved Devon: witness his coming back at the restoration, long before "Rockes turned to Rivers, Rivers turned to Men," and when he had already had seventeen years in this country parish. Yet his "loathing" was no pose. The explanation is that he was in his "dull West" mood during the clouds and rain that constitute the Devon winter. It should not be forgotten that he lived through twenty-nine of these depressing seasons.

But sunshine lay broadcast on the Moor, that commanding object in the landscape which strangely has left no trace in the *Hesperides*. This sight, and the little Dean Prior itself, were worth many muddy tramps. Unheeded even by the few who make holi-



Glimpse of the Vicarage Garden.

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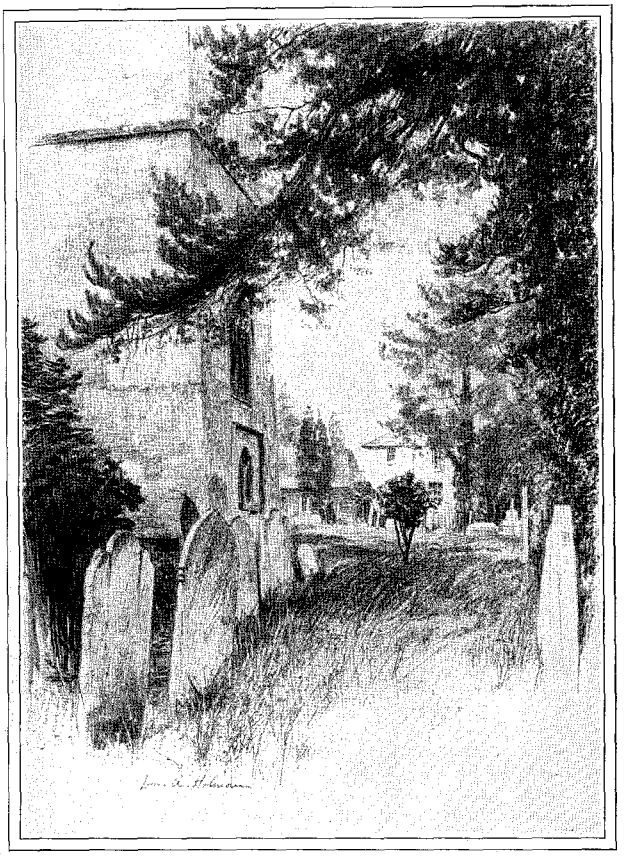
day visits to Brent Moor and Dean Moor, the hamlet has come down through the centuries unaltered except for the occasional patching of a roof. Even now it is surprisingly inaccessible: I tried to fancy how unspeakably forsaken it must have seemed to the son of Nicholas Heyrick, the Cheapside jeweller, that "free-born Roman." The dozen or so cottages, with thick, sloping crops of thatch, sometimes vivid with green moss, seem never to have been built, but to have grown like trees into their present shapes. They look as old as the tors on the Moor. They straggle down the hill in an irregular, friendly row, under the fine trees. From the road to the door of each a small footbridge leads across a clear, talkative brook, which tumbles its way through the village. It supplies running water for the cottagers' jugs. A passing hind delighted me with the information that this was Herrick's Dean Bourn. The most interesting point about this proved to be its falsity.



Dean Prior. In the church-yard. Vicarage in the distance.

In the village there was not even a "pub." The profitableness of "serving teas" had not dawned on the people. After a short starving time, however, succor arrived in the form of a wagon from Buckfastleigh carrying hot buns and pasties (pronounced "pahsties"). These, with clotted cream and tea provided by the post-mistress, I ate off His Majesty's table in His Majesty's tiny post-office. A gun-license list hung on the wall as I ate. The only man in the parish privileged to carry arms, apparently, was the vicar.

The next morning I found myself face to face with this clean-cut, white-haired gentleman. I had called early, before he should get out with his gun. While I drank cocoa he put on his boots and talked. Every few moments, with strings held tight, he recited poems, his own or Herrick's, with an accompaniment of explanations, all very entertaining. One of his poems was an amusing 'take-off' on "first aid to the injured." He had read it at Paignton to a club which had been studying this subject —rather a different assembly from those in which his illustrious predecessor often read his compositions.

When the boots were on, he placed one elbow on the mantel, and talked on of his church, and Herrick; of wood-cock, and foxes, and of high-church tendencies. His happiest days are those spent on the Moor and at archery. At the latter he made a record which has never been equalled. Pointing at his trophies, he said, "It sometimes seems that everything in my house I won by the bow." He has a fellow-feeling for the archers who turned the tide at

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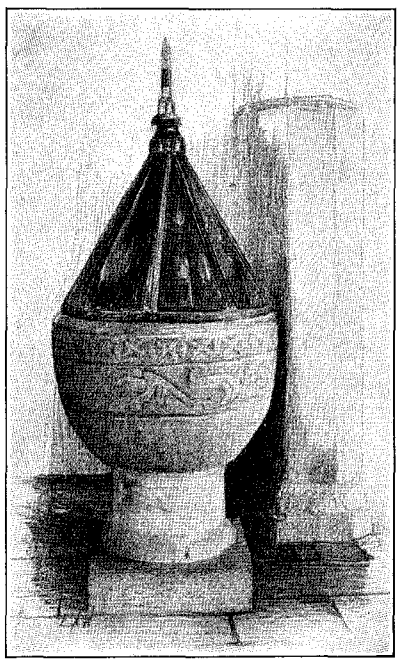
Agincourt. He sketched for me a monster reception given at Paignton by the Singers of sewing-machine fame. He is on excellent terms with the new monks who are rebuilding Buckfastleigh Abbey. "Only I never 'my lord' the Abbot. I hate that." The air of Dean Prior has never been conducive to narrow-mindedness. The seventeenth century vicar would have agreed with the twentieth century incumbent when he said, "I think there is quite worry and trouble enough in the world without good people fighting over non-essentials. If the blessed Lord came back, I rather think He wouldn't be at all interested to notice whether I wore a blue stole, or a green stole, or a yellow stole! Bah!"



Font in church, used by Herrick.

In his talk at this and subsequent visits he spoke of "rare old Herrick." He has a song-writer's own love for "Ye have been fresh and green," "Gather ye rosebuds," and "Bid me to live." For all that concerns Herrick he is a considerable authority, and he proved exceedingly hospitable about initiating me into the ways of the vicar-poet's land. If the wood-cock were "running well," to be sure, he was nowhere to be seen. But frequently he entertained me in his garden, where snowdrops were already in blossom, and the tulips were an inch above the ground. By the end of February it would be like the fairest pages of the *Hesperides*.

Tea at the vicarage was always delightful. The table was decked out with just the dainties that were presumably served at every Devon tea-table in Herrick's day, as now, cream, toughs (most unsuitably named), jam, and honey. The vicar, while the tea cooled, was so eager to tell me whatever would interest me that sometimes neither of us gave much attention to eating. Once his narrative was broken by tender exclamations of "Poor old girl, poor old girl!" quite incomprehensible had I not seen him catch sight of a cow being driven home.

It was during tea one day that I learned of Herrick's pewter almsbowl, flagon, and patten, found by the vicar some years ago in an old oaken chest in the church. Well as I thought I knew that Herrick was a clergyman, I could not, as I examined these ecclesiastical treasures, help a feeling of surprise at the idea of their being used by the author of the *Hesperides*. The little parish is so poor in all but literary associations, that these keepsakes are to be sold to pay for necessary work in the church. As they are the only surviving articles used by the poet, some rich Herrick-lover will soon take advantage of this opportunity. They are almost as valuable as that manuscript-sermon would be, which he flung, along with a very unclerical exclamation, at the nodding heads of his stupid congregation.

It was during tea-table talk, also, that I got an insight into the poverty and ignorance of the people, and the dulness of having to live among them all one's life. The vicar himself, however, had nothing to say of this sort; he has as large a capacity for enjoying life as Herrick himself, with a more discriminating fashion of doing it, and banishment in this corner of the world has had no unfortunate effect on his mind or his spirits.

The butt-woman was no longer the genius of Dean Prior. She must have realized this with some resentment, for the afternoon that the organist sent her to the vicarage to bring me a glass of water, she stayed gossiping with the cook and came back at length without it. The organist left her practice and fetched it herself. As

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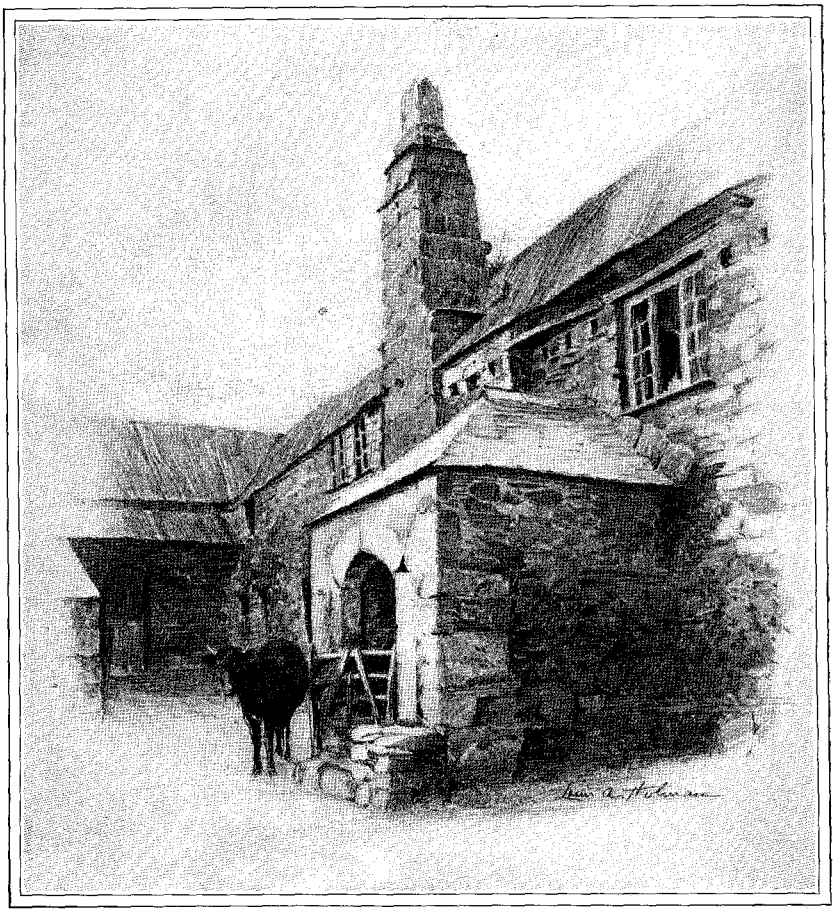

Morsehead House.

she went out, the butt-woman said, confidentially, jerking her head toward the door, "She's the vicar's daughter. She's just 'ome from a week in Paignton. Hi'll 'ave a few words wi' she, and she and I'll hunderstand each other better." I never heard whether the reprimand was severe.

As I became better and better acquainted with Dean Prior, at the "bottom of the village," round the corner where stands Herrick's yew, I found Dean Court, the old home of the Giles family. It is an F-shaped house of stone, covered with cement, presiding over a lovely, continental-looking garden, and a beautifully kept farm, the largest in the parish. Here, as in Herrick's day, the vicar finds congenial companionship. The mistress of this estate took me into a picture-like "passage," where a white-capped maid was washing the stone floor. An iron-bolted door of panelled oak, with hinges extending almost its entire width, added to the picturesqueness. The living room, or hall, opens off the main passage. Shakespeare would have been at home in it. As my eyes travelled from broad window-seats and stone floor to exquisite dark, carved-oak screen,* and deer's heads, with antlers, from the Giles deer-park, I saw that the room made a fit background for Robin Herrick and his Julias, Antheas, and Corinnas, provided always that there were any such maidens. Certain it is that the primrose-bordered lane from the vicarage to Dean Court must have been very familiar to Herrick, and the jolly evenings with the hospitable Giles family

* A letter just received informs me that the oak screen is to be sold, and that it may come to America.

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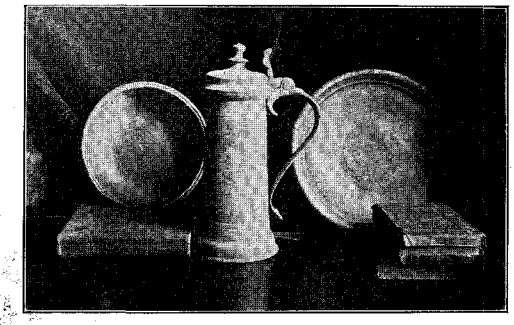
must have gone far to console him for the vanished "Lyric feasts made at The Sun, The Dog, The Triple Tun."



Almsbowl and portion of pewter communion service used by Herrick.

Another day I hunted up Moreshead House, which in Stuart times was grander than Dean Court. Now it is a cattle-barn, and has fallen on those pitiable days which come to many old estates even in a well-cared-for land like England. When Herrick used to visit there, Robert Furse was the man of the house. Elizabeth Furse, his wife, was buried by Herrick. I found her tomb, the only one in the church-yard which has survived from his day. Only the date, 1640, shows now. The inscription could all be read thirty years ago.

With the vicar's guidance I inspected his "Kitchin." The precise whereabouts of the

> "little Butterie, and there in
> A little Byn,
> Which keeps my little loafe of Bread
> Unchipt, unflead,"

is a matter of conjecture. But the realm of the incomparable Prewdence Baldwin, that "dearest Maid," is thought not to have been much changed when the vicarage was rebuilt.

Robert Herrick.

It took exploring to find Herrick's Dean Bourn, the "rude River in Devon, by which sometimes he lived." But the cool, stimulating air from Dartmoor makes exploration a pleasure. Dean Bourn turned out to be one of the granite-bedded streams, cold and transparent, which abound near the Moor. It flows excitedly through a narrow gorge. I recalled

> "Thy rockie bottome, that doth teare thy streames,
> And makes them frantick, ev'n to all extreames."

As I walked back to the vicarage that afternoon, the "Brooks, Blossoms, Birds, and Flowers" were all Herrick's. Near by, in the "Meddowes," I knew that children must be playing push-pin or cherry-pit, barley-break or stool-ball; that the girls, "with Honysuccles crown'd" were bearing "the richer couslips home" in "wicker Arks." It was the country of

> "*May-poles, Hock-carts, Wassails, Wakes,*
> Of *Bride grooms, Brides,* and of their *Bridall-Cakes.*"

I did not know whether the Spurs, Chubs, Raggs, Mudges, and Traps of to-day teach their children to say, as they did a hundred years ago,

> "In the houre of my distresse,
> When temptations me oppresse,
> And when I my sins confesse,
> Sweet Spirit, comfort me!"

I did not know whether the poet's ghost still walks the lanes by night. But I knew that behind some hedge stood Oberon's temple—"the surplices of cleanest cobweb" in the vestry, the jet-black idol-cricket in its niche, the holy-water in half a nutshell. And the vicarage seemed simply the "grange" of long ago. Herrick's Prew was at the window. My arrival was announced by Herrick's "creeking Hen," his spaniel, Trasy, his goose "with jealous eare," his cat "grown fat with eating many a miching mouse." I found myself looking about for "rare Phil," his sparrow, and for the notorious black pig that he taught to drink from a tankard, that pig which has disgusted at least one critic more than all his most strikingly "unbaptized rhymes." In this "rurall privacie," among all these "toyes, to give his heart some ease," I all but saw the much-becurled, high-nosed "cavalier vicar" himself.

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GOVERNMENT *VS.* BANK ISSUES

By J. Laurence Laughlin

WHILE the problem of the standard in the United States is largely settled, other forms of our money raise serious questions. Certain forms of our media of exchange, ultimately redeemable in the standard coin, may be issued either by the government or by the national banks chartered by the government. Viewed in the light of wisdom and experience, should these notes be emitted by the general government, or by the banks? That is the next great monetary question. It is certainly a momentous one deserving impartial examination. We may then weigh the arguments (1) for and (2) against government issues and those (3) against and (4) for bank issues.

I

(1) LEAVING out of account inconvertible paper, it has been claimed that the issue of convertible paper by the general government would be a saving to the people. The idea is that in issuing paper money a profit exists which should be reaped by the State. Obviously, every country must invest a certain part of its wealth in its machinery of exchange; and it is economy to keep this investment as small as possible consistent with the highest efficiency. Convertible paper is resorted to, not because of a scarcity of gold, but because it saves the expense of gold; since the reserves for preserving convertibility need not be more than 40 or 50 per cent. The interest on the difference between the total amount of paper and the reserves, therefore, represents the saving in question. This difference can be set free to be used in industry, and the earnings on it constitute the country's saving in issuing paper in place of gold. The saving, of course, is only the interest, not the whole of the difference.

The validity of this theory can be tested by our actual experience with the greenbacks, which were inconvertible from 1862 to 1878, and convertible from 1879 to the present time. Assuming a reserve, as at present, of $150,000,000 in gold to be necessary for the redemption of our $346,681,016 of greenbacks, we may say, in round numbers, that $200,000,000 is the amount of the uncovered issues, on which the interest at 3 per cent. (at which any gold bond could be easily floated) would be $6,000,000. This last sum represents the annual gross gain to the people, if, on other grounds, it should be regarded as best to supplant a gold currency by a convertible paper issued by the government.*

Immediately, however, the question is raised: Does it cost anything to maintain the reserve? Of course, the political or financial management of the State, whether good or bad, will directly influence the ability of the State to keep its reserves intact. Any policy which excites distrust as to the willingness or ability of the Treasury to redeem its paper in gold will create activity in the presentation of its notes for coin. Only on the assumption that the government will always be wise and capable will the reserves always remain intact. If not, the reserves will be drawn down, and new loans must be made in order to supply additional gold for the reserves. But our monetary policy has not always been wise: it has often been cranky, foolish, and most ill-judged. Our national vagaries with silver are known the world over. Hence, it is but inevitable that the people should have had to pay the price. In truth, so often and great was the fear that we could not maintain gold payments that several times the gold reserves were almost exhausted. Our foolishness reduced to figures means that, to maintain a reserve for $346,681,016

* In reality, the gain from using the convertible paper is not a positive gain, but only the reduction of a loss. Suppose all the wealth of the country is earning 3 per cent. Take out of this total the sum of $350,000,000, which is used in form of a gold currency, and while so used yields no concrete returns. The total loss, or price, which the country pays for a currency consisting entirely of gold is the 3 per cent. on this $350,000,000, or $10,500,000. But, if this $350,000,000 is partly economized by using $200,000,000 of convertible paper, $200,000,000 is released to go back to productive industry; hence the loss to the community is reduced to 3 per cent. on $150,000,000, or only $4,500,000. The gain of $6,000,000 annually, or 3 per cent. on the $200,000,000 released, is not a positive gain; it is only a reduction of the total loss.

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greenbacks, we have had to increase the public debt by $357,815,400, on which the additional interest charges to the tax-payer are $15,632,616.* Thus, as against the reduction of loss by $6,000,000, the issues of the government have entailed an enormous annual expense of $15,632,616. It does not do to base expectations solely on theory. Indeed, it is a serious question whether our governing class is sufficiently intelligent in managing monetary matters to allow our nation to issue paper money except at a fearful cost to the people.

But the above statement of the cost is not all. The iniquitous act of March 31, 1878, required that the notes redeemed by such a vast increase of debt should be re-issued. This is the act which created the "endless chain" and the constant drain on the Treasury in time of danger. Consequently we have the silly result of having actually redeemed more than $407,000,000 of greenbacks, by an increase of debt ($357,815,400) greater than the total original issues of the greenbacks—and yet we have the whole amount still outstanding! It sounds childish, but it is literally true. In fact, if we had borrowed the $346,681,016 by issuing 4 per cent. bonds, at the time of resumption, the annual interest charge would have been only $13,876,240, or an annual saving of $1,765,376 on the interest of the debt actually incurred in keeping up the reserves. On the face of experience, at least in the United States, it can scarcely be urged that there is any saving to the people in issuing government notes.

(2) Still many persons think that government notes are "a loan without interest," and hence a saving to the State. So well-known a politician as Secretary Sherman thought so†; but the facts already given remove the whole basis for this opinion. It never has been shown that the Treasury was unable to borrow at some rate at the time (1862) when the first greenbacks were issued, or at any time since. Moreover, if a State must borrow, it is egregious folly to borrow in the form of paper money, which may easily disturb the standard of value, change contracts, cause an upheaval of prices, and create riotous speculation. Indeed, a loan put out in the form of demand notes is highly objectionable as compared with a loan in the form of bonds issued for a term of years. The demand obligations may be, and generally are, presented in times of distrust and danger, just when their redemption by the Treasury is most difficult, and when their conversion adds to the severity of a crisis. On the other hand, a loan on time in the form of bonds gives no trouble beyond the payment of interest, and is not turning up at critical emergencies to be redeemed. Even if the cost to the people of both methods were the same, the latter method of borrowing should be recommended on every ground of theory and experience. Indeed, the confusion of mind between the fiscal and the monetary functions of the Treasury should be widely separated. But of this more later on.

(3) In favor of government issues is the obvious claim that they would be uniform throughout the different States of the Union, and prevent the condition of variety and depreciation which existed in the State currencies before the Civil War. But this admitted advantage in favor of government notes is no argument against bank-notes, if the latter, as in the case of the national bank-notes, can also be made safe, redeemable, and uniform throughout the whole country.

(4) A more interesting point in favor of government issues is the suggestion that bank-notes are unconstitutional. Obviously this point has no reference to banks chartered by the national government. That issue was settled long ago, in 1819.‡ If the claim has any relevancy, it has it only in re-

*

	AMOUNT OF DEBT CREATED	RATE OF INTEREST %	INTEREST CHARGE
1877-78	$65,000,000	4½	$2,920,000
	30,500,000	4	1,220,000
Feb. 1, 1894..	50,000,000	5	2,500,000
Nov. 13, 1894.	50,000,000	5	2,500,000
Feb. 8, 1895..	62,315,400	4	2,492,616
Feb. 15, 1896.	100,000,000	4	4,000,000
Total.....	$357,815,400		$15,632,616

† "United States notes are now, in form, security, and convenience, the best circulating medium known. The objection is made that they are issued by the government, and that it is not the business of the government to furnish paper money, but only to coin money. The answer is that the government had to borrow money, and is still in debt. The United States note, to the extent that it is willingly taken by the people, and can, beyond question, be maintained at par in coin, is the least burdensome form of debt. The loss of interest in maintaining the resumption fund, and the cost of printing and engraving the present amount of United States notes, are less than one-half the interest on an equal sum of four per cent. bonds. The public thus saves over seven million dollars of annual interest, and secures a safe and convenient medium of exchange, and thus the assurance that a sufficient reserve in coin will be retained in the Treasury beyond the temptation of diminution, such as always attends reserves held by banks."—*Report of Secretary of Treasury*, 1880, p. xv.

‡ McCullock *vs.* Maryland, 4 Wheaton, 316.

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gard to notes issued by banks chartered by the several States. The Constitution forbids States to emit bills of credit, but it does not forbid a State to incorporate banking institutions. In constant practice, from the beginning, State banks have been allowed to issue notes. Webster urged that the power of the general government to regulate coinage included the right to supervise all State bank issues; and the right of Congress to regulate the issue of State banks, or tax them out of existence, has also been settled.* Therefore, all there is in this objection applies only to notes of State banks, and in no way affects the right of national banks to issue notes under an act of Congress.

Having thus examined the arguments in favor of, we may next proceed to consider those against, government issues.

II

(5) WITHOUT doubt, the least recognized, and yet the most far-reaching, consideration involved in discussing government issues is the failure to separate the monetary from the fiscal functions of the Treasury. Almost all our monetary ills from 1862 to 1900 can be traced to it. The crude idea that, when funds were needed, they could be obtained by issuing demand obligations bearing no interest, which could be circulated as money, has been prevalent, and has produced no end of trouble. Ignorant of the principles regulating the monetary system of a country, the Treasury might, solely from a need of income which had no relation whatever to the demands of trade for a medium of exchange, inject additional sums of money into the circulation, and upset the whole delicate machinery of exchanging goods. Foolishly to unsettle the monetary standard and the confidence of the public by trying to borrow in a form certain to interfere with the nation's currency is only a way of crippling the power to borrow in general. Thus, two evils result from this fateful confusion of mind: (1) changing the supply of money without any adjustment to the needs of trade is a blow at the very vitals of exchange, prices, contracts, and business security; and (2) the credit of the Treasury being dependent on its management and resources, the issue of paper money is a blow at credit, because it is an open confession of inability to borrow in the market on normal conditions. Since the government, in 1862, when borrowing had not yet been fully tried, issued inconvertible notes, without providing any reserves whatever, it cannot escape the charge of having descended to the last resort of a bankrupt Treasury; and this unwise action enormously injured the credit of the United States and increased the rate at which it was subsequently forced to borrow. There is only one way to borrow: that is, to pay the price fixed by the credit of the borrower in the open market. From this there is no appeal. Indeed, the depreciated paper caused to the Union a loss of about $500,000,000 in the creation of additional debt due to higher prices, speculation, and the diminished amount received for bonds due to a damaged credit. In no way can the facts of our experience support borrowing by issuing forms of money.

(6) *C'est le premier pas qui coute.* Once a false step has been taken, it is apt to lead to serious consequences. The very existence of paper issues, originating in a wrong method of borrowing, is a constant menace. The mere lapse of time in which no injury has been incurred unfortunately serves to lull the fear of danger. If retained, such issues are a suggestion for similar crude expansions in the future, when men are too excited to judge calmly of their acts. Their very presence is an incentive. If legislators were all monetary experts, and never influenced by political considerations, there would be little risk in retaining for a time our greenbacks; but we must take men as they are, and provide for the probable acts of those who are incompetent and ill-advised. Obviously, these national guardians of our monetary system do not personally lose anything when they get the Treasury into desperate straits; they have no weight of responsibility due to any personal relation to the issues—quite differently from the relation of bankers to bank issues. Humiliating as it may seem, the maintenance of the convertibility of greenbacks into gold has again and again been imperilled. The whim of the Executive, the sudden rise of an unreasoning campaign cry, may make it impossible to keep the slight gold reserves which protect our stand-

* Veazie Bank *vs.* Fenno, 8 Wallace, 533.

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ard of value and prices. As yet redemption in gold as against silver is largely a matter of the personal choice of the Executive. All in all, the very presence of government issues is too much of a danger to be kept forever hanging over a great commercial nation.

(7) What is still more dangerous is the fact that the whim of the government is the only limit to its issues. Ordinarily, sane business men would concede that the quantity of the media of exchange should bear a direct relation to the amount of exchanging to be done. In the case of government issues, the quantity as well as the quality depend on a vote of Congress. If a fancied need presses upon men inexperienced in monetary operations, especially if they have been inoculated with the fallacy that the more money a country has the better, there will be excessive issues, followed by raids on the reserves. The paper will depreciate—and the country will undergo rapid fluctuations in prices, an unsettling of contracts, a period of mad speculation, leading to the inevitable ruin of a commercial crisis. These are not matters of imagination: they are only mild descriptions of what the country actually suffered from 1862 to 1879 because of government issues. The crisis of 1873 is directly traceable to the speculation inherent in the fluctuating greenback standard which followed the Civil War.

(8) Naturally enough, false doctrines expressed in government action poison the whole course of public opinion for generations to come. There was the idea that a government stamp creates value. If so, why did its solemn promises to pay, although made a full legal tender, depreciate to 35 cents on the dollar? Then came the fallacy that the more money the more wealth; as if wealth came into existence by increasing the counters. Again, because paper was depreciating and prices were soaring, the conviction grew that prosperity comes with increasing the quantity of paper money. The fact was, the prices rose to keep up with the depreciation of the standard. And, far and wide has the belief spread to-day—coming down from the days of the depreciated greenback—that prices depend upon the quantity of money in circulation. Thus the ground was prepared for the silver agitation; on the theory that gold was insufficient in quantity. This whole brood of heresies is traceable to the crude conceptions which led Congress to attempt to borrow by issuing inconvertible paper in 1862.

III

If judgment be given against government issues on the grounds thus presented, we are next forced to weigh the claims for and against the only other alternative instrument to be used as paper money—bank-notes.

(1) There has come down to us from the State banking orgies before the Civil War, as well as from the period of depreciated greenbacks, a belief that the right to issue money gives to the issuers the power to control the money market; to put prices of goods and securities up and down; and even to bring on panics. The money "octopus" is supposed to work through the issues of banks, and to wish to confine the sole right of issue to the banks. The problem we are here discussing has nothing to do with inconvertible paper of changing value. The real issue is between government issues and bank issues—each convertible into gold. Issues of either kind of money, if kept redeemable in gold, would have no greater effect on prices than gold itself would have.

The only way in which the "money power" can control prices and securities is by obtaining control over capital and purchasing power, and thus influencing the demand. This purchasing power can be had by loans from banks. The pith of the matter lies in the ability to get loans. Now, suppose the "high financiers" have got the loans, where do the bank issues come in? Nowhere. When a loan is given, the borrower's deposit account is credited with the amount. Then payments are made, especially in all large transactions, by checks on these deposit accounts. No bank-notes to speak of are used. It would be an inconvenience to the borrowers to be forced to take the bank's notes; and as the profit to the bank arose from the discount on the loan, it is realized just the same whether it gives a deposit and checking account or whether it gives its own notes. The National City Bank of New York, the largest bank in this country, has loans of $135,405,002, but it issues only $9,217,497 of notes.

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All the largest city banks have made their profits and accumulated huge surpluses by use of checks on deposits, and with very little use of their note issues. The same is clearly seen in the accounts of the Banking Department of the Bank of England. Quite apart from the Issue Department, it does the main banking work of the greatest financial centre in the world by the use of checks drawn on deposits.

(2) There may be many persons—of the Upton Sinclair type—who really think that banks may wish to bring on panics. A bank is *ex natura* so placed that to bring on a panic would bring on its own destruction. Every one knows that in the liabilities of a bank account appear the items indicating its obligation to share-holders for the capital, surplus, and profits, as well as the items of deposits indicating the sums left with the bank which may be drawn on demand. On the other hand, the bank lends its resources —whether coming from capital or deposits —and receives as its only security assets from whose recurring maturity its loans are repaid. If these assets, such as collateral composed of stocks and bonds, or paper based on the sale of goods, should lose their basis of value, the banks would lose. They have already given the borrower the right to draw, and they get repayment by the borrower only in the future. Hence, the only chance of the bank to regain what they have parted with lies in the assets retaining value enough to cover the loans already made. To suppose, therefore, that the banks should ever have a motive for bringing on a panic is to suppose that a sailor afloat on the ocean in an open boat should have a motive for punching a hole in the bottom of the boat—the only thing which saves him from destruction.

(3) The popular supposition that the bankers gain a special profit by the issue of notes, which by right should go to the government, is doubtless wide-spread. In truth, there is *per se* no banking profit except that arising from the discount on loans; and since discounting, or lending, can go on without issuing notes—as is seen at all banks and trust companies organized under State laws—then it is patent that the profit of banking is not due to the issue of notes.*

(4) Yet, even if it were desirable to have the banks issue the paper money, it has been claimed that the banks would be unable to issue enough money for the enormous trade of so great a commercial country as this; and consequently, the government is the only authority competent to meet so great a task. Those who think thus overlook the patent fact that (omitting gold) the note issues, either of a government or a bank, are not much used in actual transactions of any importance. In fact, payments are usually made by checks. Therefore, the service to be performed is not that coterminous with our trade, but a service coterminous with those retail and minor transactions in which buying and selling are closed only by the passage of some form of coin or paper money. We may need cash for buying a railway ticket, but not for buying a cargo of wheat. It is the banks which supply a deposit-currency, offsetting checks at clearing-houses, by which in the United States over $150,000,000,000 of goods per year are exchanged, and without recourse to silver, gold, bank-notes, or greenbacks, except for settling small balances.

IV

WHEN we come to positive arguments in favor of assigning to banks the duty of issuing the notes needed by the trade of our country, we are obliged to ask: What other institutions than banks exist which can know when and for how much a demand exists for notes in transactions which cannot be performed by checks? Certainly, Congress cannot know. Whether we like banks or not, the fact is that they are the institutions of credit, evolved by centuries to serve the needs of trade; and whether they like it or not, the banks must satisfy these needs, or cease to exist. Through them idle and new funds pass into the hands of producers; they disburse capital; and they alone can know in just what way

* For the sake of brevity and clearness, I omit the claim that a national bank depositing bonds to secure its notes gets a profit both on the bonds and on the notes when issued. In reality, a bank which stays out of the national system can make more profit than one in it. If each have the same reserve of $100,000, it would support $400,000 of loans on a 25 per cent. reserve; and the profit would be, say, 6 per cent. on $400,000 in case, as of a State bank, no notes were issued. But if the bank went into the national system, and if its borrowers called for notes when a loan was made, then the whole reserve must go for bonds which at best would support less than $100,000 of notes. Thus its loans would be limited to less than $100,000, and its gains restricted to 6 per cent. on that sum, with a small interest on the bonds. If it had sufficient discount business, the bank could earn much more than in the national system, and wholly without the issue of a single note.

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the public wish the capital transferred to it—whether through the medium of gold, silver, paper money or checks. In this respect the bank is the slave of the business public. If the public wish only a deposit account, the banks provide it; if they wish notes, the bank must give notes.

(5) If such be the case, the banks are the only organizations which can provide an elastic currency. We have seen that the Treasury cannot do it. As a matter of fact, the greenbacks have been rigidly limited since 1878. Although the present bond-circulation of the banks can never be anything but inelastic, since the amount of notes is made to depend upon the price of bonds and the rate of interest, the banks can be given a safe method of issues, quickly redeemable, such as would provide the necessary seasonal elasticity not possible in government issues—elasticity, of course, which contracts as well as expands. Leaving the elasticity to the banks is the only democratic way. There could be no over-issues under a system which provides for easy redemption of bank-notes at many centres; and they would go out only when there was a need, such as arises in the autumn harvests.

(6) Far different, however, from this seasonal elasticity is the demand for elasticity in a time of crisis. In such a crisis as that of 1907, when an antecedent expansion of speculation, undue rise of prices, and reckless promotions, had paved the way for disaster, an elastic currency, although it could not have prevented the panic, would yet have in a great measure modified the severity of the crisis. In times of emergency such as this, instant response to the need, and at the spot where the need exists, could have been made only by banks to their borrowers. A Treasury expansion, publicly advertised, would have been a certain means of frightening depositors and borrowers, and would have aggravated the disaster.

(7) It being understood that convertibility into gold is the prime requisite either of government or bank issues, it is appropriate to note that the cost of maintaining coin reserves, which we found to be so heavy in the case of the greenbacks, would be removed from the people and put wholly upon the banks, were the latter to be required to furnish the notes. In truth, the banks would never have any real difficulty in maintaining gold payments, provided the government preserved the gold standard and redeemed its own obligations in gold. The national bank-note has from the beginning always been as good as the government note into which it was convertible; and the most significant thing in this result is that the national bank-notes have not been and are not now a full legal tender. Clearly enough, more depends on redeemability than on legal tender.

(8) If the government at any time needs gold it has to go to the banks or to allied institutions to get it. But if the banks were delinquent in maintaining redemption, have we any means of compulsion to keep them up to the mark? Certainly the bank occupies a better position, in this respect, than the government. A bank failing to redeem can be immediately sued in the courts, and can be obliged to keep its promises or go into liquidation. Not so with the Treasury. If the Treasury ceases to redeem, it cannot be compelled to fulfil its obligations against its own consent. Only if Congress permits, can the holder of its note proceed against the government for failure to redeem. For seventeen years, 1862–1878, the government was in fact derelict in paying coin, and was able to do so with impunity. The great wealth of the country did not save us from this ignominy.

(9) Yet the opinion is prevalent that the whole wealth of the nation lies behind the government paper, for which the credit of the country is pledged. Therefore, government issues would have a greater safety than those of banks. To this it might be said that no boy should be without apples as long as there are trees full of apples in well-guarded enclosures. There are the apples; but the boy does not own them. How can he get what he does not own? Similarly, the great wealth of the country is not owned by the State; and the State can take that wealth only by the forms of law which permit its acquisition by taxation or borrowing. It cannot steal. Then, if there is no limit to taxation and borrowing, say government paper advocates, the State can always secure gold enough to maintain its paper at par. But men do not always do what they ought to do. And, if there is boundless wealth, but if none of it is taken

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to secure the paper, the great wealth of the country adds no more value to the paper than a summer's crop of thistledown. Moreover, the Treasury may have reached its limits of taxation and borrowing by expenditures for war, or for things other than the paper money. And since it cannot be required by court procedure to redeem its money, if it wishes not to redeem, then it is clear that the character of the paper is dependent not on the wealth of the country, but on the whims of Congress to whom the currency is subject.

The case is even more favorable for the banks than this. Apply to government paper the same test as that applied to bank-notes. If a bank issues its notes as the result of a loan, it must receive assets in the form of securities as an equivalent. Indeed the quality of such assets is constantly brought into discussion. A skeleton account of a new bank would show the situation:

LIABILITIES		ASSETS	
Capital	$100,000	Loans	$400,000
Notes	400,000	Reserves	100,000

Here the issue of notes is followed *ipso facto* by the receipt of an amount of assets sufficient to secure the repayment of the loans. With this compare the operations of the Treasury.

LIABILITIES			
Capital $		Securities (for notes) $	
Notes.	400,000	Reserves (perhaps).	100,000

By the very nature of a government, it does not receive collateral when it issues notes. It is not a bank. It does not get assets which equal the sum of note issues. As a rule, what the government gets for the notes when issued, is, as in the buying of munitions of war, consumed, or made unavailable as an asset of value. And the scraping up a gold reserve is regarded as a very virtuous deed. Now a bank which took the assets received for its notes and used them up would be jeered out of existence. But, if the directors spent the $400,000 of the bank's assets in champagne suppers, they would still have much the same protection for the notes as the Treasury.

In truth, bank-notes can be made as safe as any kind of money by proper rules as to guaranty funds, lien on assets, and the like. The Treasury, on the other hand, is little likely to submit to shackles which are easily imposed on a bank.

(10) Since the quality of the government paper is not really maintained by the wealth of a country—any more than the thirst of a prisoner in a dungeon is slaked from the cool lake he sees outside—it is obvious that the value of the paper is determined by the action of a Congress usually made up of active politicians. In short, government notes are at the mercy of every passing whim of the voters, whom the politicians sedulously court. Money should be left to experts; but in fact government paper never can be so left, as long as it is the plaything of politics. That is the curse of all government issues of notes, just as it is the curse of custom duties which are made political issues. Therefore, the strongest possible reason for relegating the system of paper issues to the banks, under general rules fully providing for elasticity and safety, is that they would be entirely removed from politics. If no other argument were presented, this one alone, judging not by theory but by actual experience, should be sufficient to induce us to decide in favor of bank issues. And this conclusion seems to have been already reached by those great commercial nations which are our closest rivals for the trade of the world.

Thus, in the great case of Government *vs.* Bank Issues before the people, the jury ought to find in theory and in fact in favor of the Bank Issues. Such a finding would be a protection against arbitrary party action by a central government under mere political pressure and in line with the democratic tendencies of the age.

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THE SHEPHERD DAY

By Edith Wyatt

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

THE silver-hooded morning
  Spoke freshly to my heart
From some high misty pasture-land
  Where cool leaves blew apart.
I saw his cloak glance on the strand
  Past cobbled street and mart.

"*I am the shepherd morning,*
  I am the shepherd day
Come, foot and soul, and walk with me
  Wherever runs the way,
By dusty road and green-cropped lea,
  Through weather clear and gray."

"O fleet-foot morning, mock not me;
  Too swift you speed apace.
Drop your adorning down for me
  And let me see your face—
Now I have crossed with you till noon
  The meads and steeps of space."

"*Divine am I, your master,*
  The day of life you'll live,
Come faster and come faster on
  And take the roads I give."
And down the craggy pass I saw
  His mantle fugitive.

The river frogs were calling "Hark!"
  And bush and sward and mould
Were blue and stark with dew and dark
  And fragrant in the cold.
Half sheltered in a byre unsought
  We found a wayside fold.

Then backward glanced my master day,
  And as he turned apace
His hooded mantle dropped away
  With free and random grace;
And only when my guide was gone
  I looked upon his face.

Far in a mountain pasture-land
  I heard his footsteps go
Among the sapphire-terraced stars,
  The night's wide dark and snow.
Ahead he dropped my welkin's bars
  To fields I could not know.

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"I am the shepherd morning,
I am the shepherd day
Come, foot and soul, and walk with me
Wherever runs the way,
By rocky road and green-cropped lea,
Through weather clear and gray."

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The cactus gatherer.

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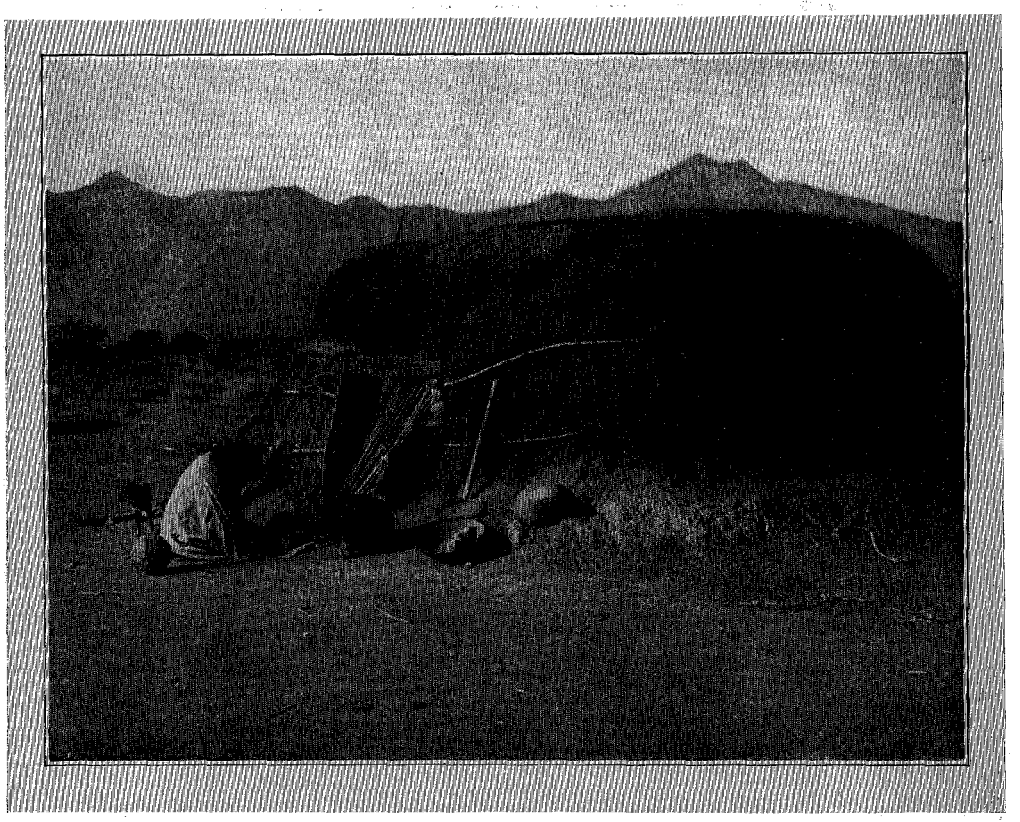

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Primitive dwelling of Piman tribes.

VILLAGE TRIBES OF THE DESERT LAND

By Edward S. Curtis

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IN former articles in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE* I have pictured the Apache and their linguistic kin, the Navajo; the Indians of the Northern Plains; the community-dwelling Indians in stone houses, the descendants of the cliff-dwellers. In this I will describe the tribes of Southwestern Arizona. They are in appearance, mythology and religion, as well as in life and manners, quite different. In the region spoken of we find the Yuma, Mohave, Havasupai, Walapai and Maricopa of the Yuman linguistic stock; the Pima, Papago and Kwahatika of the Piman stock. The combined population of these groups is approximated at twenty thousand, the Pima and Papago being the two largest tribes. With the exception of the Walapai and one branch of the Papago they are sedentary tribes, living in fixed villages. Their home structure is of poles and brush with an outer earth covering, naturally lacking the stability of the stone homes to the North, and for this reason a study of their prehistoric life is more difficult.

Compared to the Northern Plains Indians, who reverence a brave heart next to their worship of the Great Mystery, these

* See Scribner's Magazine for May and June, 1906, and February, 1909.

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Doorway of the Papago Mission, St. Xavier del Bac.

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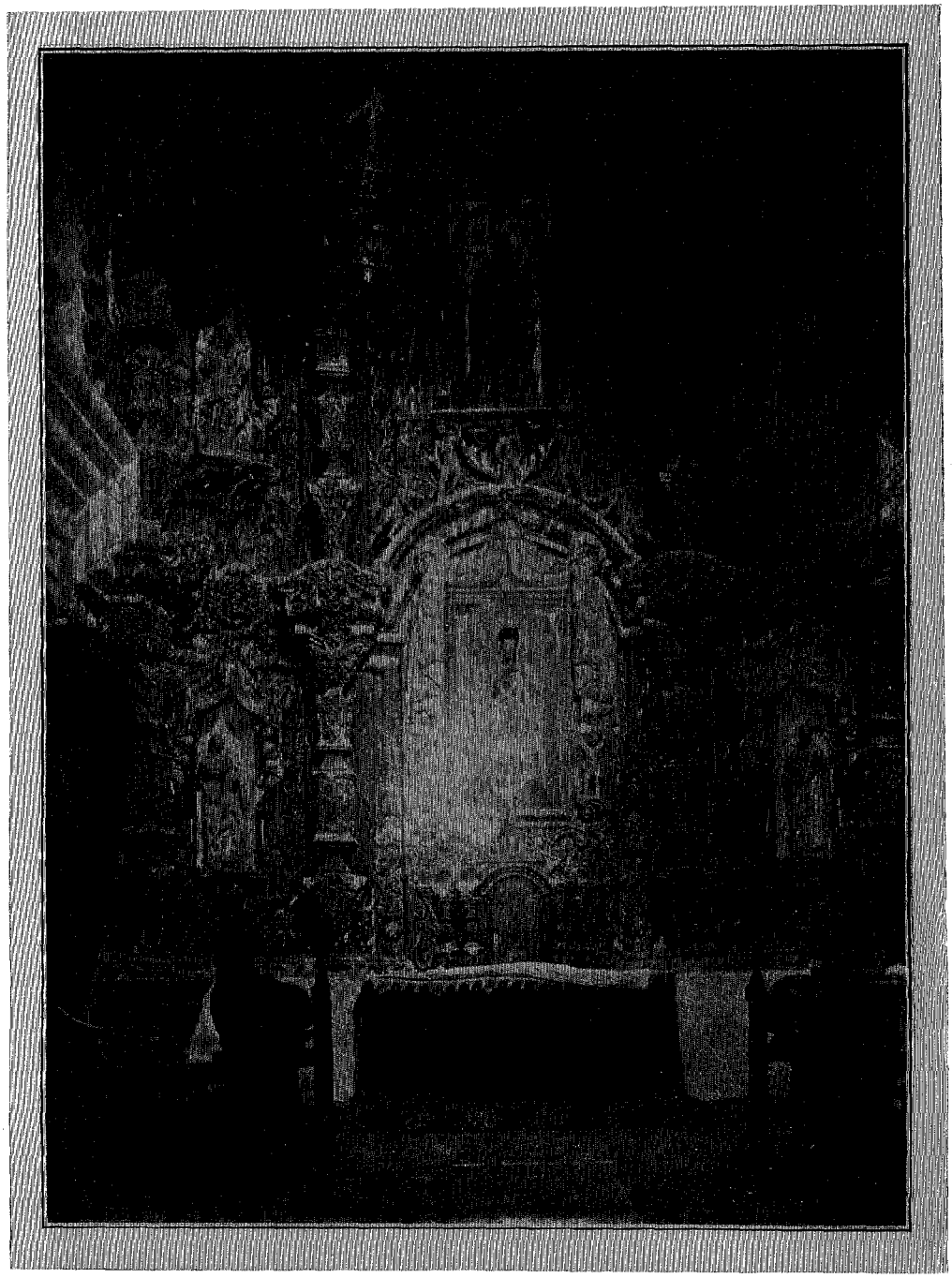

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Interior of Papago Mission, St. Xavier del Bac.

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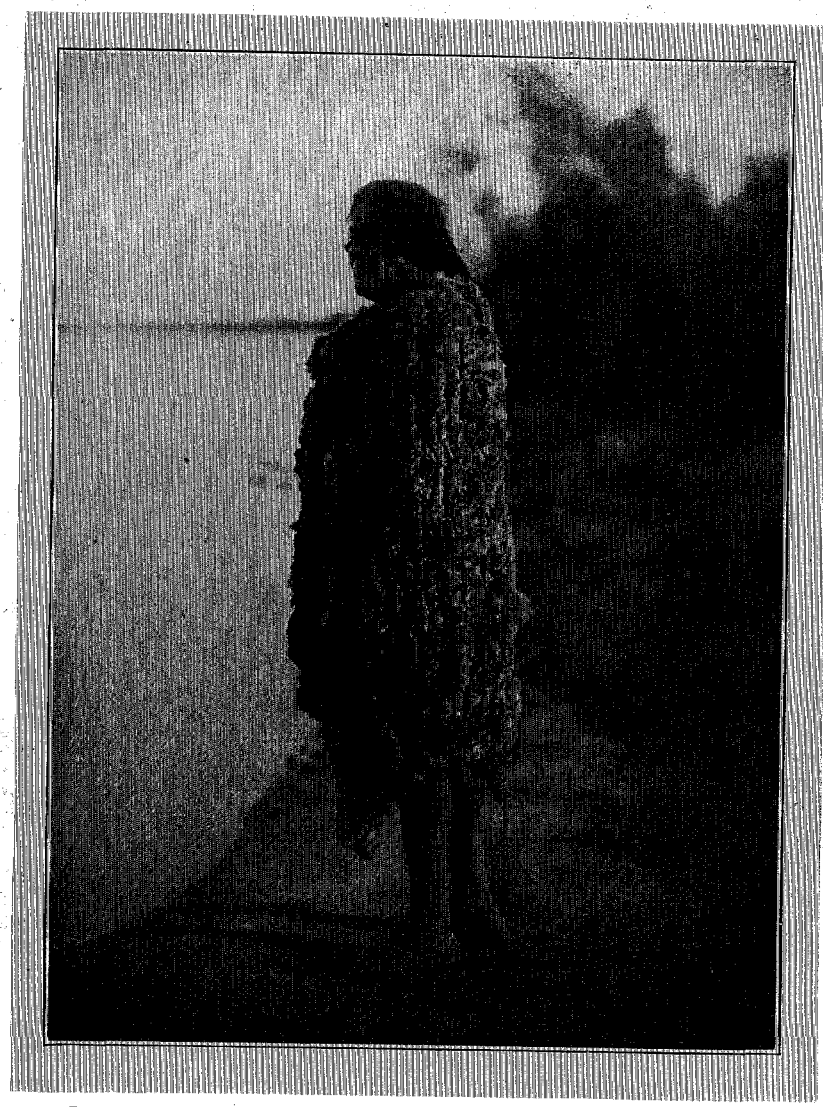
tribes lack bravery and the war spirit. The Pima and Papago did, however, prove rather brave in defensive warfare with marauding Apaches, who crept down on them from their mountain homes. The Yuma and Mohave were too indolent to have a brave heart, but rather preferred a life of idleness. These dwellers in the valley of the Colorado are physically a magnificent group of people. Previous to the introduction of the white man's diseases, there was probably nothing comparable to them as physical types in the United States. Their lazy life, low altitude, with its excessively hot climate, seemed to develop their physique, but the same conditions which made giants in stature seemed to require no mental activity or development. Their mythology is apparently an incipient one, and, compared to that of the Pueblos, is so crude that it would seem to be of a people uncountable ages closer to the beginning of man. This probably is not the case, however, but merely indicates a lack of mental activity. The ease with which they gained food undoubtedly tended to retard



From a photograph, copyright 1907, by E. S. Curtis.

A Mohave man in primitive robe woven from rabbit skins.

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From a photograph, copyright 1907, by E. S. Curtis.

A Papago maiden.

their mental growth. The valley had its great annual overflow. Following this, the vegetation, wild and planted, sprang up and grew as those unacquainted with such localities cannot realize. The river had countless quantities of fish to be caught in rude traps with little effort. Rats, rabbits and small game were abundant and close at hand. The swift-footed deer of the hills they did not molest, as that would require effort.

The greatest display of natural intelligence seen among them is their tribal custom of cremation. This, according to their legends, was taught them by their creator, Matevilye, and they follow his instructions with true Indian tenacity. One of my Yuma interpreters of the past season came to me with considerable anxiety: "Missioner wants me to come to church. I go to church, when I die they put me in the ground to rot. I no like that. Burned up the way Matevilye say, just ashes. That all right. What you think?" I must confess, as one rather favoring his way, to not being able to see why the old chap should be punished for going to church by being buried against his will. It is likely that an ethnologist would make a poor missionary. However, the missionary has something of an argument for his

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desire to change their way of disposing of the body, as it is certain that we see in the Indian cremation much that is not a part of the modern method, as it is here that he pays the greatest attention to the teachings of the Yuman creeds as taught them by the Creator. At their approach of death, relatives, friends and neighbors gather about, waiting for the soul to take its flight to the sand-hills of the after-world: a land of plenty, where when one melon is picked another comes; "no one sees it come; you just pick it, another one there." The body is prepared at once after death and carried out in blankets to the place of cremation which has in the meanwhile been prepared. A shallow hole has been dug in the earth and the fuel piled high on this. The body is placed on the top of the fuel, after which fire is applied at the four cardinal points. During the time of the burning the multitude stand about and wail in the most melancholy fashion, continuing until fuel and body are but a mass of embers and ashes. These are raked into a pit and covered with earth. And so are the last rites to the departed among the tribes of the Yuman stock.

The Havasupai, who have their home in Cataract Cañon, a branch of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, have the most unique home-land of any tribe of our Indians. It is but a tiny garden spot in this vast chaotic wilderness. To reach the home of the Havasupai one must first make the trip across the plateau to the rim of the cañon, no small part, and then he who would enter must take his choice of two trails; either one will try the courage of all but the experienced traveller of cañon trails. Once there, you feel well repaid for your effort. If the season is midsummer, while every rock wall and crag is reflecting the sun's heat, the upper regions are a veritable Hades, and this garden spot, with its cool shadows and bubbling streams, an oasis in it. On my first journey here the upper world at the cañon's rim was wrapped in a blinding snow-storm which chilled one's very life. As our pack-animals picked their way down the trail and entered this cañon home the peach-trees were in bloom, birds were singing, all in the joy of life and spring. I could but think, "This is paradise." Theirs is a world of but a few hundred acres walled in first by sheer red stone walls 400 feet high, and beyond those perpendicular walls are broken, crumbling piles of rock of many colors, reaching on and on, but ever up, until one comes out on the piñon-clad plateau.

These cañon dwellers have always been a small group. Disease and change in manner of life have dwindled their ranks until there is now but a few more than a hundred, and it is a safe prophecy that ten years from now there will be no more than half of that. They are an agricultural people, and have been from prehistoric times. They insist God gave them the seeds of the corn and vegetables, and the peach-tree, but admit that man brought the fig. Their water-supply is from a beautiful spring which has its source in the upper end of their home spot. Here it springs from the cañon's floor, a beautiful, transparent stream, flowing along with willow-bordered banks, then, as a cataract, leaps high over a sheer cliff and forms in dark pools below. The water of the stream is used for irrigation; they throw out ditches and guide them close along the outer margin of the field. They call this "making water run uphill," and claim it was taught them by Lee, who, after the Mountain Meadow massacre, took refuge with these people for a time.

In the spring they gather and cook great quantities of the mescal, cooking it in large pits like other tribes of the region. These pits can be seen all through Grand Cañon and its many branches. Many of them undoubtedly have been used from pre-Columbian times.

In the winter season the Havasupai went out on the plains above in their annual hunt for deer, at once changing from vegetarians to meat-eating people, fairly gorging themselves on the flesh of the deer. All this is changed. The deer are scarce, and permission to hunt now rarely and grudgingly given by their Father in Washington.

The Maricopa long ago seceded from the parent Yuman group in the valley of the Colorado, and slowly worked their way up the Gila valley until they reached the land of the Pima. Here they became neighbors of the Pima and affiliated with them, particularly in war of defence against the wandering tribes. When or why the

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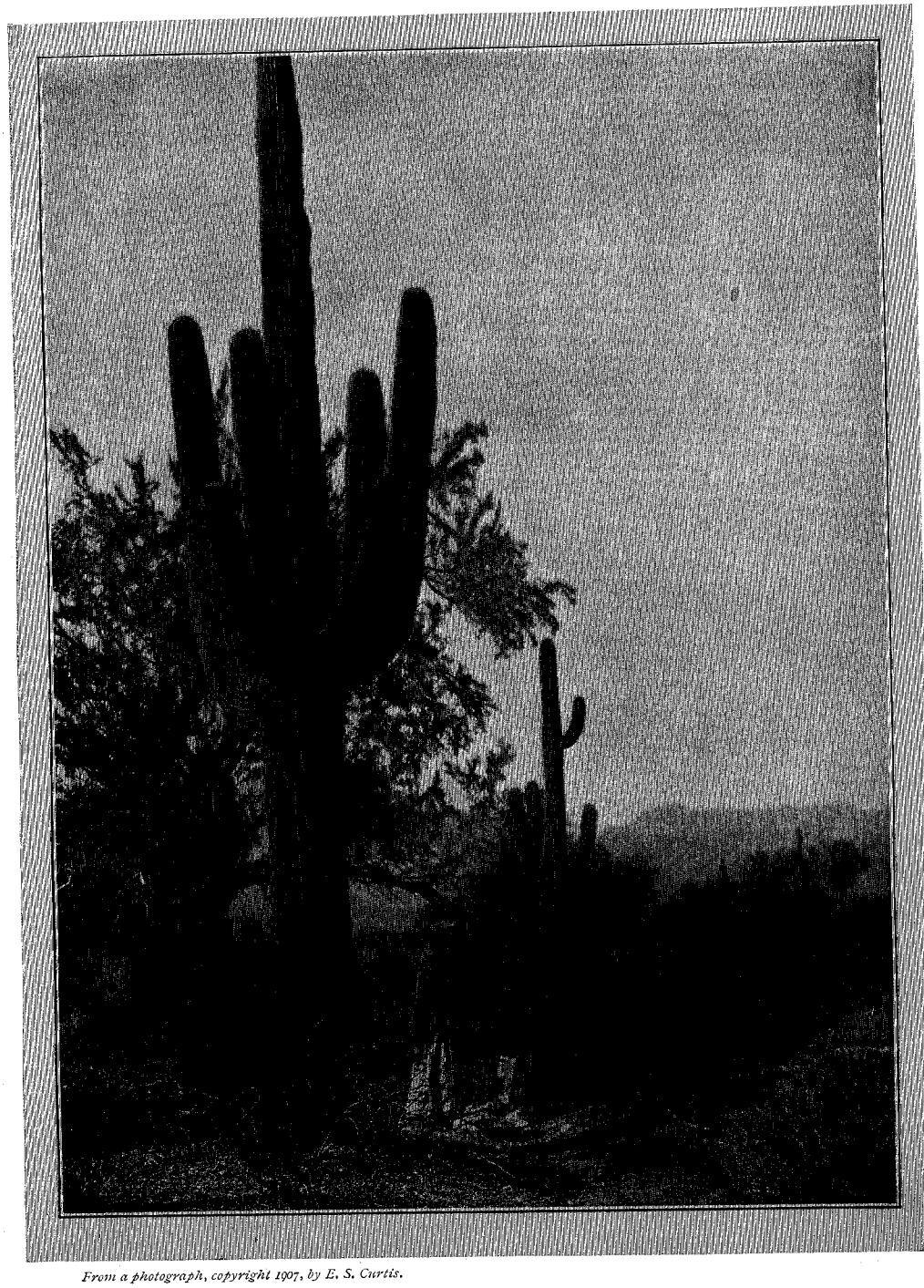

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In the land of the giant cactus.

The Sahuaro harvest.

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Gathering the cactus fruit.

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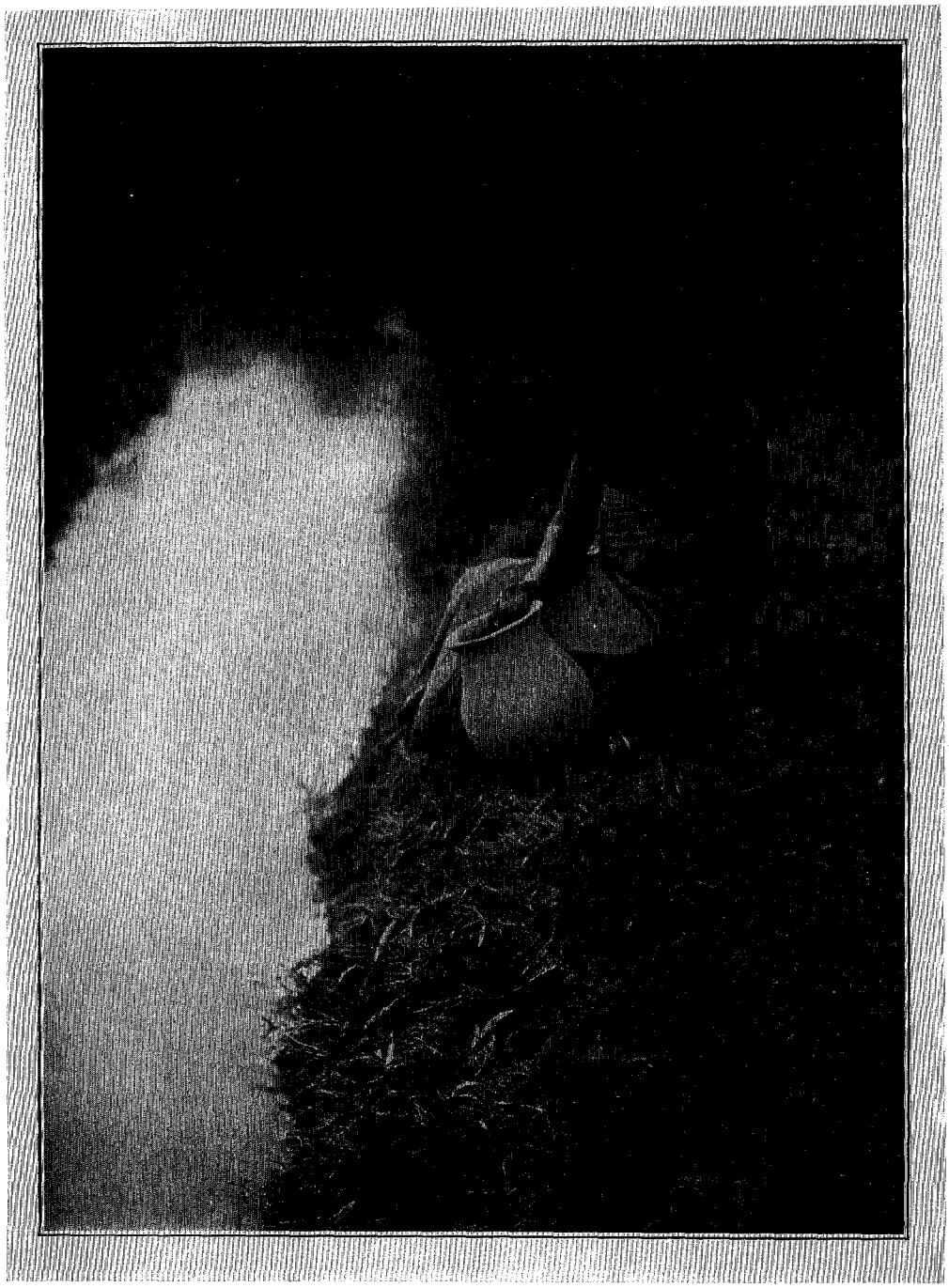

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At the canal.

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secession from the original group is buried in the confusion of Indian traditions. However, that the wandering began but a few generations ago is quite certain, as the type still retains traces of the Yuman. In life and manners they have become as Pima, but in language, religion and mythology they show but little change by reason of the tribal separation and contact with an alien culture; this seems to be a good argument that it is here we should anticipate the least change in studying any primitive people.

Looking on the map, the smallness, as indicated, of the Pima Reservation would lead one to presume that they were a small tribe. Far from it! They are a large and strong tribe, mentally one of the keenest in our land. The Pima claim to have lived always in the Gila valley, their lands stretching along some sixty miles of its length. They farm by irrigation and likely had canals larger and longer than other tribes. The very large prehistoric canals which formed a part of the development, with the building and occupancy of the Casa Grande and other like large prehistoric ruins, are in the country of the Pima. In their legends they account for these ruins and ditches and claim them as the work of Pima. There is, however, little to encourage this claim. The ruins of the region show structures of massive walls, many rooms and several stories in height, while the Pima home structure, when first observed, was, as it is now, a single-room affair, round in shape, built of poles, covered with earth. Their traditions of the former occupancy of these many-roomed communal structures is probably but an attempt to fit their tradition to the fact of the old ruins.

One of the most picturesque features of the Pima home country is the giant cactus, Sahuaro. This strikingly grotesque plant is of much importance in their life. Great quantities of its fruit are gathered; they use it fresh, dried, make it into a thick, heavy jelly; and, lastly, but by no means least, is the making of it into wine. They, like the Maricopa and Papago, are expert basket-makers and potters. Their large ollas are the universal water container, while ollas of small size and more graceful lines are used as head-jars in carrying water from the supply to the home. The principal kitchen-utensils are pottery-ware of their own making. One can, without too far stretching of fact, say that the Pima are well advanced in the ways of civilization, much of which is due to one man—the sort of man that is born, not made. It is Dr. Cook, the Pima missionary. No doubt the advance has seemed to him heart-breakingly slow, and there have been many days when he could but wonder, "What is the worth of it all?" Still, his thirty years of patient, faithful work have brought a real uplifting of the tribe, a showing that few men can make for their life effort.

The Papago, close kin to the Pima, can well be divided into two groups, the sedentary and the wandering. The community-living, home-loving group can scarcely be driven from their homes, while those of the gypsy-like bands cannot be kept in any one place. Good authorities, like Dr. Cook, insist they wander from mere necessity of gaining a livelihood. These wandering Papago, numbering several thousand, are scattered about the whole of South-western Arizona from the juncture of the Gila and Salt Rivers to and into Old Mexico. Some villages of a few families will be dwelling far down in the mountains to the border of Old Mexico, and probably have small herds of scrubby cattle, and, as well as the cattle, patches of wheat which are grown from freshet water, flowing down out of the hills. Their wheat harvest is very early in the spring, and when it is closed they trek off to the north to take part in the Pima harvest. The harvest season is always hot, so the wily Pima prefers to hire the wandering Papago to do the work while he dozes in the shade. The Papago's pay is a portion of the wheat, which he loads onto his ponies and takes back to his winter's home in the mountains of the south. To add to this store the Papago takes advantage of the proverbial Indian hospitality and desire to make gifts, and gives a Papago dance for the entertainment of the Pima. The Pima, to show their appreciation, give them much grain.

The sedentary Papago's home is in the valley of the Santa Cruz, about the mission of San Xavier, one of the finest ever built in North America, and without doubt the finest still standing in the United States. The wonderful old church is on a slightly

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Hepah gathering arrowbrush—Maricopa.

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The burden bearer—Pima.

raised plain, overlooking the valley of the Santa Cruz, and about it are grouped the homes of the Papago. Their home structure has, in a great part, changed from the old-time round houses, and has become the rectangular one, half Papago, half Mexican. Below their village lie the well-kept farms, small in size, yet ample, as the Indian's wants are few.

A few days' journey to the south of these people are the Kwahatika villages, so little known that the name scarcely appears in print. Broadly, they are like their linguistic kindred of the Piman group, from which they probably separated within the last few hundred years. In religion and mythology they are still the same. They are, in fact, like a degenerate outcast from the family; in appearance the same, but not of the good blood. They can truly be

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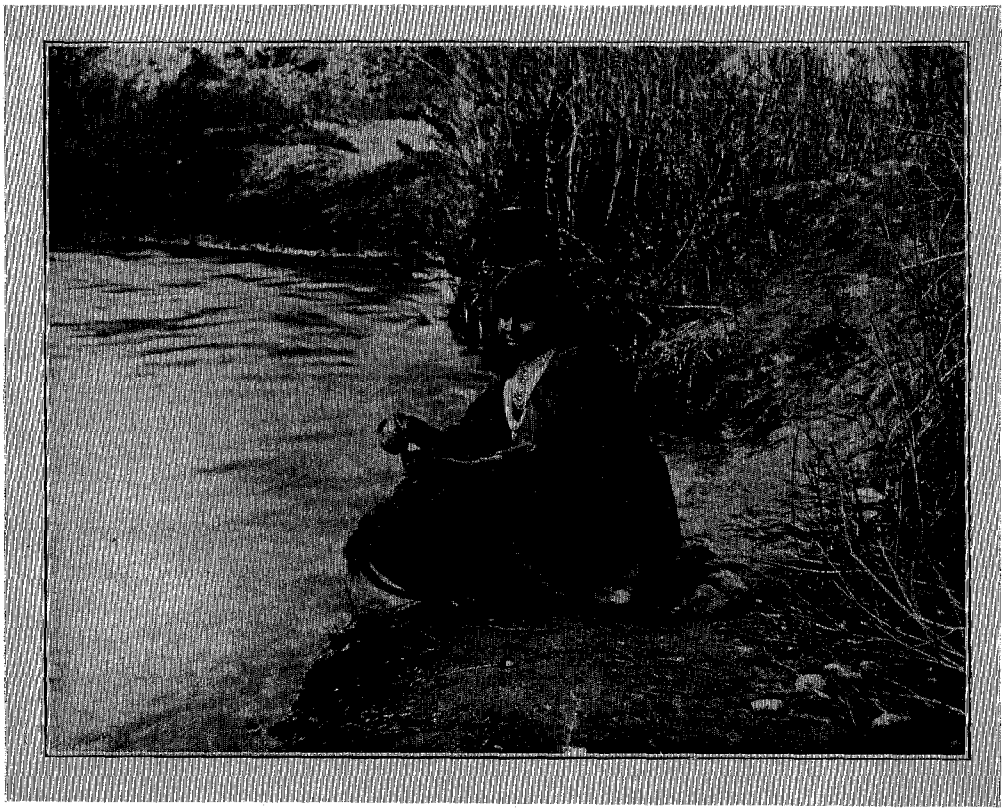
termed "desert Indians." Their five villages are scattered about in the desert, and he who did not know the way of the land could well wonder how even the hardiest of human beings could contrive to live here. The secret of their existence is that they were past masters in dry farming before Colorado was named. Each village is located where it receives the natural drain of a vast area. The Kwahatika will prepare his small farm, and if there is not a natural rise of ground about it, will enclose it in an earth embankment. When the severe winter rains come on the freshet water flows down the valley and they catch this and guide it out on the prepared land, using the collected water of tens of thousands of acres to thoroughly soak their five or ten. With a rain or two of this sort they are certain of a fair crop. The low foot-hills of the region abound in the giant cactus, furnishing fruit in endless quantities, the only limit of the supply being their ability to gather it in the few weeks of the harvest. Six months after the harvest season one can see huts still containing wagon-loads of the earthen jars filled with the thick jelly, each jar carefully sealed with clay. The mesquite pod, which forms such a large part of the natural food of this region, does not abound in the land of the Kwahatika, but the mesquite forests are not so far away but what they can journey to them in harvest time.



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Getting water—Havasupai.

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THE BOLTED DOOR

By Edith Wharton

I

HUBERT GRANICE, pacing the length of his pleasant lamp-lit library, paused to compare his watch with the clock on the chimney-piece. Three minutes to eight.

In exactly three minutes Mr. Peter Ascham, of the eminent legal firm of Ascham and Pettilow, would have his punctual hand on the door-bell of the flat. It was a comfort to reflect that Ascham was so punctual—the suspense was beginning to make his host nervous. And the sound of the door-bell would be the beginning of the end—after that there'd be no going back, by God—no going back!

Granice resumed his pacing. Each time he reached the end of the room opposite the door he caught his reflection in the Florentine mirror above the fine old walnut *crédence* he had picked up at Dijon—saw himself spare, quick-moving, carefully brushed and dressed, but furrowed, gray about the temples, with a stoop which he corrected by a spasmodic straightening of the shoulders whenever a glass confronted him: a tired middle-aged man, baffled, beaten, worn out.

As he summed himself up thus for the third or fourth time the door opened and he turned with a thrill of relief to greet his guest. But it was only the man-servant who entered, advancing silently over the mossy surface of the old Turkey rug.

"Mr. Ascham telephones, sir, to say he's unexpectedly detained and can't be here till eight-thirty."

Granice made a curt gesture of annoyance. It was becoming harder and harder for him to control these reflexes. He turned on his heel, tossing to the servant over his shoulder: "Very good. Put off dinner."

Down his spine he felt the man's injured stare. Mr. Granice had always been so mild-spoken to his people—no doubt the odd change in his manner had already been noticed and discussed below stairs. And very likely they suspected the cause. He stood drumming on the writing-table till he heard the servant go out; then he threw himself into a chair, propping his elbows on the table and resting his chin on his locked hands.

Another half hour alone with it!

He wondered irritably what could have detained his guest. Some professional matter, no doubt—the punctilious lawyer would have allowed nothing less to interfere with a dinner engagement, more especially since Granice, in his note, had said: "I shall want a little business chat afterward."

But what professional matter could have come up at that unprofessional hour? Perhaps some other soul in misery had called on the lawyer; and, after all, Granice's note had given no hint of his own need! No doubt Ascham thought he merely wanted to make another change in his will. Since he had come into his little property, ten years earlier, Granice had been perpetually tinkering with his will.

Suddenly another thought pulled him up, sending a flush to his sallow temples. He remembered a word he had tossed to the lawyer some six weeks earlier, at the Century Club. "Yes—my play's as good as taken. I shall be calling on you soon to go over the contract. Those theatrical chaps are so slippery—I won't trust anybody but you to tie the knot for me!" That, of course, was what Ascham would think he was wanted for. Granice, at the idea, broke into an audible laugh—a queer stage-laugh, like the cackle of a baffled villain in a melodrama. The absurdity, the unnaturalness of the sound abashed him, and he compressed his lips angrily. Would he take to soliloquy next?

He lowered his arms and pulled open the upper drawer of the writing-table. In the right-hand corner lay a thick manuscript, bound in paper folders, and tied with a string beneath which a letter had been slipped. Next to the manuscript was a small revolver. Granice stared a moment at these oddly associated objects; then he

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took the letter from under the string and slowly began to open it. He had known he should do so from the moment his hand touched the drawer. Whenever his eye fell on that letter some relentless force compelled him to re-read it.

It was dated about four weeks back, under the letter-head of "The Diversity Theatre."

"My dear Mr. Granice:

"I have given the matter my best consideration for the last month, and it's no use—the play won't do. I have talked it over with Miss Melrose—and you know there isn't a gamer artist on our stage—and I regret to tell you she feels just as I do about it. It isn't the poetry that scares her—or me either. We both want to do all we can to help along the poetic drama—we believe the public's ready for it, and we're willing to take a big financial risk in order to be the first to give them what they want. *But we don't believe they could be made to want this.* The fact is, there isn't enough drama in your play to the allowance of poetry—the thing drags all through. You've got a big idea, but it's not out of swaddling clothes.

"If this was your first play I'd say: *Try again.* But it has been just the same with all the others you've shown me. And you remember the result of 'The Lee Shore,' where you carried all the expenses of production yourself, and we couldn't fill the theatre for a week. Yet 'The Lee Shore' was a modern problem play—much easier to swing than blank verse. It isn't as if you hadn't tried all kinds——"

Granice folded the letter and put it carefully back into the envelope. Why on earth was he re-reading it, when he knew every phrase in it by heart, when for a month past he had seen it, night after night, stand out in letters of flame against the darkness of his sleepless lids?

"*It has been just the same with all the others you've shown me.*"

That was the way they dismissed ten years of passionate unremitting work!

"*You remember the result of 'The Lee Shore.'*"

Good God—as if he were likely to forget it! He re-lived it all now in a drowning flash: the persistent rejection of the play, his sudden resolve to put it on at his own cost, to spend ten thousand dollars of his inheritance on testing his chance of success—the fever of preparation, the dry-mouthed agony of the "first night," the flat fall, the stupid press, his secret rush to Europe to escape the condolence of his friends!

"*It isn't as if you hadn't tried all kinds.*"

No—he had tried all kinds: comedy, tragedy, prose and verse, the light curtain-raiser, the short sharp drama, the bourgeois-realistic and the lyrical-romantic—finally deciding that he would no longer "prostitute his talent" to win popularity, but would impose on the public his own theory of art in the form of five acts of blank verse. Yes, he had offered them everything—and always with the same result.

Ten years of it—ten years of dogged work and unrelieved failure. The ten years from forty to fifty—the best ten years of his life! And if one counted the years before, the silent years of dreams, assimilation, preparation—then call it half a man's life-time: half a man's life-time thrown away!

And what was he to do with the remaining half? Well, he had settled that, thank God! He turned and glanced anxiously at the clock. Ten minutes past eight—only ten minutes had been consumed in that stormy rush through his whole past! And he must wait another twenty minutes for Ascham. It was one of the worst symptoms of his case that, in proportion as he had grown to shrink from human company, he dreaded more and more to be alone. . . . But why the devil was he waiting for Ascham? Why didn't he cut the knot himself? Since he was so unutterably sick of the whole business, why did he have to call in an outsider to rid him of this nightmare of living?

He opened the drawer again and laid his hand on the revolver. It was a small slim ivory toy—just the instrument for a tired sufferer to give himself a "hypodermic" with. Granice raised it slowly in one hand, while with the other he felt under the thin hair at the back of his head, between the ear and the nape. He knew just where to place the muzzle: he had once got a young surgeon to show him. And as he found the spot, and lifted the revolver to it, the inevitable phenomenon occurred. The hand that held the weapon began to shake, the tremor communicated itself to

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his arm, his heart gave a wild leap which sent up a wave of deadly nausea to his throat, he smelt the powder, he sickened at the crash of the bullet through his skull, and a sweat of fear broke out over his forehead and ran down his quivering face. . .

He laid away the revolver with an oath and, pulling out a cologne-scented handkerchief, passed it tremulously over his brow and temples. It was no use—he knew he could never do it in that way. His attempts at self-destruction were as futile as his snatches at fame! He couldn't make himself a real life, and he couldn't get rid of the life he had. And that was why he had sent for Ascham to help him. . .

The lawyer, over the Camembert and Burgundy, began to excuse himself for his delay.

"I didn't like to say anything while your man was about—but the fact is, I was sent for on a rather unusual matter——"

"Oh, it's all right," said Granice cheerfully. He was beginning to feel the usual reaction that food and company produced. It was not any recovered pleasure in life that he felt, but only a deeper withdrawal into himself. It was easier to go on automatically with the social gestures than to uncover to any human eye the abyss within him.

"My dear fellow, it's sacrilege to keep a dinner waiting—especially the production of an artist like yours." Mr. Ascham sipped his Burgundy luxuriously. "But the fact is, Mrs. Ashgrove sent for me."

Granice raised his head with a quick movement of surprise. For a moment he was shaken out of his self-absorption.

"*Mrs. Ashgrove?*"

Ascham smiled. "I thought you'd be interested; I know your passion for *causes célèbres*. And this promises to be one. Of course it's out of our line entirely—we never touch criminal cases. But she wanted to consult me as a friend. Ashgrove was a distant connection of my wife's. And, by Jove, it *is* a queer case!" The servant reentered, and Ascham snapped his lips shut.

Would the gentlemen have their coffee in the dining-room?

"No—serve it in the library," said Granice, rising. He led the way back to the curtained confidential room. He was really curious to hear what Ascham had to tell him.

While the coffee and cigars were being served he fidgeted about the library, glancing at his letters—the usual meaningless notes and bills—and picking up the evening paper. As he unfolded it a headline caught his eye.

"ROSE MELROSE WANTS TO PLAY POETRY.

"THINKS SHE HAS FOUND HER POET."

He read on with a thumping heart—found the name of a young author he had barely heard of, saw the title of a play, a "poetic drama," dance before his eyes, and dropped the paper, sick, disgusted. It was true, then—she *was* "game"—it was not the manner but the matter she mistrusted!

Granice turned to the servant, who seemed to be purposely lingering. "I shan't need you this evening, Flint. I'll lock up myself."

He fancied the man's acquiescence implied surprise. What was going on, Flint seemed to wonder, that Mr. Granice should want him out of the way? Probably he would find a pretext for coming back to see. Granice suddenly felt himself enveloped in a network of espionage.

As the door closed he threw himself into an armchair and leaned forward to take a light from Ascham's cigar.

"Tell me about Mrs. Ashgrove," he said, seeming to himself to speak stiffly, as if his lips were cracked.

"Mrs. Ashgrove? Well, there's not much to *tell*."

"And you couldn't if there were?" Granice smiled.

"Probably not. As a matter of fact, she wanted my advice about her choice of counsel. There was nothing especially confidential in our talk."

"And what's your impression, now you've seen her?"

"My impression is, very distinctly, *that nothing will ever be known*."

"Ah—?" Granice murmured, puffing at his cigar.

"I'm more and more convinced that whoever poisoned Ashgrove knew his business, and will consequently never be found out. That's a capital cigar you've given me."

"You like it? I get them over from

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Cuba." Granice examined his own reflectively. "Then you believe in the theory that the clever criminals never *are* caught?"

"Of course I do. Look about you—look back for the last dozen years—none of the big murder problems are ever solved." The lawyer ruminated behind his blue cloud. "Why, take the instance in your own family: I'd forgotten I had an illustration at hand! Take old Joseph Lenman's murder—do you suppose that will ever be explained?"

As the words dropped from Ascham's lips his host looked slowly about the library, and every object in it stared back at him with a stale unescapable familiarity. How sick he was of looking at that room! It was as dull as the face of a wife one has wearied of. He cleared his throat slowly; then he turned his head to the lawyer and said: "I could explain the Lenman murder myself."

Ascham's eye kindled: he shared Granice's interest in criminal cases.

"By Jove! You've had a theory all this time? It's odd you never mentioned it. Go ahead and tell me. There are certain features in the Lenman case not unlike this Ashgrove affair, and your idea may be a help."

Granice paused and his eye reverted instinctively to the table drawer in which the revolver and the manuscript lay side by side. What if he were to try another appeal to Rose Melrose? Then he looked at the notes and bills on the table, and the horror of taking up again the lifeless routine of life—of performing the same automatic gestures another day—displaced his fleeting vision.

"I haven't a theory. I *know* who murdered Joseph Lenman."

Ascham settled himself comfortably in his chair, prepared for enjoyment.

"You *know?* Well, who did?" he laughed.

"I did," said Granice, rising.

He stood before Ascham, and the lawyer lay back staring up at him. Then he broke into another laugh.

"Why, this is glorious! You murdered him, did you? To inherit his money, I suppose? Better and better! Go on, my boy! Unbosom yourself! Tell me all about it! Confession is good for the soul."

Granice waited till the lawyer had shaken the last peal of laughter from his throat; then he repeated doggedly: "I murdered him."

The two men looked at each other for a long moment, and this time Ascham did not laugh.

"Granice!"

"I murdered him—to get his money, as you say."

There was another pause, and Granice, with a vague underlying sense of amusement, saw his guest's look change from pleasantry to apprehension.

"What's the joke, my dear fellow? I fail to see."

"It's not a joke. It's the truth. I murdered him." He had spoken painfully at first, as if there were a knot in his throat; but each time he repeated the words he found they were easier to say.

Ascham laid down his extinct cigar.

"What's the matter? Aren't you well? What on earth are you driving at?"

"I'm perfectly well. But I murdered my cousin, Joseph Lenman, and I want it known that I murdered him."

"*You want it known?*"

"Yes. That's why I sent for you. I'm sick of living, and when I try to kill myself I funk it." He spoke quite naturally now, as if the knot in his throat had been untied.

"Good Lord—good Lord," the lawyer gasped.

"But I suppose," Granice continued, "there's no doubt this would be murder in the first degree? I'm sure of the chair if I own up?"

Ascham drew a long breath; then he said slowly: "Sit down, Granice. Let's talk."

II

Granice told his story simply, connectedly.

He began by a quick survey of his early years—the years of drudgery and privation. His father, a charming man who could never say "no," had so signally failed to say it on certain essential occasions that when he died he left an illegitimate family and a mortgaged estate. His lawful kin found themselves hanging over a gulf of debt, and young Granice, to support his mother and sister, had to leave Harvard and bury himself at eighteen in a broker's

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office. He loathed his work, and he was always poor, always worried and in ill-health. A few years later his mother died, but his sister, an ineffectual neurasthenic, remained on his hands. His own health gave out, and he had to go away for six months, and work harder than ever when he came back. He had no knack for business, no head for figures, no dimmest insight into the mysteries of commerce. He wanted to travel and write—those were his inmost longings. And as the years dragged on, and he neared middle-age without making any more money, or acquiring any firmer health, a sick despair possessed him. He tried writing, but he always came home from the office so tired that his brain could not work. For half the year he did not reach his dim up-town flat till after dark, and could only "brush up" for dinner, and afterward lie on the lounge with his pipe, while his sister droned through the evening paper. Sometimes he spent an evening at the theatre; or he dined out, or, more rarely, strayed off with an acquaintance or two in quest of what is known as "pleasure." And in summer, when he and Kate went to the sea-side for a month, he dozed through the days in utter weariness. Once he fell in love with a charming girl—but what had he to offer her, in God's name? She seemed to like him, and in common decency he had to drop out of the running. Apparently no one replaced him, for she never married, but grew stoutish, grayish, philanthropic—yet how sweet she had been when he first kissed her! One more wasted life, he reflected. . .

But the stage had always been his master-passion. He would have sold his soul for the time and freedom to write plays! It was *in him*—he could not remember when it had not been his deepest-seated instinct. As the years passed it became a morbid, a relentless obsession—yet with every year the material conditions were more and more against it. He felt himself growing middle-aged, and he watched the reflection of the process in his sister's wasted face. At eighteen she had been pretty, and as full of enthusiasm as he. Now she was sour, trivial, insignificant—she had missed her chance of life. And she had no resources, poor creature, was fashioned simply for the primitive functions she had been denied the chance to fulfil! It exasperated him to think of it—and to reflect that even now a little travel, a little health, a little money, might transform her, make her young and desirable. . . The chief fruit of his experience was that there is no such fixed state as age or youth—there is only health as against sickness, wealth as against poverty; and age or youth as the outcome of the lot one draws.

At this point in his narrative Granice stood up, and went to lean against the mantel-piece, looking down at Ascham, who had not moved from his seat, or changed his attitude of rigid fascinated attention.

"Then came the summer when we went to Wrenfield to be near old Lenman—my mother's cousin, as you know. Some of the family always mounted guard over him—generally a niece or so. But that year they were all scattered, and one of the nieces offered to lend us her cottage if we'd relieve her of duty for two months. It was a nuisance for me, of course, for Wrenfield is two hours from town; but my mother, who was a slave to family observances, had always been good to the old man, so it was natural we should be called on—and there was the saving of rent and the good air for Kate. So we went.

"You never knew Joseph Lenman? Well, picture to yourself an amœba or some primitive organism of that sort, under a Titan's microscope. He was large, undifferentiated, inert—since I could remember him he had done nothing but take his temperature and read the *Churchman*. Oh, and cultivate melons—that was his hobby. Not vulgar, out-of-door melons—his were grown under glass. He had miles of it at Wrenfield—his big kitchen-garden was surrounded by blinking battalions of greenhouses. And in nearly all of them melons were grown—early melons and late, French, English, domestic—dwarf melons and monsters: every shape, colour and variety. They were petted and nursed like children—a staff of trained attendants waited on them. I'm not sure they didn't have a doctor to take their temperature—at any rate the place was full of thermometers. And they didn't sprawl on the ground like ordinary melons; they were trained against the glass like nectarines, and each melon hung in a net which sustained its weight and left it free on all sides to the sun and air. . .

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"It used to strike me sometimes that old Lenman was just like one of his own melons—the pale-fleshed English kind. His life, apathetic and motionless, hung in a net of gold, in an equable warm ventilated atmosphere, high above sordid earthly worries. The cardinal rule of his existence was not to let himself be 'worried.' . . I remember his advising me to try it myself, one day when I spoke to him about Kate's bad health, and her need of a change. 'I never let myself worry,' he said complacently. 'It's the worst thing for the liver—and you look to me as if you had a liver. Take my advice and be cheerful. You'll make yourself happier and others too.' And all he had to do was to write a cheque, and send the poor girl off for a holiday!

"The hardest part of it was that the money half-belonged to us already. The old skin-flint only had it for life, in trust for us and the others. But his life was a good deal sounder than mine or Kate's—and one could picture him taking extra care of it for the joke of keeping us waiting. I always felt that the sight of our hungry eyes was a tonic to him.

"Well, I tried to see if I couldn't reach him through his vanity. I flattered him, feigned a passionate interest in his melons. And he was taken in, and used to discourse on them by the hour. On fine days he was driven to the green-houses in his pony-chair, and waddled through them, prodding and leering at the fruit, like a fat Turk in his seraglio. When he bragged to me of the expense of growing them I was reminded of a hideous old Lothario bragging of what his pleasures cost. And the resemblance was completed by the fact that he couldn't eat as much as a mouthful of his melons—had lived for years on buttermilk and toast. 'But, after all, it's my only hobby—why shouldn't I indulge it?' he said sentimentally. As if I'd ever been able to indulge any of mine! On the keep of those melons Kate and I could have lived like gods. . .

"One day toward the end of the summer, when Kate was too unwell to drag herself up to the big house, she asked me to go and spend the afternoon with cousin Joseph. It was a lovely soft September afternoon—a day to lie under a Roman stone-pine, with one's eyes on the sky, and let the cosmic harmonies rush through one. Perhaps the vision was suggested by the fact that, as I entered cousin Joseph's hideous black walnut library, I passed one of the under-gardeners, a handsome full-throated Italian, who dashed out in such a hurry that he nearly knocked me down. I remember thinking it queer that the fellow, whom I had often seen about the melon-houses, did not bow to me, or even seem to see me.

"Cousin Joseph sat in his usual seat, behind the darkened windows, his fat hands folded on his protuberant waistcoat, the last number of the *Churchman* at his elbow, and near it, on a huge dish, a fat melon—the fattest melon I'd ever seen. As I looked at it I pictured the ecstasy of contemplation from which I must have roused him, and congratulated myself on finding him in such a mood, since I had made up my mind to ask him a favour. Then I noticed that his face, instead of looking as calm as an egg-shell, was distorted and whimpering—and without stopping to greet me he pointed passionately to the melon.

"'Look at it, look at it—did you ever see such a beauty? Such firmness—roundness—such delicious smoothness to the touch?' It was as if he had said 'she' instead of 'it,' and when he put out his senile hand and touched the melon I positively had to look the other way.

"Then he told me what had happened. The Italian under-gardener, who had been specially recommended for the melon-houses—though it was against my cousin's principles to employ a Papist—had been assigned to the care of the monster: for it had revealed itself, early in its existence, as destined to become a monster, to surpass its plumpest, pulpiest sisters, carry off prizes at agricultural shows, and be photographed and celebrated in every gardening paper in the land. The Italian had done well—seemed to have a sense of responsibility. And that very morning he had been ordered to pick the melon, which was to be shown next day at the county fair, and to bring it in for Mr. Lenman to gaze on its blonde virginity. But in picking it, what had the damned scoundrelly Jesuit done but drop it—drop it crash on the sharp spout of a watering-pot, so that it received a deep gash in its firm pale

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rotundity, and was henceforth but a bruised, ruined, fallen melon?

"The old man's rage was fearful in its impotence—he shook, spluttered and strangled with it. He had just had the Italian up and had sacked him on the spot, without wages or character—had threatened to have him arrested if he was ever caught prowling about Wrenfield. 'By God, and I'll do it—I'll write to Washington—I'll have the pauper scoundrel deported! I'll show him what money can do!' As likely as not there was some murderous Black-hand business under it—it would be found that the fellow was a member of a 'gang.' Those Italians would murder you for a quarter. He meant to have the police look into it. . . And then he grew frightened at his own excitement. 'But I must calm myself,' he said. He took his temperature, rang for his drops, and turned to the *Churchman*. He had been reading an article on Nestorianism when the melon was brought in. He asked me to go on with it, and I read to him for an hour, in the dim close room, with a fat fly buzzing stealthily about the fallen melon.

"All the while one phrase of the old man's buzzed in my brain like the fly about the melon. '*I'll show him what money can do!*' Good heaven! If *I* could but show the old man! If I could make him see his power of giving happiness as a new outlet for his monstrous egotism! I tried to tell him something about my situation and Kate's—spoke of my ill-health, my unsuccessful drudgery, my longing to write, to make myself a name—I stammered out an entreaty for a loan. 'I can guarantee to repay you, sir—I've a half-written play as security. . .'

"I shall never forget his glassy stare. His face had grown as smooth as an egg-shell again—his eyes peered over his fat cheeks like sentinels over a slippery rampart.

"'A half-written play—a play of *yours* as security?' He looked at me almost fearfully, as if detecting the first symptoms of insanity. 'Do you understand anything of business?' he enquired mildly. I laughed and answered: 'No, not much.'

"He leaned back with closed lids. 'All this excitement has been too much for me,' he said. 'If you'll excuse me, I'll prepare for my nap.' And I stumbled out of the room, blindly, like the Italian."

Granice moved away from the mantelpiece, and walked across to the tray set out with decanters and soda-water. He poured himself a tall glass of soda-water, emptied it, and glanced at Ascham's dead cigar.

"Better light another," he suggested.

The lawyer shook his head, and Granice went on with his tale. He told of his mounting obsession—how the murderous impulse had waked in him on the instant of his cousin's refusal, and he had muttered to himself: "By God, if you won't, I'll make you." He spoke more tranquilly as the narrative proceeded, as though his rage had died down once the resolve to act on it was taken. He applied his whole mind to the question of how the old man was to be "disposed of." Suddenly he remembered the outcry: "Those Italians will murder you for a quarter!" But no definite project presented itself: he simply waited for an inspiration.

Granice and his sister moved to town a day or two after the incident of the melon. But the cousins, who had returned, kept them informed of the old man's condition. One day, about three weeks later, Granice, on getting home, found Kate excited over a report from Wrenfield. The Italian had been there again—had somehow slipped into the house, made his way up to the library, and "used threatening language." The house-keeper found cousin Joseph gasping, the whites of his eyes showing "something awful." The doctor was sent for, and the attack warded off; and the police had ordered the Italian from the neighbourhood.

But cousin Joseph, thereafter, languished, had "nerves," and lost his taste for toast and butter-milk. The doctor called in a colleague, and the consultation amused and excited the old man—he became once more an important figure. The medical men reassured the family—too completely!—and to the patient they recommended a more varied diet: advised him to take whatever "tempted him." And so one day, tremulously, prayerfully, he decided on a tiny bit of melon. It was brought up with ceremony, and consumed in the presence of the house-keeper and a hovering cousin; and twenty minutes later he was dead. . .

"But you remember the circumstances,"

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Granice went on; "how suspicion turned at once on the Italian? In spite of the hint the police had given him he had been seen hanging about the house since 'the scene.' It was said that he had tender relations with the kitchen-maid, and the rest seemed easy to explain. But when they looked round to ask him for the explanation he was gone—gone clean out of sight. He had been 'warned' to leave Wrenfield, and he had taken the warning so to heart that no one ever laid eyes on him again."

Granice paused. He had dropped into a chair opposite the lawyer's, and he sat for a moment, his head thrown back, looking about the familiar room. Everything in it had grown grimacing and alien, and each strange insistent object seemed craning forward from its place to hear him.

"It was I who put the stuff in the melon," he said. "And I don't want you to think I'm sorry for it. This isn't 'remorse,' understand. I'm glad the old skin-flint is dead—I'm glad the others have their money. But mine's no use to me any more. My sister married miserably, and died. And I've never had what I wanted."

Ascham continued to stare; then he said: "What on earth was your object, then?"

"Why, to *get* what I wanted—what I fancied was in reach! I wanted change, rest, *life*, for both of us—wanted, above all, for myself, the chance to write! I travelled, got back my health, and came home to tie myself up to my work. And I've slaved at it steadily for ten years without reward—without the most distant hope of success! Nobody will look at my stuff. And now I'm fifty, and I'm beaten, and I know it." His chin dropped forward on his breast. "I want to chuck the whole business," he ended.

III

It was after midnight when Ascham left.

His hand on Granice's shoulder, as he turned to go—"District Attorney be hanged; see a doctor, see a doctor!" he had cried; and so, with an exaggerated laugh, had pulled on his coat and departed.

Granice turned back into the library. It had never occurred to him that Ascham would not believe his story. For three hours he had explained, elucidated, patiently and painfully gone over every detail—but without once breaking down the iron incredulity of the lawyer's eye.

At first Ascham had feigned to be convinced—but that, as Granice now perceived, was simply to get him to expose himself, to entrap him into contradictions. And when the attempt failed, when Granice triumphantly met and refuted each disconcerting question, the lawyer dropped the mask suddenly, and said with a good-humoured laugh: "By Jove, Granice you'll write a successful play yet. The way you've worked this all out is a marvel."

Granice swung about furiously—that last sneer about the play inflamed him. Was all the world in a conspiracy to deride his failure?

"I did it, I did it," he muttered sullenly, his rage spending itself against the impenetrable surface of the other's mockery; and Ascham answered with a smile: "Ever read any of those books on hallucination? I've got a fairly good medico-legal library. I could send you one or two if you like. . . ."

Left alone, Granice cowered down in the chair before his writing-table. He understood that Ascham thought him off his head.

"Good God—what if they all think me crazy?"

The horror of it broke out over him in a cold sweat—he sat there and shook, his eyes hidden in his icy hands. But gradually, as he began to rehearse his story for the thousandth time, he saw again how incontrovertible it was, and felt sure that any criminal lawyer would believe him.

"That's the trouble—Ascham's not a criminal lawyer. And then he's a friend. What a fool I was to talk to a friend! Even if he did believe me, he'd never let me see it—his instinct would be to cover the whole thing up. . . But in that case—if he *did* believe me—he might think it a kindness to get me shut up in an asylum. . ." Granice began to tremble again. "Good heaven! If he should bring in an expert—one of those damned alienists! Ascham and Pettilow can do anything—their word always goes. If Ascham drops a hint that I'd better be shut up, I'll be in a straitjacket by to-morrow! And he'd do it from the kindest motives—be quite right to do it if he thinks I'm a murderer!"

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The vision froze him to his chair. He pressed his fists to his bursting temples and tried to think. For the first time he hoped that Ascham had not believed his story.

"But he did—he did! I can see it now—I noticed what a queer eye he cocked at me. Good God, what shall I do—what shall I do?"

He started up and looked at the clock. Half-past one. What if Ascham should think the case urgent, rout out an alienist, and come back with him? Granice jumped to his feet, and his sudden gesture brushed the morning paper from the table. Mechanically he stooped to pick it up, and the movement started a new train of association.

He sat down again, and reached for the telephone book in the rack by his chair.

"Give me three-o-ten . . . yes."

The new idea in his mind had revived his flagging energy. He would act—act at once. It was only by thus planning ahead, committing himself to some unavoidable line of conduct, that he could pull himself through the meaningless days. Each time he reached a fresh decision it was like coming out of a foggy weltering sea into a calm harbour with lights. One of the queerest phases of his long agony was the intense relief produced by these momentary lulls.

"That the office of the *Investigator?* Yes? Give me Mr. Denver, please. . . Hallo, Denver. . . Yes, Hubert Granice. . . . Just caught you? Going straight home? Can I come and see you . . . yes, now . . . have a talk? It's rather urgent . . . yes, might give you some first-rate 'copy.' . . . All right!" He hung up the receiver with a laugh. It had been a happy thought to call up the editor of the *Investigator*—Robert Denver was the very man he needed. . .

Granice put out the lights in the library—it was odd how the automatic gestures persisted!—went into the hall, put on his hat and overcoat, and let himself out of the flat. In the hall, a sleepy elevator boy blinked at him and then dropped his head on his folded arms. Granice passed out into the street. At the corner of Fifth Avenue he hailed a crawling cab, and called out an up-town address. The long thoroughfare stretched before him, dim and deserted, like an ancient avenue of tombs. But from Denver's house a friendly beam fell on the pavement; and as Granice sprang from his cab the editor's electric turned the corner.

The two men grasped hands, and Denver, feeling for his latch-key, ushered Granice into the brightly-lit hall.

"Disturb me? Not a bit. You might have, at ten to-morrow morning . . . but this is my liveliest hour . . . you know my habits of old."

Granice had known Robert Denver for fifteen years—watched his rise through all the stages of journalism to the Olympian pinnacle of the *Investigator's* editorial office. In the thick-set man with grizzling hair there were few traces left of the hungry-eyed young reporter who, on his way home in the small hours, used to "bob in" on Granice, while the latter sat grinding at his plays. Denver had to pass Granice's flat on the way to his own, and it became a habit, if he saw a light in the window, and Granice's shadow against the blind, to go in, smoke a pipe, and discuss the universe.

"Well—this is like old times—a good old habit reversed." The editor smote his visitor genially on the shoulder. "Reminds me of the nights when I used to rout you out. . . How's the play, by the way? There *is* a play, I suppose? It's as safe to ask you that as to say to some men: 'How's the baby?'"

Denver laughed good-naturedly, and Granice thought how thick and heavy he had grown. It was evident, even to Granice's tortured nerves, that the words had not been uttered in malice—and the fact gave him a new measure of his insignificance. Denver did not even know that he had been a failure! The fact hurt more than Ascham's irony.

"Come in—come in." The editor led the way into a small cheerful room, where there were cigars and decanters. He pushed an arm-chair toward his visitor, and dropped into another with a comfortable groan.

"Now, then—help yourself. And let's hear all about it."

He beamed at Granice over his pipe-bowl, and the latter, lighting his cigar, said to himself: "Success makes men comfortable, but it makes them stupid."

Then he turned, and began: "Denver, I want to tell you——"

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The clock ticked rhythmically on the mantel-piece. The little room was gradually filled with drifting blue layers of smoke, and through them the editor's face came and went like the moon through a moving sky. Once the hour struck—then the rhythmical ticking began again. The atmosphere grew denser and heavier, and beads of perspiration began to roll from Granice's forehead.

"Do you mind if I open the window?"

"No. It *is* stuffy in here. Wait—I'll do it myself." Denver pushed down the upper sash, and returned to his chair. "Well—go on," he said, filling another pipe. His composure exasperated Granice.

"There's no use in my going on if you don't believe me."

The editor remained unmoved. "Who says I don't believe you? And how can I tell till you've finished?"

Granice went on, ashamed of his outburst. "It was simple enough, as you'll see. From the day the old man said to me, 'Those Italians would murder you for a quarter,' I dropped everything and just worked at my scheme. It struck me at once that I must find a way of getting to Wrenfield and back in a night—and that led to the idea of a motor. A motor—that never occurred to you? You wonder where I got the money, I suppose. Well, I had a thousand or so put by, and I nosed around till I found what I wanted—a second-hand racer. I knew how to drive a car, and I tried the thing and found it was all right. Times were bad, and I bought it for my price, and stored it away. Where? Why, in one of those no-questions-asked garages where they keep motors that are not for family use. I had a lively cousin who had put me up to that dodge, and I looked about till I found a queer hole where they took in my car like a baby in a foundling asylum. . . Then I practiced running to Wrenfield and back in a night. I knew the way pretty well, for I'd done it often with the same lively cousin—and in the small hours, too. The distance is over ninety miles, and on the third trial I did it under two hours. But my arms were so lame that I could hardly get dressed the next morning. . .

"Well, then came the report about the Italian's threats, and I saw I must act at once. . . I meant to break into the old man's room, shoot him, and get away again. It was a big risk, but I thought I could manage it. Then we heard that he was ill—that there'd been a consultation. Perhaps the fates were going to do it for me! Good Lord, if that could only be! . . ."

Granice stopped and wiped his forehead: the open window did not seem to have cooled the room.

"Then came word that he was better; and the day after, when I came up from my office, I found Kate laughing over the news that he was to try a bit of melon. The house-keeper had just telephoned her—all Wrenfield was in a flutter. The doctor himself had picked out the melon, one of the little French ones that are hardly bigger than a large tomato—and the patient was to eat it at his breakfast the next morning.

"In a flash I saw my chance. It was a bare chance, no more. But I knew the ways of the house—I was sure the melon would be brought in over night and put in the pantry ice-box. If there were only one melon in the ice-box I could be fairly sure it was the one I wanted. Melons didn't lie around loose in that house—every one was known, numbered, catalogued. The old man was beset by the dread that the servants would eat them, and he took a hundred mean precautions to prevent it. Yes, I felt pretty sure of my melon . . . and poisoning was much safer than shooting. It would have been the devil and all to get into the old man's bedroom without his rousing the house; but I ought to be able to break into the pantry without much trouble.

"It was a cloudy night, too—everything served me. I dined quietly, and sat down at my desk. Kate had one of her usual headaches, and went to bed early. As soon as she was gone I slipped out. I had got together a sort of disguise—red beard and queer-looking ulster. I shoved them into a bag, and went round to the garage. There was no one there but a half-drunken machinist whom I'd never seen before. That served me, too. They were always changing machinists, and this new fellow didn't even bother to ask if the car belonged to me. It was a very easy-going place. . .

"Well, I jumped in, ran up Broadway, and let the car go as soon as I was out of

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Harlem. Dark as it was, I could trust myself to strike a sharp pace. In the shadow of a wood I stopped a second and got into the beard and ulster. Then away again—it was just eleven-thirty when I got to Wrenfield.

"I left the car in a dark lane behind the Lenman place, and slipped through the kitchen-garden. The melon-houses winked at me through the dark—I remember thinking that they knew what I wanted to know. . . . By the stable a dog came out growling—but he nosed me out, jumped on me, and went back. . . The house was as dark as the grave. I knew everybody went to bed by ten. But there might be a prowling servant—the kitchen-maid might have come down to let in her Italian. I had to risk that, of course. I crept around by the back door and hid in the shrubbery. Then I listened. It was all as silent as death. I crossed over to the house, pried open the pantry window and climbed in. I had a little electric lamp in my pocket, and shielding it with my cap I groped my way to the ice-box, opened it—and there was the little French melon . . . only one.

"I stopped to listen—I was quite cool. Then I pulled out my bottle of stuff and my syringe, and gave each section of the melon a hypodermic. It was all done inside of three minutes—at ten minutes to twelve I was back in the car. I got out of the lane as quietly as I could, struck a back road that skirted the village, and let the car out as soon as I was beyond the last houses. I only stopped once on the way in, to drop the beard and ulster into a pond. I had a big stone ready to weight them with and they went down plump, like a dead body—and at two o'clock I was back at my desk."

Granice stopped speaking and looked across the smoke-fumes at his listener; but Denver's face remained inscrutable.

At length he said: "Why did you want to tell me this?"

The question startled Granice. He was about to explain, as he had explained to Ascham; but suddenly it occurred to him that if his motive had not seemed convincing to the lawyer it would carry much less weight with Denver. Both were successful men, and success does not understand the subtle agony of failure. Granice cast about for another reason.

"Why, I—the thing haunts me . . . remorse, I suppose you'd call it. . ."

Denver struck the ashes from his empty pipe.

"Remorse? Bosh!" he said energetically.

Granice's heart sank. "You don't believe in—*remorse?*"

"Not an atom: in the man of action. The mere fact of your talking of remorse proves to me that you're not the man to have planned and put through such a job."

Granice groaned. "Well—I lied to you about remorse. I've never felt any."

Denver's lips tightened sceptically about his freshly-filled pipe. "What was your motive, then? You must have had one."

"I'll tell you—" And Granice began again to rehearse the story of his failure, of his loathing for life. "Don't say you don't believe me this time . . . that this isn't a real reason!" he stammered out piteously as he ended.

Denver meditated. "No, I won't say that. I've seen too many queer things. There's always a reason for wanting to get out of life—the wonder is that we find so many for staying in!"

Granice's heart grew light. "Then you *do* believe me?" he faltered.

"Believe that you're sick of the job? Yes. And that you haven't the nerve to pull the trigger? Oh, yes—that's easy enough, too. But all that doesn't make you a murderer—though I don't say it proves you could never have been one."

"I *have* been one, Denver—I swear to you."

"Perhaps." He meditated. "Just tell me one or two things."

"Oh, go ahead. You won't stump me!" Granice heard himself say with a laugh.

"Well—how did you make all those trial trips without exciting your sister's curiosity? I knew your night habits pretty well at that time, remember. You were very seldom out late. Didn't the change in your ways surprise her?"

"No; because she was away at the time. She went to pay several visits in the country soon after we came back from Wrenfield, and was only in town for a night or two before—before I did the job."

"And that night she went to bed early with a headache?"

"Yes—blinding. She didn't know any-

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thing when she had that kind. And her room was at the back of the flat."

Denver again meditated. "And when you got back—she didn't hear you? You got in without her knowing it?"

"Yes. I went straight to my work—took it up at the word where I'd left off—*why, Denver, don't you remember?*" Granice suddenly, passionately interjected.

"Remember——?"

"Yes; how you found me—when you looked in that morning, between two and three . . . your usual hour . . . ?"

"Yes," the editor nodded.

Granice gave a short laugh. "In my old coat—with my pipe: looked as if I'd been working all night, didn't I? Well, I hadn't been in my chair ten minutes!"

Denver uncrossed his legs and then crossed them again. "I didn't know whether *you* remembered that."

"What?"

"My coming in that particular night—or morning."

Granice swung round in his chair. "Why, man alive! That's why I'm here now. Because it was you who spoke for me at the inquest, when they looked round to see what all the old man's heirs had been doing that night—you who testified to having dropped in and found me at my desk as usual. . . . I thought *that* would appeal to your journalistic sense if nothing else would!"

Denver smiled. "Oh, my journalistic sense is still susceptible enough—and the idea's picturesque, I grant you: asking the man who proved your alibi to establish your guilt."

"That's it—that's it!" Granice's laugh had a ring of triumph.

"Well, but how about the other chap's testimony—I mean that young doctor: what was his name? Ned Ranney. Don't you remember my testifying that I'd met him at the elevated station, and told him I was on my way to smoke a pipe with you, and his saying: 'All right; you'll find him in. I passed the house two hours ago, and saw his shadow against the blind, as usual.' And the lady with the toothache in the flat across the way: she corroborated his statement, you remember."

"Well, then?" "Yes; I remember."

"Simple enough. Before starting I rigged up a kind of mannikin with old coats and a cushion—something to cast a shadow on the blind. All you fellows were used to seeing my shadow there in the small hours—I counted on that, and knew you'd take any vague outline as mine."

"Simple enough, as you say. But the woman with the toothache saw the shadow move—you remember she said she saw you sink forward, as if you'd fallen asleep."

"Yes; and she was right. It *did* move. I suppose some extra-heavy dray must have jolted by the flimsy building—at any rate, something gave my mannikin a jar, and when I came back he had sunk forward, half over the table."

There was a long silence between the two men. Granice, with a throbbing heart, watched Denver refill his pipe. The editor, at any rate, did not sneer and flout him. After all, journalism gave a deeper insight than the law into the fantastic possibilities of life, prepared one better to allow for the incalculableness of human impulses.

"Well?" Granice faltered out.

Denver stood up with a shrug. "Look here, man—what's wrong with you? Make a clean breast of it! Nerves gone to smash? I'd like to take you to see a chap I know—an ex-prize-fighter—who's a wonder at pulling fellows in your state out of their hole——"

"Oh, oh—" Granice broke in. He stood up also, and the two men eyed each other. "You don't believe me, then?"

"This yarn—how can I? There wasn't a flaw in your alibi."

"But haven't I filled it full of them now?"

Denver shook his head. "I might think so if I hadn't happened to know that you *wanted* to. There's the hitch, don't you see?"

Granice groaned. "No, I didn't You mean my wanting to be found guilty.——?"

"Of course! If somebody else had accused you, the story might have been worth looking into. As it is, a child could have invented it. It doesn't do much credit to your ingenuity."

Granice turned sullenly toward the door. What was the use of arguing? But on the threshold a sudden impulse drew him back. "Look here, Denver—I daresay you're right. But will you do just one thing to prove it? Put my statement in the *Investigator*, just as I've made it. Ridicule it as much as you like. Only give the other

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fellows a chance at it—men who don't know anything about me. Set them talking and looking about. I don't care a damn whether *you* believe me—what I want is to convince the Grand Jury! I oughtn't to have come to a man who knows me—your cursed incredulity is infectious. I don't put my case well, because I know in advance it's discredited, and I almost end by not believing it myself. That's why I can't convince *you*. It's a vicious circle." He laid a hand on Denver's arm. "Send a stenographer, and put my statement in the paper."

But Denver did not warm to the idea. "My dear fellow, you seem to forget that all the evidence was pretty thoroughly sifted at the time, every possible clue followed up. The public would have been ready enough then to believe that you murdered old Lenman—you or anybody else. All they wanted was a murderer—the most improbable would have served. But your alibi was too confoundedly complete. And nothing you've told me has shaken it." Denver laid his cool hand over the other's burning fingers. "Look here, old fellow, go home and work up a better case—then come in and submit it to the *Investigator*."

IV

THE perspiration was rolling off Granice's forehead. Every few minutes he had to draw out his handkerchief and wipe the moisture from his haggard face.

For an hour and a half he had been talking steadily, putting his case to the District Attorney. Luckily he had a speaking acquaintance with Allonby, and had obtained, without much difficulty, a private audience on the very day after his talk with Robert Denver. In the interval between he had hurried home, got out of his evening clothes, and gone forth again at once into the dreary dawn. His fear of Ascham and the alienist made it impossible for him to remain in his rooms. And it seemed to him that the only way of averting that hideous peril was by establishing, in some sane impartial mind, the proof of his guilt. Even if he had not been so incurably sick of life, the electric chair seemed now the only alternative to the strait-jacket.

As he paused to wipe his forehead he saw the District Attorney glance at his watch. The gesture was significant, and Granice lifted an appealing hand. "I don't expect you to believe me now—but can't you put me under arrest, and have the thing looked into?"

Allonby smiled faintly under his heavy grayish mustache. He had a ruddy face, full and jovial, in which his keen professional eyes seemed to keep watch over impulses not strictly professional.

"Well, I don't know that we need lock you up just yet. But of course I'm bound to look into your statement——"

Granice rose with an exquisite sense of relief. Surely Allonby wouldn't have said that if he hadn't believed him!

"That's all right. Then I needn't detain you. I can be found at any time at my apartment." He gave the address.

The District Attorney smiled again, more openly. "What do you say to leaving it for an hour or two this evening? I'm giving a little supper at Rector's—quiet, little affair, you understand: just Miss Melrose—I think you know her—and a friend or two; and if you'll join us. . ."

Granice stumbled out of the office without knowing what reply he had made.

He waited for four days—four days of concentrated horror. During the first twenty-four hours the fear of Ascham's alienist dogged him; and as that subsided, it was replaced by the exasperating sense that his avowal had made no impression on the District Attorney. Evidently, if he had been going to look into the case, Allonby would have been heard from before now. . . . And that mocking invitation to supper showed clearly enough how little the story had impressed him!

Granice was overcome by the futility of any farther attempt to inculpate himself. He was chained to life—a "prisoner of consciousness." Where was it he had read the phrase? Well, he was learning what it meant. In the glaring night-hours, when his brain seemed ablaze, he was visited by a sense of his fixed identity, of his irreducible, inexpugnable *selfness*, keener, more insidious, more unescapable, than any sensation he had ever known. He had not guessed that the mind was capable of such intricacies of self-realization, of penetrating so deep into its own dark wind-

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ings. Often he woke from his brief snatches of sleep with the feeling that something material was clinging to him, was on his hands and face, and in his throat—and as his brain cleared he understood that it was the sense of his own loathed personality that stuck to him like some thick viscous substance.

Then, in the first morning hours, he would rise and look out of his window at the awakening activities of the street—at the street-cleaners, the ash-cart drivers, and the other dingy workers flitting hurriedly by through the sallow winter light. Oh, to be one of them—any of them—to take his chance in any of their skins! They were the toilers—the men whose lot was pitied—the victims wept over and ranted about by altruists and economists; and how gladly he would have taken up the load of any one of them, if only he might have shaken off his own! But, no—the iron circle of consciousness held them too: each one was hand-cuffed to his own hideous ego. Why wish to be any one man rather than another? The only absolute good was not to be . . . And Flint, coming in to draw his bath, would ask if he preferred his eggs scrambled or poached that morning?

On the fifth day he wrote a long urgent letter to Allonby; and for the succeeding two days he had the occupation of waiting for an answer. He hardly stirred from his rooms, in his fear of missing the letter by a moment; but would the District Attorney write, or send a representative: a policeman, a "secret agent," or some other mysterious emissary of the law?

On the third morning Flint, stepping softly—as if, confound it! his master were ill—entered the library where Granice sat behind an unread newspaper, and proffered a card on a tray.

Granice read the name—J. B. Hewson—and underneath, in pencil, "From the District Attorney's office." He started up with a thumping heart, and signed an assent to the servant.

Mr. Hewson was a slight sallow nondescript man of about fifty—the kind of man of whom one is sure to see a specimen in any crowd. "Just the type of the successful detective," Granice reflected as he shook hands with his visitor.

And it was in that character that Mr. Hewson briefly introduced himself. He had been sent by the District Attorney to have "a quiet talk" with Mr. Granice—to ask him to repeat the statement he had made about the Lenman murder.

His manner was so quiet, so reasonable and receptive, that Granice's self-confidence returned. Here was a sensible man—a man who knew his business—it would be easy enough to make *him* see through that ridiculous alibi! Granice offered Mr. Hewson a cigar, and lighting one himself—to prove his coolness—began again to tell his story.

He was conscious, as he proceeded, of telling it better than ever before. Practice helped, no doubt; and his listener's detached, impartial attitude helped still more. He could see that Hewson, at least, had not decided in advance to disbelieve him, and the sense of being trusted made him more lucid and more consecutive. Yes, this time his words would certainly carry conviction. . .

V

DESPAIRINGLY, Granice gazed up and down the shabby street. Beside him stood a young man with bright prominent eyes, a smooth but not too smoothly-shaven face, and an Irish smile. The young man's nimble glance followed Granice's.

"Sure of the number, are you?" he asked briskly.

"Oh, yes—it was 104."

"Well, then, the new building has swallowed it up—that's certain."

He tilted his head back and surveyed the half-finished front of a brick and limestone flat-house that reared its flimsy elegance above a row of tottering tenements and stables.

"Dead sure?" he repeated.

"Yes," said Granice, discouraged. "And even if I hadn't been, I know the garage was just opposite Leffler's over there." He pointed across the street to a tumble-down stable with a blotched sign on which the words "Livery and Boarding" were still faintly discernible.

The young man dashed across to the opposite pavement. "Well, that's something—may get a clue there. Leffler's—same name there, anyhow. You remember that name?"

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"Yes—distinctly."

Granice had felt a return of confidence since he had enlisted the interest of the *Explorer's* "smartest" reporter. If there were moments when he hardly believed his own story, there were others when it seemed impossible that every one should not believe it; and young Peter McCarren, peering, listening, questioning, jotting down notes, inspired him with an exquisite sense of security. McCarren had fastened on the case at once, "like a leech," as he phrased it—jumped at it, thrilled to it, and settled down to "draw the last drop of fact from it, and not let go till he had." No one else had treated Granice in that way—even Allonby's detective had not taken a single note. And though a week had elapsed since the visit of that authorized official, nothing had been heard from the District Attorney's office: Allonby had apparently dropped the matter again. But McCarren wasn't going to drop it—not he! He positively hung on Granice's footsteps. They had spent the greater part of the previous day together, and now they were off again, running down clues.

But at Leffler's they got none, after all. Leffler's was no longer a stable. It was condemned to demolition, and in the respite between sentence and execution it had become a vague place of storage, a hospital for broken-down carriages and carts, presided over by a blear-eyed old woman who knew nothing of Flood's garage across the way—did not even remember what had stood there before the new flat-house began to rise.

"Well—we may run Leffler down somewhere; I've seen harder jobs done," said McCarren, cheerfully noting down the name.

As they walked back toward Sixth Avenue he added, in a less sanguine tone: "I'd undertake now to put the thing through if you could only put me on the track of that cyanide."

Granice's heart sank. Yes—there was the weak spot; he had felt it from the first! But he still hoped to convince McCarren that his case was strong enough without it; and he urged the reporter to come back to his rooms and sum up the facts with him again.

"Sorry, Mr. Granice, but I'm due at the office now. Besides, it'd be no use till I get some fresh stuff to work on. Suppose I call you up tomorrow or next day?"

He plunged into a trolley and left Granice gazing desolately after him.

Two days later he reappeared at the apartment, a shade less jaunty in demeanor.

"Well, Mr. Granice, the stars in their courses are against you, as the bard says. Can't get a trace of Flood, or of Leffler either. And you say you bought the motor through Flood, and sold it through him, too?"

"Yes," said Granice wearily.

"Who bought it, do you know?"

Granice wrinkled his brows. "Why, Flood—yes, Flood himself. I sold it back to him three months later."

"Flood? The devil! And I've ransacked the town for Flood. That kind of business disappears as if the earth had swallowed it."

Granice, discouraged, kept silence.

"That brings us back to the poison," McCarren continued, his note-book out. "Just go over that again, will you?"

And Granice went over it again. It had all been so simple at the time—and he had been so clever in covering up his traces! As soon as he decided on poison he looked about for an acquaintance who manufactured chemicals; and there was Jim Dawes, a Harvard classmate, in the dyeing business—just the man. But at the last moment it occurred to him that suspicion might turn toward so obvious an opportunity, and he decided on a more tortuous course. Another friend, Carrick Venn, a student of medicine whom irremediable ill-health had kept from the practice of his profession, amused his leisure with experiments in physics, for the exercise of which he had set up a simple laboratory. Granice had the habit of dropping in to smoke a cigar with him on Sunday afternoons, and the friends generally sat in Venn's work-shop, at the back of the old family house in Stuyvesant Square. Off this work-shop was the cupboard of supplies, with its row of deadly bottles. Carrick Venn was an original, a man of restless curious tastes, and his place, on a Sunday, was often full of visitors: a cheerful crowd of journalists, scribblers, painters, experimenters in divers forms of expression. Coming and going among so many, it was easy enough to pass

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unperceived; and one afternoon Granice, arriving before Venn had returned home, found himself alone in the work-shop, and quickly slipping into the cupboard, transferred the drug to his pocket.

But that had happened ten years ago; and Venn, poor fellow, was long since dead of his dragging ailment. His old father was dead, too, the house in Stuyvesant Square had been turned into a boarding-house, and the shifting life of New York had passed its rapid sponge over every trace of their obscure little history. Even the optimistic McCarren seemed to acknowledge the hopelessness of seeking for proof in that direction.

"And there's the third door slammed in our faces." He shut his note-book, and throwing back his head, rested his bright inquisitive eyes on Granice's furrowed face.

"Look here, Mr. Granice—you see the weak spot, don't you?"

The other made a despairing motion. "I see so many!"

"Yes: but the one that weakens all the others. Why the deuce do you want this thing known? Why do you want to put your head into the noose?"

Granice looked at him hopelessly, trying to take the measure of his quick light irreverent mind. No one so full of a cheerful animal life would believe in the craving for death as a sufficient motive; and Granice racked his brain for one more convincing. But suddenly he saw the reporter's face soften, and melt to a naïve sentimentalism.

"Mr. Granice—has the memory of it always haunted you?"

Granice stared a moment, and then leapt at the opening. "That's it—the memory of it . . . always . . ."

McCarren nodded vehemently. "Dogged your steps, eh? Wouldn't let you sleep? The time came when you *had* to make a clean breast of it?"

"I had to. Can't you understand?"

The reporter struck his fist on the table. "God, sir! I don't suppose there's a human being with a drop of warm blood in him that can't picture the deadly horrors of remorse——"

The Celtic imagination was aflame, and Granice mutely thanked him for the word. What neither Ascham nor Denver would accept as a conceivable motive the Irish reporter seized on as the most adequate; and, as he said, once one could find a convincing motive, the difficulties of the case became so many incentives to effort.

"Remorse—*remorse*," he repeated, rolling the word under his tongue with an accent that was a clue to the psychology of the popular drama; and Granice, perversely, said to himself: "If I could only have struck that note I should have been running in six theatres at once."

He saw that from that moment McCarren's professional zeal would be fanned by emotional curiosity; and he profited by the fact to propose that they should dine together, and go on afterward to some music-hall or theatre. It was becoming necessary to Granice to feel himself an object of pre-occupation, to find himself in another mind. He took a kind of gray penumbral pleasure in riveting McCarren's attention on his case; and to feign the grimaces of moral anguish became a passionately engrossing game. He had not entered a theatre for months; but he sat out the meaningless performance in rigid tolerance, sustained by the sense of the reporter's observation.

Between the acts, McCarren amused him with anecdotes about the audience: he knew every one by sight, and could lift the curtain from every physiognomy. Granice listened indulgently. He had lost all interest in his kind, but he knew that he was himself the real centre of McCarren's attention, and that every word the latter spoke had an indirect bearing on his own problem.

"See that fellow over there—the little dried-up man in the third row, pulling his moustache? *His* memoirs would be worth publishing," McCarren said suddenly in the last *entr'acte*.

Granice, following his glance, recognized the detective from Allonby's office. For a moment he had the thrilling sense that he was being shadowed.

"Cæsar, if *he* could talk—!" McCarren continued. "Know who he is, of course? Dr. John B. Stell, the biggest alienist in the country——"

Granice, with a start, bent again between the heads in front of him. "*That* man—the fourth from the aisle? You're mistaken. That's not Dr. Stell."

McCarren laughed. "Well, I guess I've

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been in court enough to know Stell when I see him. He testifies in nearly all the big cases where they plead insanity."

A cold shiver ran down Granice's spine, but he repeated obstinately: "That's not Dr. Stell."

"Not Stell? Why, man, I *know* him. Look—here he comes. If it isn't Stell, he won't speak to me."

The little dried-up man was moving slowly up the aisle. As he neared McCarren he made a slight gesture of recognition.

"How'do, Doctor Stell? Pretty slim show, ain't it?" the reporter cheerfully flung out at him. And Mr. J. B. Hewson, with a nod of amicable assent, passed on.

Granice sat benumbed. He knew he had not been mistaken—the man who had just passed was the same man whom Allonby had sent to see him: a physician disguised as a detective. Allonby, then, had thought him insane, like the others—had regarded his confession as the maundering of a maniac. The discovery froze Granice with horror—he seemed to see the mad-house gaping for him.

"Isn't there a man a good deal like him—a detective named J. B. Hewson?"

But he knew in advance what McCarren's answer would be. "Hewson? J. B. Hewson? Never heard of him. But that was J. B. Stell fast enough—I guess he can be trusted to know himself, and you saw he answered to his name."

VI

Some days passed before Granice could obtain a word with the District Attorney: he began to think that Allonby avoided him.

But when they were face to face Allonby's jovial countenance showed no sign of embarrassment. He waved his visitor to a chair, and leaned across his desk with the encouraging smile of a consulting physician.

Granice broke out at once: "That detective you sent me the other day——"

Allonby raised a deprecating hand.

"—I know: it was Stell the alienist. Why did you do that, Allonby?"

The other's face did not lose its composure. "Because I looked up your story first—and there's nothing in it."

"Nothing in it?" Granice furiously interposed.

"Absolutely nothing. If there is, why the deuce don't you bring me proofs? I know you've been talking to Peter Ascham, and to Denver, and to that little ferret McCarren of the *Explorer*. Have any of them been able to make out a case for you? No. Well, what am I to do?"

Granice's lips began to tremble. "Why did you play me that trick?"

"About Stell? I had to, my dear fellow: it's part of my business. Stell *is* a detective, if you come to that—every doctor is."

The trembling of Granice's lips increased, communicating itself in a long quiver to his facial muscles. He forced a laugh through his dry throat. "Well—and what did he detect?"

"In you? Oh, he thinks it's overwork—overwork and too much smoking. If you look in on him some day at his office he'll show you the record of hundreds of cases like yours, and advise you what treatment to follow. It's one of the commonest forms of hallucination. Have a cigar, all the same."

"But, Allonby, I killed that man!"

The District Attorney's large hand, outstretched on his desk, had an almost imperceptible gesture, and a moment later, as if in answer to the call of an electric bell, a clerk looked in from the outer office.

"Sorry, my dear fellow—lot of people waiting. Drop in on Stell some morning," Allonby said, shaking hands.

McCarren had to own himself beaten: there was absolutely no flaw in the alibi. And since his duty to his journal obviously forbade his wasting time on insoluble mysteries, he ceased to frequent Granice, who dropped back into a deeper isolation. For a day or two after his visit to Allonby he continued to live in dread of Dr. Stell. Why might not Allonby have deceived him as to the alienist's diagnosis? What if he were really being shadowed, not by a police agent but by a mad-doctor? To have the truth out, he suddenly determined to call on Dr. Stell.

The physician received him kindly, and reverted without embarrassment to the conditions of their previous meeting. "We have to do that occasionally, Mr. Granice; it's one of our methods. And you had given Allonby a fright."

Granice was silent. He would have

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liked to reaffirm his guilt, to produce the fresh arguments which had occurred to him since his last talk with the physician; but he feared his eagerness might be taken for a symptom of derangement, and he affected to smile away Dr. Stell's allusion.

"You think, then, it's a case of brain-fag —nothing more?"

"Nothing more. And I should advise you to knock off tobacco. You smoke a good deal, don't you?"

He developed his treatment, recommending massage, gymnastics, travel, or any form of diversion that did not—that in short——

Granice interrupted him impatiently. "Oh, I loathe all that—and I'm sick of travelling."

"H'm. Then some larger interest—politics, reform, philanthrophy? Something to take you out of yourself."

"Yes. I understand," said Granice wearily.

"Above all, don't lose heart. I see hundreds of cases like yours," the doctor added cheerfully from the threshold.

On the doorstep Granice stood still and laughed. Hundreds of cases like his—the case of a man who had committed a murder, who confessed his guilt, and whom no one would believe! Why, there had never been a case like it in the world. What a good figure Stell would have made in a play: the great alienist who couldn't read a man's mind any better than that!

Granice saw huge comic opportunities in the type.

But as he walked away, his fears dispelled, the sense of listlessness returned on him. For the first time since his avowal to Peter Ascham he found himself without an occupation, and understood that he had been carried through the past weeks only by the necessity of constant action. Now his life had once more become a stagnant backwater, and as he stood on the street corner watching the tides of traffic sweep by, he asked himself despairingly how much longer he could endure to float about in the sluggish circle of his consciousness.

The thought of self-destruction recurred to him; but again his flesh recoiled. He yearned for death from other hands, but he could never take it from his own. And, aside from his insuperable physical reluctance, another motive restrained him. He was possessed by the dogged desire to establish the truth of his story. He refused to be swept aside as an irresponsible dreamer—even if he had to kill himself in the end, he would not do so before proving to society that he had deserved death from it.

He began to write long letters to the papers; but after the first had been published and commented on, public curiosity was quelled by a brief statement from the District Attorney's office, and the rest of his communications remained unprinted. Ascham came to see him, and begged him to travel. Robert Denver dropped in, and tried to joke him out of his delusion; till Granice, mistrustful of their motives, began to dread the reappearance of Dr. Stell, and set a guard on his lips. But the words he kept back engendered others and still others in his brain. His inner self became a humming factory of arguments, and he spent long hours reciting and writing down elaborate statements of his crime, which he constantly retouched and developed. Then gradually his activity languished under the lack of an audience, the sense of being buried beneath deepening drifts of indifference. In a passion of resentment he swore that he would prove himself a murderer, even if he had to commit another crime to do it; and for a sleepless night or two the thought flamed red on his darkness. But daylight dispelled it. The determining impulse was lacking and he hated too promiscuously to choose his victim. . . So he was thrown back on the unavailing struggle to impose the truth of his story. As fast as one channel closed on him he tried to pierce another through the sliding sands of incredulity. But every issue seemed blocked, and the whole human race leagued together to cheat one man of the right to die.

Thus viewed, the situation became so monstrous that he lost his last shred of self-restraint in contemplating it. What if he were really the victim of some mocking experiment, the centre of a ring of holiday-makers jeering at a poor creature in its blind dashes against the solid walls of consciousness? But, no—men were not so uniformly cruel: there were flaws in the close surface of their indifference, cracks of weakness and pity here and there. . .

Granice began to think that his mistake lay in having appealed to persons more or

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less familiar with his past, and to whom the visible conformities of his life seemed a final disproof of its one fierce secret deviation. The general tendency was to take for the whole of life the slit seen between the blinders of habit: and in his walk down that narrow vista Granice cut a correct enough figure. To a vision free to follow his whole orbit his story would be more intelligible: it would be easier to convince a chance idler in the street than the trained intelligence hampered by a sense of his antecedents. This idea shot up in him with the tropic luxuriance of each new seed of thought, and he began to walk the streets, and to frequent out-of-the-way chop-houses and bars in his search for the impartial stranger to whom he should disclose himself.

At first every face looked encouragement; but at the crucial moment he always held back. So much was at stake, and it was so essential that his first choice should be decisive. He dreaded stupidity, timidity, intolerance. The imaginative eye, the furrowed brow, were what he sought. He must reveal himself only to a heart versed in the tortuous motions of the human will; and he began to hate the dull benevolence of the average face. Once or twice, obscurely, allusively, he made a beginning—once sitting down at a man's side in a basement chop-house, another day approaching a lounger on an east-side wharf. But in both cases the premonition of failure checked him on the brink of avowal. His dread of being taken for a man in the clutch of a fixed idea gave him an unnatural keenness in reading the expression of his interlocutors, and he had provided himself in advance with a series of verbal alternatives, trap-doors of evasion from the first dart of ridicule or suspicion.

He passed the greater part of the day in the streets, coming home at irregular hours, dreading the silence and orderliness of his apartment, and the critical scrutiny of Flint. His real life was spent in a world so remote from this familiar setting that he sometimes had the mysterious sense of a living metempsychosis, a furtive passage from one identity to another—yet the other as unescapably himself!

One humiliation he was spared: the desire to live never revived in him. Not for a moment was he tempted to a shabby pact with existing conditions. He wanted to die, wanted it with the fixed unwavering desire which alone attains its end. And still the end eluded him! It would not always, of course—he had full faith in the dark star of his destiny. And he could prove it best by repeating his story, persistently and indefatigably, pouring it into indifferent ears, hammering it into dull brains, till at last it kindled a spark, and some one of the careless millions paused, listened, believed. . .

It was a mild March day, and he had been loitering on the west-side docks, looking at faces. He was becoming an expert in physiognomies: his eagerness no longer made rash darts and awkward recoils. He knew now the face he needed, as clearly as if it had come to him in a vision; and not till he found it would he speak. As he walked eastward through the shabby reeking streets he had a premonition that he should find it that morning. Perhaps it was the promise of spring in the air—certainly he felt calmer than for many days. . .

He turned into Washington Square, struck across it obliquely, and walked up University Place. Its heterogeneous passers always allured him—they were less hurried than in Broadway, less enclosed and classified than in Fifth Avenue. He walked slowly, watching for his face.

At Union Square he felt a sudden relapse into discouragement, like a votary who has watched too long for a sign from the altar. Perhaps, after all, he should never find his face. . . The air was languid, and he felt tired. He walked between the bald grass-plots and the twisted trees, making for an empty seat. Presently he passed a bench on which a girl sat alone, and something as definite as the twitch of a cord made him stop before her. He had never dreamed of telling his story to a girl, had hardly looked at the women's faces as they passed. His case was man's work: how could a woman help him? But this girl's face was extraordinary—quiet and wide as a clear evening sky. It suggested a hundred images of space, distance, mystery, like ships he had seen, as a boy, quietly berthed by a familiar wharf, but with the breath of far seas and strange harbours in their shrouds. . . Certainly this girl would understand. He went up to her quietly, lifting his hat, observing the forms—wish-

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ing her to see at once that he was "a gentleman."

"I am a stranger to you," he began, sitting down beside her, "but your face is so extremely intelligent that I feel. . . I feel it is the face I've waited for . . . looked for everywhere; and I want to tell you——"

The girl's eyes widened: she rose to her feet. She was escaping him!

In his dismay he ran a few steps after her, and caught her roughly by the arm.

"Here—wait—listen! Oh, don't scream, you fool!" he shouted out.

He felt a hand on his own arm; turned and confronted a policeman. Instantly he understood that he was being arrested, and something hard within him was loosened and ran to tears.

"Ah, you know—you *know* I'm guilty!"

He was conscious that a crowd was forming, and that the girl's frightened face had disappeared. But what did he care about her face? It was the policeman who had really understood him. He turned and followed, the crowd at his heels. . .

VII

In the charming place in which he found himself there were so many sympathetic faces that he felt more than ever convinced of the certainty of making himself heard.

It was a bad blow, at first, to find that he had not been arrested for murder; but Ascham, who had come to him at once, explained that he needed rest, and the time to "review" his statements; it appeared that reiteration had made them a little confused and contradictory. To this end he had willingly acquiesced in his removal to a large quiet establishment, with an open space and trees about it, where he had found a number of intelligent companions, some, like himself, engaged in preparing or reviewing statements of their cases, and others ready to lend an interested ear to his own recital.

For a time he was content to let himself go on the tranquil current of this existence; but although his auditors gave him for the most part an encouraging attention, which, in some, went the length of really brilliant and helpful suggestion, he gradually felt a recurrence of his old doubts. Either his hearers were not sincere, or else they had less power to aid him than they boasted. His interminable conferences resulted in nothing, and as the benefit of the long rest made itself felt, it produced an increased mental lucidity which rendered inaction more and more unbearable. At length he discovered that on certain days visitors from the outer world were admitted to his retreat; and he wrote out long and logically constructed relations of his crime, and furtively slipped them into the hands of these messengers of hope.

This occupation gave him a fresh lease of patience, and he now lived only to watch for the visitors' days, and scan the faces that swept by him like stars seen and lost in the rifts of a hurrying sky.

Mostly, these faces were strange and less intelligent than those of his companions. But they represented his last means of access to the world, a kind of subterranean channel on which he could set his "statements" afloat, like paper boats which the mysterious current might sweep out into the open seas of life.

One day, however, his attention was arrested by a familiar contour, a pair of bright prominent eyes, and a chin insufficiently shaved. He sprang up and stood in the path of Peter McCarren.

The journalist looked at him doubtfully, then held out his hand with a startled deprecating "*Why——?*"

"You didn't know me? I'm so changed?" Granice faltered, feeling the rebound of the other's wonder.

"Why, no; but you're looking quieter—smoothed out," McCarren smiled.

"Yes: that's what I'm here for—to rest. And I've taken the opportunity to write out a clearer statement——"

Granice's hand shook so that he could hardly draw the folded paper from his pocket. As he did so he noticed that the reporter was accompanied by a tall man with grave compassionate eyes. It came to Granice in a wild thrill of conviction that this was the face he had waited for. . .

"Perhaps your friend—he *is* your friend?—would glance over it—or I could put the case in a few words if you have time?" Granice's voice shook like his hand. If this chance escaped him he felt that his last hope was gone. McCarren and the stranger looked at each other, and the former glanced at his watch.

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"I'm sorry we can't stay and talk it over now, Mr. Granice; but my friend has an engagement, and we're rather pressed——"

Granice continued to proffer the paper. "I'm sorry—I think I could have explained. But you'll take this, at any rate?"

The stranger looked at him gently. "Certainly—I'll take it." He had his hand out. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," Granice echoed.

He stood watching the two men move away from him through the long light hall; and as he watched them a tear ran down his face. But as soon as they were out of sight he turned and walked hastily toward his room, beginning to hope again, already planning a new statement.

Outside the building the two men stood still, and the journalist's companion looked up curiously at the long monotonous rows of barred windows.

"So that was Granice?"

"Yes—that was Granice, poor devil," said McCarren.

"Strange case! I suppose there's never been one just like it? He's still absolutely convinced that he committed that murder?"

"Absolutely. Yes."

The stranger reflected. "And there was no conceivable ground for the idea? No one could make out how it started? A quiet conventional sort of fellow like that—where do you suppose he got such a delusion? Did you ever get the least clue to it?"

McCarren stood still, his hands in his pockets, his head cocked up in contemplation of the barred windows. Then he turned his bright hard gaze on his companion.

"That was the queer part of it. I've never spoken of it—but I *did* get a clue."

"By Jove! That's interesting. What was it?"

McCarren formed his red lips into a whistle. "Why—that it wasn't a delusion."

He produced his effect—the other turned on him with a pallid stare.

"He murdered the man all right. I tumbled on the truth by the merest accident, when I'd pretty nearly chucked the whole job."

"He murdered him—murdered his cousin?"

"Sure as you live. Only don't split on me. It's about the queerest business I ever ran into. . . *Do about it?* Why, what was I to do? I couldn't hang the poor devil, could I? Lord, but I was glad when they collared him, and had him stowed away safe in there!"

The tall man listened with a grave face, grasping Granice's statement in his hand.

"Here—take this; it makes me sick," he said abruptly, thrusting the paper at the reporter; and the two men turned and walked in silence to the gates.

WAVES

By John B. Tabb

We sighed of old till underneath His feet
Our pulses beat,
Again to sigh in restlessness until
He saith, "Be still."

And with us is the ever-moving wind,
And all mankind—
A triple chorus—each upheaving breast
A sigh for rest.

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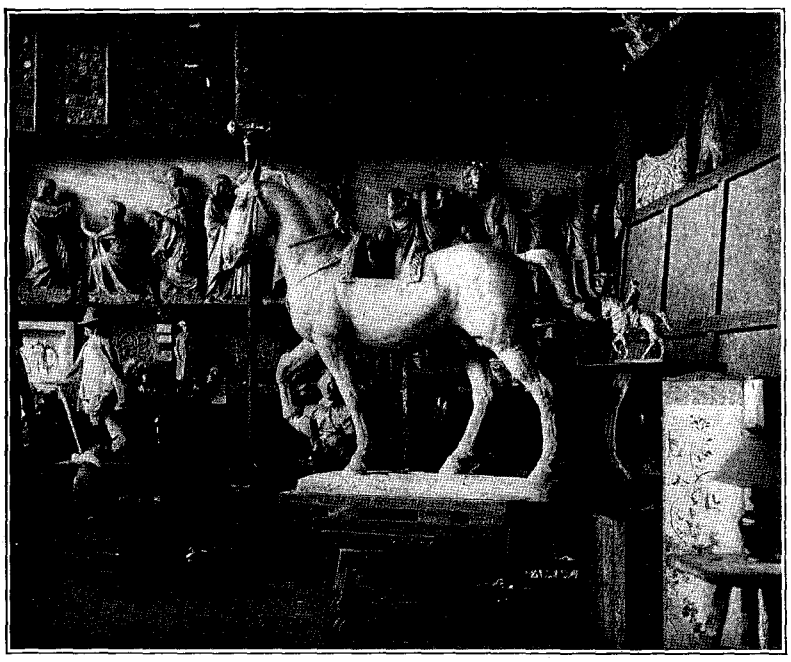

Paul W. Bartlett in his studio.
Life-size model of horse.

THE EVOLUTION OF AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE

By Charles Noël Flagg

IN 1898 the school children of the United States subscribed fifty thousand dollars for a monument to Lafayette, and early in the following year the committee having the matter in charge commissioned Mr. Paul Wayland Bartlett to make an equestrian statue, and the French Government, being informed, appointed a commission composed of the architect of the Louvre, M. Georges Redon, the sculptor, M. Eugéne Guillaume, and others. This French commission was well satisfied with the choice of sculptor, and the American commission pointed out to him the advantage of completing his model, if possible, in time for the Universal Exposition which was to be held in 1900. Mr. Bartlett immediately got to work, in New York, and in March, 1899, completed a first sketch, as seen on page 310; and on the fourth of July, the same year, he showed it to the architect of the Louvre. The plan was then formed that on Independence Day, the following year, the work should be so far advanced that a model of it could be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies.

Bartlett, realizing that one year was a very short time for so important a work, and that he could do it to better advantage if uninterrupted, rented a huge barn in the little village of Saint Leu, about twenty-five miles from Paris, and thither he betook himself, with a faithful assistant and a fine horse, both competent models when occasion required.

In this retirement from the possible menace of social functions for which, in the general sense, he cares very little, the young sculptor worked comfortably and sanely and well. Fortunately he did not destroy

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First sketch, made in New York, March, 1899, and shown to the architect of the Louvre, Mr. Georges Redon, July 4th, 1899.

Second sketch.

the sketches made during this period, for they, with later sketches, present an illustrative argument, more indisputably powerful than anything which can be written, showing the growth of that which in the beginning was but the crude embodiment of an idea, which, however, in its fulfilment, was to attract the attention of the whole art world.

From the beginning the French commission decided that the Lafayette statue should be placed in the beautiful little

Third sketch.

Fourth sketch.

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inner garden of the Court of the Louvre, originally designed with the intention of using it as the frame for an equestrian statue. In fact, the foundation for a monument of the kind had already been laid, and a statue of Napoleon I completed, when, as it was about to be put in position, the war with Germany was on and French and German citizens were not giving their customary quota of time to acts of self-congratulation.

During the twelve months at St. Leu the work, as evidenced by the sketches and his own photographs taken as it progressed, came on apace, until a full-size plaster model (here shown) was ready, well in time, to put in place. The commissioners were pleased and every one concerned was satisfied, except perhaps the sculptor, who all the time regarded what he had so far done as preliminary to something which, in his mind, should, and which eventually did, follow.

The ceremony of unveiling occurred July 4, 1900. The commissioners and many other distinguished persons were present. Entirely by chance Bartlett found himself seated next to the sculptor, Eugéne Guillaume, and he it was who first congratulated him. The circumstance might be passed as ordinary, but as it was Guillaume who had made the statue of Napoleon I, before referred to as having been intended for the same spot, the courtesy of the old sculptor heartily grasping the hand of the very young American assumes a grace and a significance not to be disregarded.

The Court of the Louvre is, in itself, exquisitely beautiful. And when one stops to consider that it is surrounded on three sides by the matchless architecture of the palace of the Louvre, in whose various buildings are stored choice works of art of multitudinous variety, gathered from all the modern and, so far as possible, ancient civilizations of the world, the place becomes one of very huge importance. And when we realize that this Court with its fine gardens and entourage is but a part of the most sucessfully planned large civic centre of modern times, it grows still greater in importance.

At the easterly end of this great vista is the Perrault Colonnade; at the westerly end is the Arch of Triumph, beyond which are avenues leading to the parks of the Bois de Boulogne which stretches on beyond. Along the line between these

First painted plaster in place.

Life-size model.
Elaboration of first sketch made in St. Leu, 1899.

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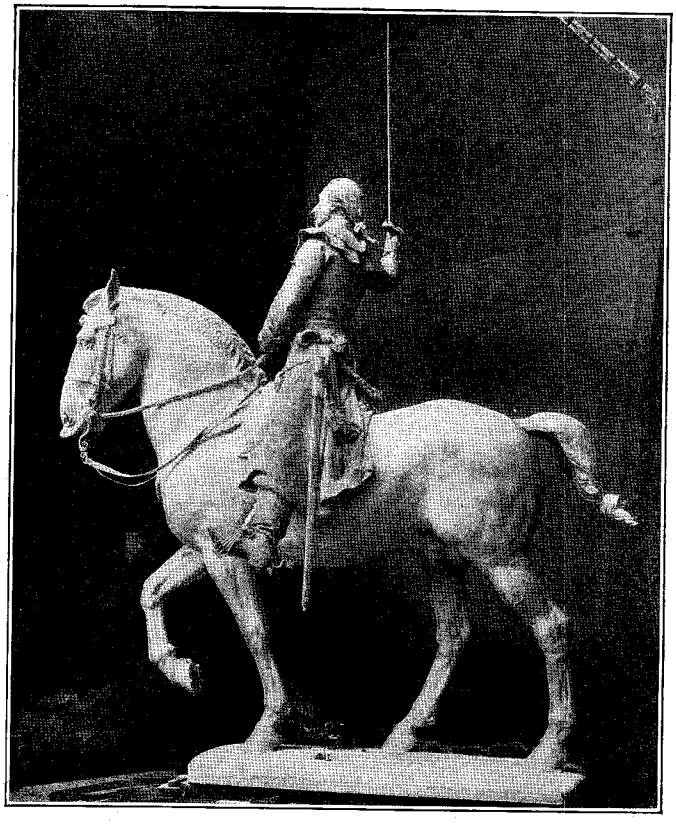
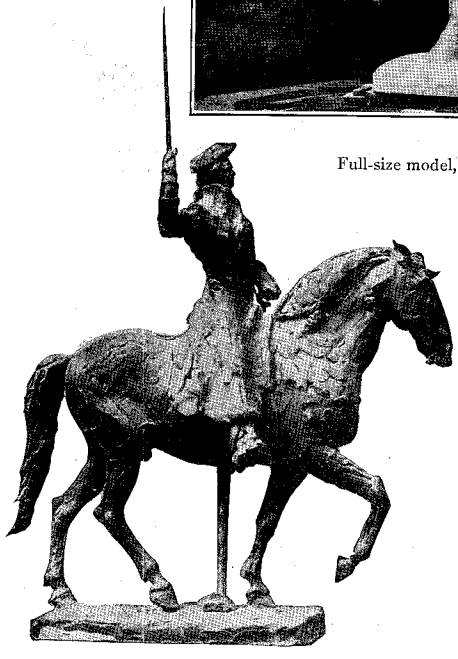


Full-size model, four months before completion.



Fifth sketch.

two points, the Arch and the Colonnade, are other palaces and gardens, and fountains and monuments in groups, which without such skilful arrangement would become merely a bewildering mass of splendor and of riches. But the French people have given proof that they know how to plan schemes of beauty, whether small or large, in a very effective manner, and mention of the Louvre, the Champs Élysées, and the other features of this one may not seem irrelevant. Bear in mind that no other country had been invited to figure conspicuously and permanently in this great civic plan until the American school children made their five-cent contributions for a memorial to Lafayette, and that the French commission having the matter in charge would have accepted no sculptor in whom it did not have entire confidence, to place a statue in the choicest position in France for a monument of the kind.

After and before the unveiling of the first model no one could possibly have understood the situation more clearly than it was understood by Paul Bartlett. He asked no advice and needed no advisers.

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The first model had been put up by himself, and involved a considerable expense, but expense counted as nothing. What *did* count was the fact that while the model would undoubtedly be accepted as it stood, the sculptor considered it merely a step to something better, and at once proceeded to do something better.

He leased the largest studio in Paris and set to work evolving other schemes as to the shape which the monument to Lafayette should take. He had the advantage of seeing the first model in place, and quickly began a series of sketches, some of which have in their incipient form material for successful conclusions, and all of which surpass the result achieved in the first model (see page 311). So it was that the real work was really begun, and begun under great disadvantage, for the American committee did not in the least understand the sculptor's point of view, and was unwilling to make any great advancements of money. Luckily the French people did understand, and Bartlett's credit being of the best the work went merrily on. Moreover, he had other

The statue in place.

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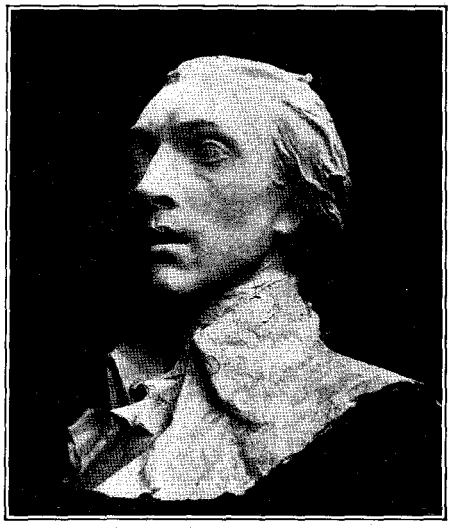
orders, notably the statue of General McClellan for Philadelphia, of General Warren for Boston, and for the sculptural decoration of the north front of the capitol of his native State—Connecticut.

Plaster of paris is not exactly the stuff best suited to stand the wear and tear of a moist climate, and so the material of which the first model was made, for exhibition purposes, soon began to take on an appearance of dilapidation. This was arrested somewhat by a coat of bronze paint, but there was no way of effectually checking disintegration. Bartlett was harshly criticised for permitting so shabby a thing to remain on its pedestal, but the criticism made no deep impression. He was criticising it himself, but from another view-point. He tried to find fault with his own work—and why not, if he wished, as he did, that the second model should be better?



The completed head of Lafayette.

For instance, he decided that another kind of horse might fit more appropriately, and so bought a magnificent Percheron stallion, which he kept in his studio for several years. He thought the Louis XVI costume of the first model too fancifully pretty, and adopted an overcoat. This gave him trouble, as it concealed the figure too much. He particularly wished his Lafayette to represent youth and enthusiasm, and at last he succeeded in buttoning the overcoat at the waist in such a way that it did not hide the youthfulness of the figure (page 312). All these experiments took time—years of time—during which complaints came thick and fast. It was in the midst of this puzzlement inside and worriment from outside that Bartlett's saving sense of humor stood him in good stead. He determined to adopt an heraldic device; hence the little bronze turtle on the plinth of the monument, marching bravely beside the great horse!

He decided that by eliminating the hat, he would have freer play for dignity in the head; but of course this meant doing the head again. And he did it again and again, and then changed it once more, and so on, ever occupied with the large problem of evolving something which he himself could acknowledge as worthy.

In the first model, the offering of the sword might be interpreted as a surrender, although at first it had seemed to be of prime importance historically. If the horse of the first model had been retained it would have been inconsistent to change the holding of the sword, as in the final arrangement; but with another horse moving in a sidelong fashion, as mounted horses of high breed do move, the change, the holding of the sword aloft, was altogether consistent. In every part the composition expresses the idea: The Youth of France is coming to join in the fight for liberty with Young America.

He continued to change the movement of the man and the horse, slowly, if you like, but surely moving toward a finer, larger, and in all respects better conception of what he wished to express, not only as a portrait but as a symbol of generous patriotism. After countless experiments he was at last ready to make the life-size model (page 309) and then the full-size model (page 312). Of course this work required many months; but as all uncertainty in regard to the composition had been overcome and replaced by confidence that the design was the best he could evolve, its consummation became more than ever, what at no stage it had failed to be, a work of pleasure.

On the fourth day of July, 1907, nearly ten years after the sculptor had first begun to work out the idea with a lump of clay, he invited the United States Ambassador to

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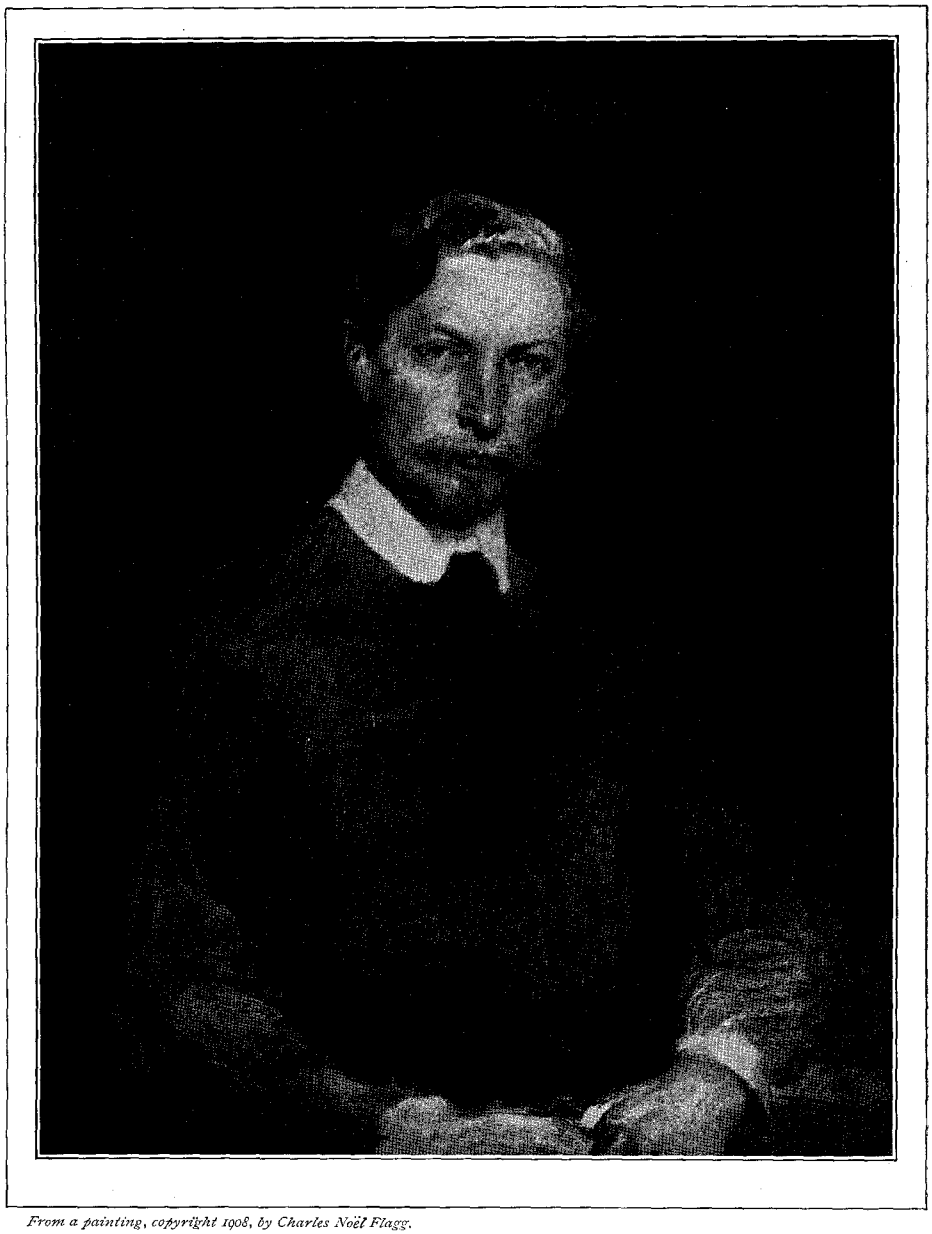

From a painting, copyright 1908, by Charles Noël Flagg.

Paul Wayland Bartlett.

France, who in turn invited the President of the French Republic, to a private view of the Lafayette statue. The guests expressed themselves as very much pleased, and their pleasure was reported in the newspapers of several nations. As a matter of fact, they could not possibly get a full idea of the statue, *in that way*. As seen in the studio the model gave an impression of bulkiness which vanished altogether when its embodiment in bronze was put upon its admirable pedestal in the Court of the Louvre (see page 316).

Late in June, 1908, it was hoisted into place. This time there were no ceremonies. The memorial stands there, where it will probably remain for hundreds of years. The children will see it; and Amer-

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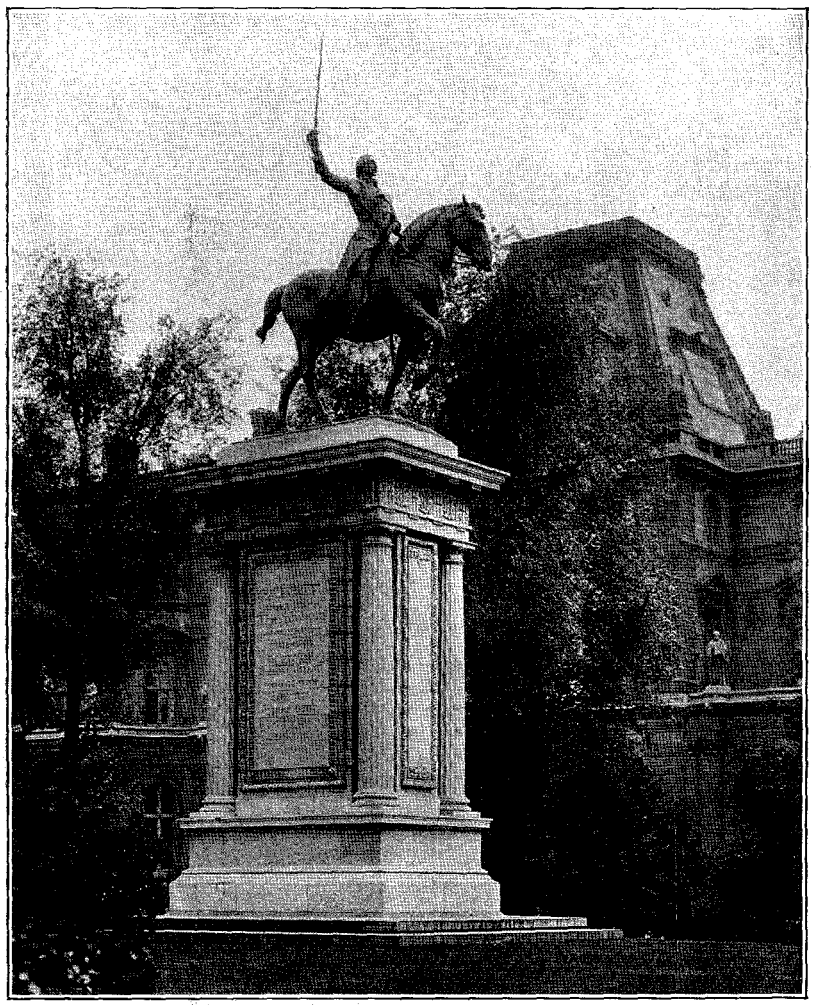

The Lafayette memorial, with the final statue in place.

ican children of to-day, grown to manhood and womanhood, will be able to say "I contributed five cents for that."

This article has referred only incidentally to critics who severely upbraided the sculptor because he was so long in bringing his work to a conclusion. It has been written with the hope that it may bring to the minds of some thinking persons, and especially to art students, an appreciation of the fact that to carry successfully to completion any serious work of art requires a sacrifice of time and of outside allurements, and a concentrated devotion to the accomplishment of the work in hand. Works of art which are really worth while are seldom of sudden growth, although the final execution of a completed mental solution may be executed in a very short time. The actual work on the final scheme of the monument did not in itself require so much time, but the working out of the scheme so that the memorial would be adequate and fit appropriately into its setting did take many years of almost constant thought and labor; and that it was ultimately completed and put in place within a limit of ten years should be accepted as proof that the artist thought quickly and worked industriously.

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JOHN MARVEL, ASSISTANT

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

X

A NEW GIRL

THIS is how the young lady heard of it. Miss Leigh had been at home but an hour or two and had only had time to change her travelling costume for a suit of light blue with a blue hat to match, which was very becoming to her, and order the carriage to drive down and get her father, when a visitor was announced: Miss Milly McSheen, an old schoolmate, and next moment a rather large, flamboyant girl of about Miss Leigh's own age or possibly a year or two older, bounced into the room as if she had been shot in out of one of those mediæval engines which flung men into walled towns.

She began to talk volubly even before she was actually in the room; she talked all through her energetic if hasty embrace of her friend, and all the time she was loosening the somewhat complicated fastening of a dotted veil which, while it obscured, added a certain charm to a round, florid, commonplace, but good-humored face in which smiled two round, shallow blue eyes.

"Well, my dear," she began while yet outside the door, "I thought you never were coming back! Never! And I believe if I hadn't finally made up my mind to get you back you would have staid forever in that nasty, stuck-up city of Brotherly Love."

Miss Leigh a little airily observed that that title applied to Philadelphia and she had only passed through Philadelphia on a train one night.

"Oh! well, it was some kind of love, I'll be bound, and some one's else brother, too, that kept you away so long."

"No, it was not—not even some one else's brother," replied Miss Leigh.

"Oh! for Heaven's sake, don't tell me that's wrong. Why, I've been practising that all summer. It sounds so grammatical—so New Yorkish."

"I can't help it. It may be New Yorkish, but it isn't grammatical," said Miss Leigh. "But I never expected to get back earlier. My Aunt had to look into some of her affairs in the East and had to settle some matters with a lawyer down South, an old gentleman who used to be one of her husband's partners and is her trustee or something and I had to wait till they got matters settled."

"Well, I'm glad you are here in time. I was so afraid you wouldn't be, that I got Pa to telegraph and have your car put on the president's special train that was coming through and had the right of way."

"Were we indebted to you for that attention?" Eleanor Leigh's voice had a tone of half incredulity.

"Yep—I am the power behind the throne just at present. Pa and old Mr. Canter have buried the hatchet and are as thick as thieves since their new deal, and Jim Canter told me his car was coming through on a special. Oh! you ought to hear him the way he says, *My car*, and throws his chest out! So I said I wanted him to find out where you were on the road—on what train, I mean—and pick you up, and he said he would."

"Oh! I see," said Miss Leigh.

"He did, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, you know Jim Canter is a very promising young man, much more so than he is a fulfiller. What are you so serious about? You look as——"

"Nothing—I was just wondering what right we have to stop trains full of people who have paid for their tickets and——"

"What!" exclaimed the other girl in astonishment, "what right? Why, our fathers are directors, aren't they, and own a block of the stock that controls——"

"Yes; but all these people—who pay—and who had no breakfast?"

"Oh! don't you worry about them—

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they'll get along, somehow—and if they pay they'll look out for themselves without your doing it. My way is to make all I can out of them and enjoy it while I can—that's what Pa says."

"Yes," said Miss Leigh acquiescingly, "but I'm not sure that it's right."

"You've been reading that man's articles," declared Miss McSheen. "I know—I have too—everybody has—all the girls. I am a socialist—aren't they terribly striking! He's so good-looking. Pa says he's a Jew and an anarchist, and ought to be in jail."

"Are you speaking of Mr. Wolffert?"

"Yes, of course. Now you need not make out you don't know him; because they say——"

"Yes, I know him very well," said Miss Leigh, so stiffly that her guest paused and changed her tone.

"Well, anyhow, my dear, you are just on time. We are going to have the biggest thing we've ever had in this town. I've almost died laughing over it already."

"What is it?"

"Wait. I'm going to tell you all about it. You know it was all my idea. Harriet Minturn claims the whole credit for it now that I've made it go—says she first suggested it, and I assure you, my dear, she never opened her head about it till I had all the girls wild about it, and had arranged for the costumes and had gotten the Count to promise——"

"What is it?" interrupted her hostess again, laughing.

"Wait, my dear, I'm going to tell you all about it. The Count's a socialist too. He says he is—but you mustn't tell that; he told me in the strictest confidence. Well, the Count's to go as courtier of the court of—what's the name of that old king or emperor, or whatever he was, that conquered that country—you know what I mean——"

"No, indeed, I do not—and I haven't the least idea what you are talking about."

"Oh! pshaw! I know perfectly well, and you do too. The Count bet me I'd forget it and I bet him a gold cigar-holder I wouldn't—what *is* his name? Won't the Count look handsome with lace ruffles and gold braid all over his chest and coat-tails, and a cocked hat. He's been showing me the way they dance in his country. I almost died laughing over it—only it makes me so dizzy, they never reverse—just whirl and whirl and whirl. You know he's a real count? Yes, my father's taken the trouble to hunt that up. He said he wasn't 'going to let a d——d dago come around me without anybody knowing who or what he is.' Ain't that like Pa?"

"I—I—don't think I ever met your father," said Eleanor.

"Oh! that's a fact. Well, 'tis—'tis just exactly like him. As soon as the Count began to come around our house—a good deal—I mean, really, quite a good deal—you understand?" said the girl, tossing her blonde head, "what must Pa do but go to work and hunt him up."

"What did he find out?" inquired Miss Leigh, "and how did he do it?"

"Why, he just ran him down," explained the girl easily, "just as he does anybody he wants to know about—put a man on him, you know."

"Oh! I see." Miss Leigh froze up a little; but the other girl did not notice it.

"Only this one was somebody on the other side, of course, and he found out that he's all right. He's a real count. He's the third son of Count Puchkin, who was—let me see—a counsellor of his emperor, the Emperor of Sweden."

"I didn't know they had an emperor in Sweden. He's a new one."

"Haven't they? Oh! well, maybe it was the King of Sweden, or the Emperor of Russia—I don't know—they are all alike to me. I never could keep them apart, even at Miss de Pense's. I only know he's a real count, and I won a hundred dollars from Pa on a bet that he was. And he hated to pay it! He bet that he was a cook or a barber. And I bet he wasn't. And, oh! you know it's an awfully good joke on him—for he was a waiter in New York for a while."

"A what?"

"A waiter—oh, just for a little while after he came over—before his remittances arrived. But I made Pa pay up, because he said cook or barber. I put it in this hat, see, ain't it a wonder?" She turned herself around before a mirror and admired her hat which was, indeed, as Miss Leigh was forced to admit, "a wonder."

"You know it's just like the hat Gabrielle Lightfoot wears in the 'Star of the Harem' when she comes in in the balloon. I got her to let me copy it—exactly."

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"You did? How did you manage that?"

"Why, you see, Jimmy Canter knows her, and he asked Harriet and me to supper to meet her, and I declare she nearly made me die laughing—you know she's a real sweet girl—Jimmy says she——"

"Who chaperoned you?" asked Miss Leigh, as she began to put on her gloves.

"Chaperon? My dear, that's where the fun came in—we didn't have any chaperon. I pretended that Harriet and the Count were married and called her Countess, and she was so flattered at being given the title that she was pleased to death—though you know, she's really dead in love with Jimmy Canter and he hardly looks at her."

"I'm afraid I have to go now," said Miss Leigh, "my father expects me to come for him," she glanced at a jewelled watch. She had stiffened up slightly.

"Well, of course, you'll come?"

"To what?"

"To our ball—that's what it is, you know, though it's for a charity and we make others pay for it. Why shouldn't they? I haven't decided yet what charity. Harriet wants it to be for a home for cats. You'd know she'd want that now, wouldn't you? She'll be in there herself some day. But I'm not going to let it go for anything she wants. She's claiming now that she got it up, and I'm just going to show her who did. I'm thinking of giving it to that young preacher you met in the country two years ago and got so interested in 't you got Dr. Capon to bring him here as his assistant."

"You couldn't give it to a better cause," said Miss Leigh. "I wonder how he is coming on?"

"I guess you know all right. But Pa says," pursued Miss McSheen without heeding further the interruption, "we are ruining the poor and the reason they won't work is that we are always giving them money. You know they're striking on our lines—some of them? I haven't decided yet what to give it to."

"I'll tell you what!" said Miss Leigh suddenly, "I'll come if you'll give the proceeds to Mr. Marvel for his poor people."

"Done! See there! what did I tell you! I thought you weren't so pious for nothing all on a sudden——"

"Milly, you're a goose," said Miss Leigh, picking up her sunshade.

"I'm a wise one, though—what was it our teacher used to tell us about the geese giving the alarm somewhere? But I don't care. I'm the treasurer and pay the bills. Pa says the man that holds the bag gets the swag. Bring your father. We'll get something grand out of him. He always gives to everything. I'll call him up and tell him to be sure and come. You know they've landed the deal. Pa says every one of them has made a pile. Your father might have made it too if he'd come in, but I think he was fighting them or something, I don't quite understand it—anyhow it's all done now, and I'm going to hold Pa up for the pearl necklace he promised to give me. There's a perfect beauty at Setter & Stoneberg's, only seventeen thousand, and I believe they'll take ten if it's planked down in cold cash. Pa says the way to get a man is to put down the cold cash before him and let him fasten his eye on it. If he's a Jew he says he'll never let it go. I tell him by the same token he must be a Jew himself; because he holds on to all the money he ever lays his eye on."

"Can I take you downtown anywhere?" inquired Miss Leigh, in a rather neutral voice.

"No, my dear, just let me fix my hat. I have to go the other way. In fact, I told the Count that I was going up to the park for a little spin, and he asked if he couldn't come along. I didn't want him, of course—men are so in the way in the morning, don't you think so? Is that quite right?" She gave her head a toss to test the steadiness of her hat.

"Quite," said Miss Leigh.

"Well, good-by. I'll count on you then. Oh! I tell you—among the entertainments, the Count is going to perform some wonderful sleight-of-hand tricks with cards. My dear, he's a magician! He can do anything with cards. Heavens! it's after one. The Count—good-by—good-by."

And as Miss Leigh entered her victoria the young lady rushed off, up the street, straining her eyes in the direction of the park.

That night "the ball," as Miss McSheen called it, came off and was a huge success, as was duly chronicled in all the morning papers next day with an elaboration of description of millinery in exact proportion

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to the degree of prominence of the wearer in the particular circle in which the editor or his reporter moved or aspired to move. Mrs. Argand stood first in "Wine-colored velvet, priceless lace," of the sort that reporters of the female sex deem dearest, and "diamonds and rubies" that would have staggered Sinbad, the sailor. Miss McSheen ran her a close second, in "rose-colored satin, and sapphires," spoken of as "priceless heirlooms." Miss Leigh shone in "chiffon, lace, and pearls of great price." So they went columns-full, all priceless, all beautiful, all superlative, till superlatives were exhausted, and the imagination of the reporters ran riot in an excess of tawdry color and English.

Among the men especially lauded were first, a certain Mr. James Canter, son and partner of "the famous Mr. Canter, the capitalist and financier," who gave promise of rivalling his father in his "notorious ability," and, secondly, a Count Pushkin, the "distinguished scion of a noble house of international reputation who was honoring the city with his distinguished presence, and was generally credited with having led captive the heart of one of the city's fairest and wealthiest daughters." So ran the record. And having nothing to do, I read that morning the account and dwelt on the only name I recognized, the young lady of the white chiffon and pearls and wondered who the men were whose names stood next to hers.

XI

ELEANOR LEIGH

Miss Leigh also read the papers that morning and with much amusement till in one of them—the most sensational of all the morning journals—she came on an article which first made her heart stop beating and then set it to racing with sheer anger. To think that such a slander could be uttered! She would have liked to make mince-meat of that editor. He was always attacking her father.

A little later she began to think of the rest of the article! What was the truth? Did they have the right to stop the train and hold it back? This was what a writer denied in a series of papers which a friend of hers, a young clergyman who worked among the poor, had sent her and which the press generally was denouncing.

She had for some time been reading these papers that had been appearing in the press from time to time, signed by a person who was generally spoken of as "a Jew," but who wrote with a pen which had the point of a rapier, and whose sentences ate into the steely plate of artificial convention like an acid. One of the things he had said had stuck in her memory. "As the remains of animalculæ of past ages furnish, when compressed in almost infinite numbers, the lime-food on which the bone and muscle of the present race of cattle in limestone regions are built up, so the present big-boned race of the wealthy class live on the multitudinous class of the poor."

The summer before she had met the writer of these articles and he had made an impression on her which had not been effaced. She had not analyzed her feelings to ascertain how far this impression was due to his classical face, his deep, luminous eyes, and his impassioned manners, yet certain it is that all of these had struck her.

Perhaps I should give just here a little more of Miss Eleanor Leigh's history as I came to know of it later on. How I came to know of it may or may not be divulged later. But, at least, I learned it. She was the daughter of a gentleman who, until she came and began to tyrannize over him, gave up all of his time and talents to amassing a fortune. He had showed abilities and ambition at college "back East," where he came from, and when he first started out in life, it was in a region and amid surroundings which were just becoming of more than local importance as they a little later grew under the guidance of men of action like himself, to be of more than sectional importance. Flinging himself into the current which was just beginning to take on force, he soon became one of the pilots of the development which, changing a vast region where roamed Indians and buffalo into a region of cities and railways, shortly made its mark on the Nation and, indeed, on the world, and he was before long swept quite away by it, leaving behind all the intellectual ambitions and dreams he had ever cherished and giving himself up soul and body to the pleasure he got out of his success as an organizer and administrator of large enterprises. Wealth at first was

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important to him, then it became, if not unimportant, at least of secondary importance to the power he possessed. Then it became of importance again—indeed of supreme importance; for the power he wielded was now dependent on wealth and great wealth. His associates were all men of large interests, and only one with similar interests could lead them.

As he looked back on it later it seemed a feverish dream through which he had passed. Its rewards were undeniable: luxury, reputation and power beyond anything he had ever conceived of. Yet what had he not sacrificed for them! Everything that he had once held up before his mind as a noble ambition; study, reading, association with the great and noble of all time; art and love of art; appreciation of all except wealth that men have striven for through the ages; friendship—domestic joy—everything except riches and the power they bring. For as he thought over his past in his growing loneliness he found himself compelled to admit that he had sacrificed all the rest. He had married a woman he loved and admired. He had given her wealth and luxury instead of himself and she had pined and died before he awakened to the tragic fact. He had grieved for her, but he could not conceal from himself the brutal fact that she had ceased years before to be to him as necessary as his business. She had left him one child. Two others had died in infancy, and he had mourned for them and sympathized with her; but he never knew for years, and until too late, how stricken she had been over their loss. The child she had left him had in some way taken hold on him and had held it even against himself. She had so much of himself in her that he himself could see the resemblance; his natural kindness, his good impulses, his wilfulness, his resolution and ambition to lead and to succeed in all he undertook.

In appearance she was like her mother, only he thought her fairer—as fair as he had thought her mother in the days of his first devotion; and her deeper eyes and firmer features were an added beauty; the well-rounded chin was his own. Her eyes, deep with unfathomable depths, and mouth, firm even with its delicate beauty, had come from some ancestor or ancestress who, in some generation past, had faced life in its most exacting form with undaunted resolution and haply, had faced death with equal calm for some belief that now would scarcely have given an hour's questioning. So, when she grew each year, developing new powers and charm and constancy, he began to find a new interest in life, and to make her more his companion and confidante than he had ever made her mother. He left his business oftener to see her than he had left it to see her mother; he took her oftener with him on his trips, and took more trips, that he might have her company. She sat at the head of his table, and filled her place with an ability that was at once his astonishment and his pride.

At one time, as she changed from a mere child to a young girl, he had thought of marrying again, rather with a view to giving her a guide and counsellor than for any other purpose. Her storminess, however, at the mere suggestion, and much more, her real grief, had led him to defer the plan from time to time, until now she was a young lady, and he could see for himself that she needed neither chaperon nor counsellor. He sometimes smiled to think what the consequences would have been had he taken to wife the soft, kindly, rather commonplace lady whom he had once thought of as his daughter's guardian. A dove in the clutches of a young eagle would have had an easier time.

One phase alone in her development had puzzled and baffled him. She had gone off one spring to a country neighborhood in another State, where she had some old relative on her mother's side. Mr. Leigh had been called to Europe on business, and she had remained there until well into the summer. When she returned she was not the same. Some change had taken place in her. She had gone away a rollicking, gay, pleasure-loving, and rather selfish young girl—he was obliged to admit that she was both wilful and self-indulgent. Even his affection for her could not blind his eyes to this, and at times it had given him much concern, for at times there was a clash in which, if he came off victor, he felt it was at a perilous price—that, possibly, of a strain on her obedience. She returned a full-grown woman, thoughtful and self-sacrificing and with an aim,—he was glad it was not a mission—and as her aim was to be useful, and

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she began with him, he accepted it with contentment. She talked freely of her visit; spoke warmly, and indeed, enthusiastically, of those she had met there. Among these were a young country preacher and a friend of his, a young Jew. But, though she spoke of both with respect, the praise she accorded them was so equal that he dismissed from his mind the possibility that she could have been seriously taken with either of them. Possibly the Jew was the one she was most enthusiastic over, but she spoke of him too openly to cause her father disquietude. Besides, he was a Jew.

The preacher she plainly respected most highly, yet her account of his appearance was too humorous to admit a serious feeling for him, even though she had gotten him called to be one of Dr. Capon's assistants.

What had happened was that the girl, who had only "lain in the lilies and fed on the roses of life," had suddenly been dropped in an out-of-the-way corner in a country neighborhood in an old State, where there were neither lilies nor roses of the metaphorical kind, though a sufficiency of the real and natural kind, with which nature in compensatory mood atones to those who have of the metaphorical sort but thistles and brambles and flinty soil.

When she first landed there, after the very first excitement of being thrown into a wholly new situation, among strangers whom she had always regarded much as she had regarded geographical places in distant lands, was over, she found herself, as it were, at a loss for occupation. Everything was so quiet and calm. She felt lost and somewhat bored. But after a little time she found occupation in small things, as on looking closely she discovered beauties in Nature which her first glance had failed to catch. The people appeared so strange, so simple, so wholly different from all whom she had known; the excitements and amusements and interests of her life in the city, or at summer watering-places, or in travelling, were not only unknown to them—as unknown as if they were in another planet, but were matters of absolute indifference. Their interest was in their neighbors, in the small happenings about them; and occurrences an hundred miles away were as distant to them as though they had taken place in another era. Among the few notabilities in this rural community was a young clergyman whom she always heard spoken of with respect—as much respect, indeed, as if he had been a bishop. What "Mr. Marvel thought" and what he said was referred to, or was quoted as something to be considered—so much so that she had insensibly formed a picture in her own mind of a quite remarkable looking and impressive person. When, at last, she met John Marvel what was her amusement to discover in place of her young Antinous, a stout, strapping young fellow, with rather bristly hair, very near-sighted and awkward, and exceedingly shy, a person as far from a man of the world as a stout, country-bred cart-horse would be from a sleek trick-pony. His timidity in her presence caused her endless amusement, and for lack of some better diversion she set herself to tease him in every way that her fertile brain could devise.

Visiting the young clergyman at the time was a friend who came much nearer being in appearance what Eleanor had imagined John Marvel to be: a dark, slender young man with a classical face, but that its lines were stronger and more deeply graven, and unforgettable eyes. He had just come to visit Mr. Marvel and to get a needed rest, John Marvel said. He had been a worker among the poor, and his views were so different from any that Eleanor Leigh had ever heard as to appear to be almost shocking. He was an educated man, yet he had lived and worked as an artisan. He was a gentleman, yet he denounced vehemently the conditions which produced the upper class. But an even greater surprise awaited her, when he announced that he was a Jew. While, at first, the broad-shouldered young clergyman fled from her presence with a precipitation which was laughable, it was not long before he appeared to have steeled himself sufficiently against her shafts of good-natured ridicule to be able to tolerate her presence, and before a great while had passed her friends began to tease her on the fact that wherever she went Mr. Marvel was pretty sure to appear. One of her old cousins, half-rallyingly and half-warningly, cautioned her against going too far with the young man, saying, "Mr. Marvel, my dear, is too good a man for you to amuse yourself with, and then fling away. What is simply the diversion of an hour

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for you, may become a matter of deep gravity with him. He is already deeply interested in you and unless you are interested in him——"

"Why, I am interested in him," declared the girl, laughing. "Why, he tells me of all the old sick women and cats in the parish and I have an engagement to go around with him and see some old women to-morrow. You ought to see some that we went to see the other day!"

"I know, my dear, but you must not make fun of his work. He is happy in it and is accomplishing a great deal of good, and if you should get him dissatisfied——"

"Oh, no, indeed, I gave him some money last week for a poor family to get some clothes so that they could come to church. They were named Banyan. They live near the mines. The whole family were to be christened next Sunday, and what do you suppose they did? As soon as they got the clothes they went last Sunday to a big baptizing and were all immersed! I was teasing him about that when you heard me laughing at him."

"The wretches!" exclaimed her cousin. "To think of their deceiving him so!"

"I know," said the girl. "But I think he minded the deception much more than the other. Though I charged him with being disappointed at not getting them into his fold, really, I don't think he minded it a bit. At least, he said he would much rather they had gone where they would be happy."

"Now, Mr. Marvel's friend, Mr. Wolffert, is a different matter. He appears quite able to take care of himself."

"Quite," said Miss Leigh dryly.

"But, my dear," said her cousin, lowering her voice, "they say he is a Jew."

"He is," said Eleanor.

"You know it?"

"Yes, Mr. Marvel told me, and he told me so himself."

"Told you himself! Why, I thought—! How did he come to tell you?"

"Why, I don't know. We were talking and I said something foolish about the Jews—about some one being 'as rich and stingy as a Jew,' and he smiled and said, 'Are all Jews rich—and stingy?' And I said, 'If they have a chance,' and he said, 'Not always. I am a Jew and I am not rich.' Well, I thought he was fooling, just teasing me—so I went on, and do you know he is not only a Jew, but Mr. Marvel says he is rich, only he does not claim his money because he is a Socialist—Mr. Marvel says he could go home to-morrow and his father would take him and lavish money on him; but he works—works all the time among the poor."

"Well, I must say I always liked him," said her cousin.

"But he isn't such good fun to tease as Mr. Marvel—he is too intense. Mr. Marvel does get so red and unhappy-looking when he is teased."

"Well, you have no right to tease him. He is a clergyman and should be treated with respect. You wouldn't care to tease your rector in town—the great Dr. —— what is his name?"

"Oh! wouldn't I? Dr. Bartholomew Capon. Why, he is one of the greatest beaux in town. He's always running around to see some girl—ogling them with his big blue eyes."

"Eleanor!" exclaimed her cousin reprovingly.

"Why, he'd marry any one of the Canter girls who would have him, or——"

"Eleanor, don't be profane."

The old lady looked so shocked that the girl ran over and kissed her, with a laugh.

"Why, I've told him so."

"Told him? You haven't!"

"Yes, I have. I told him so when he tried to marry me."

"What! Eleanor, you are incorrigible. You really are. But do tell me about it. Did he really court you? Why, he's old enough to be your——"

"Grandfather," interrupted the girl. "That's what I told him, substantially."

"Served him right, too. But he must be a fine preacher from what my old friend, Pansy Tibbs, once wrote me. Did you ever meet Pansy Tibbs? She and her sister live in your city. They went there years ago to press a claim they had to a large fortune left them by their father, Colonel Tibbs, who used to be a very rich man, but left his affairs somewhat complicated I gather from what Pansy writes me, or did write, for she does not write very often now. I wish you'd go and see them when you go back."

"I will," said Eleanor. "Where do they live?"

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"At a Mrs. Kale's—she keeps a boarding-house—I don't know the exact location, and mislaid Pansy's letter a year or more ago, but you will have no difficulty in finding it. It must be in the fashionable quarter and I should think any one could tell you where she lives."

"I will find her," said Eleanor, laughing.

When, a little later, a scourge of diphtheria broke out in a little mining camp not far from the home of Miss Leigh's relatives and she learned that John Marvel spent all his time nursing the sick and relieving their necessities as far as possible, she awakened to a realization of the truth of what her cousin had said, that under his awkward exterior lay a mine of true gold.

Day by day reports came of the spread of the deadly pestilence, making inroads in every family, baffling the skill and outstripping the utmost efforts of the local physician; day by day, the rumor came that wherever illness appeared there was John Marvel.

One afternoon Miss Leigh, who had ridden over in the direction of the mining village to try and get some information about the young clergyman, who, a rumor said, had been stricken himself the day before, came on him suddenly in a by-path among the hills. At sight of her he stopped and held up his hand in warning, and at the warning she reined in her horse.

"Don't come nearer," he called to her.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "How are you?" For even at that distance—perhaps, some fifty paces—she could see that he looked wretchedly worn and wan.

"Oh, I'm doing very well," he replied. "How are you? You must not come this way! Turn back!"

She began to rein her horse around and then on a sudden, as his arm fell to his side, and, stepping a little out of the path, he leant against a tree, the whole situation struck her. Wheeling her horse back, she rode straight up to him, though he stiffened up and waved her back.

"You are ill," she said.

"Oh, no. I am not ill, I am only a bit tired; that is all. You must not come this way—go back!"

"But why?" she persisted, sitting now close above him.

"Because—because—there is sickness here. The Banyan family are all ill." He nodded back toward the curve around which he had just come. "A family there is down, and I am just going for help."

"I will go—I, at least, can do that. What help? What do you want?"

She had tightened the rein on her horse and turned his head back.

"Everything. The mother and three children are all down; the father died a few days ago. Send the doctor and anything that you can find—food—clothing—medicine—some one to nurse them—if you can find her. It is the only chance."

"I will." She hesitated a moment and looked down at him, as if about to speak, but he waved her off. "Go, you must not stay longer."

He had moved around so that the wind, instead of blowing from him toward her, blew from the other side of her.

A moment later Eleanor Leigh was galloping for life down the steep bridle-path. It was a break-neck gait, and the path was rough enough to be perilous, but she did not heed it. It was the first time in all her life that she had been conscious that she could be of real use. She felt that she was galloping in a new world. From house to house she rode, but though all were sympathetic, there was no one to go. Those who might have gone, were elsewhere—or were dead. The doctor was away from home attending at other bedsides and, by the account given, had been working night and day until he could scarcely stand. Riding to the nearest telegraph station, the girl sent a despatch to a doctor whom she knew in the city where she lived, begging him to come or to send some one on the first train and saying that he would be met and that she would meet all his expenses. Then she sat down and wrote a note to her cousin. And two hours later, just as the dusk was falling, she rode up to the door of a country cabin back among the hills. As she softly pushed open the door, with her arm full of bundles, a form rose from the side of a bed and stood before her in the dusk of the room.

"My God! you must not come in here. Why have you come here?"

"To help you," said the girl.

"But you must not come in. Go out. You must," said John Marvel.

"No, I have come to stay. I could not

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live if I did not stay now." She pushed her way in. "Here are some things I have brought. I have telegraphed for a doctor."

It was long before she could satisfy John Marvel, but she staid, and all that night she worked with him over the sick and the dying. All that night they two strove to hold Death at bay, across those wretched beds. Once, indeed, he had struck past their guard and snatched a life; but they had driven him back and saved the other. Ere morning came one of the children had passed away; but the mother and the other children survived; and Eleanor Leigh knew that John Marvel, now on his knees, now leaning over the bed administering stimulants, had saved them.

As Eleanor Leigh stepped out into the morning light, she looked on a new earth, as fair as if it had just been created, and it was a new Eleanor Leigh who gazed upon it. The tinsel of frivolity had shrivelled and perished in the fire of that night. Sham had laid bare its shallow face and fled away. Life had taken on reality. She had seen a man, and thenceforth only a man could command her.

The physician came duly, sent up by the one she had telegraphed to; rode over to the Banyan house, and later to the village, where he pronounced the disease diphtheria and the cause probably defective drainage and consequent impregnation of the water supply; wrote a prescription; commended the country doctor, returned home and duly charged nearly half as much as the country doctor got in a year, which Miss Leigh duly paid with thoughts of John Marvel. This was what made the change in the girl which her father had noted.

The day after her arrival her father paid her the unusual honor of leaving his office to come to lunch with her.

Her mind was full of the subject of the paper she had read in the press that morning, giving a lurid picture of the inconvenience and distress entailed on the passengers and scoring the management of the company for permitting what was claimed to be "so gross a breach of the rights of the public."

Ordinarily, she would have passed it over with indifference—a shrug of her white shoulders and a stamp of her little foot would have been all the tribute she would have paid to it. But of late she had begun to think.

It had never before been brought so clearly to the notice of the girl how her own pleasures—not the natural, but the created pleasures—of which she was quite as fond as other healthy girls of her age and class, were almost exclusively at the expense of the class she had been accustomed to regard with a general sort of vague sympathy as "the Poor."

The attack on her father and herself enraged her; but as she cooled down, a feeling deeper than mere anger at an injustice took possession of her mind.

To find that she herself had in a way, been the occasion of the distress to women and children, startled her and left in her mind a feeling of uneasiness to which she had hitherto been a stranger.

"Father," she began, "did you see that dreadful article in the *Clarion* this morning?"

Mr. Leigh, without looking up, adopted the natural line of special pleading, although he knew perfectly well instantly the article to which she referred.

"What article?" he asked.

"That story about our having delayed the passenger train with women and children on it, and then having side-tracked them without breakfast, in order to give our car the right-of-way."

"Oh! yes. I believe I saw that. I see so many ridiculous things in the newspapers, I pay no attention to them."

"But, father, that was a terrible arraignment," said the girl.

"Of whom?" asked Mr. Leigh, with a little twinkle in his eye.

"Why, of you; of Aunt Sophia, of——"

"Of me!"

"Yes, and of me—of everybody connected with the road."

"Not of you, my dear," said Mr. Leigh, with the light of affection warming up his rather cold face. "Surely no one, even the anarchistic writers of the anarchistic press, could imagine anything to say against you."

"Yes, of me, too, though not by name, perhaps; but I was there and I was in a way the cause of the trouble, because you sent the car after me and Aunt Sophia, and I feel terribly guilty about it."

"Guilty of what, my dear?" smiled her

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father. "Of simply using your own property in a way satisfactory to you?"

"That is just it, father; that is the point which the writer raises. Is it our own property?"

"It certainly is, my love. Property that I have paid for—my associates and I, and which I control in conjunction with the other owners and propose to control to suit myself and them so long as we have the controlling interest, every socialistic writer, speaker and striker to the contrary, notwithstanding."

"Well," said the girl, "that sounds all right. It looks as if you ought to be able to do what you like with your own; but, do you know, father, I am not sure that it is our own. That is just the point—he says——"

"Oh! nonsense!" said her father lightly. "Don't let this Jew go and fill your clear little head with such foolishness as that. Enjoy life while you can. Make your mind easy, and get all the use you can out of what I have amassed for you. I only hope you may have as much pleasure in using it as I have had in providing it."

The banker gazed over at his daughter half-quizzically, half-seriously, took out a cigar and began to clip the end leisurely. The girl laughed. She knew that he had something on his mind.

"Well, what is it?" she asked smiling.

He gave a laugh.

"Did that foreigner go down there while you were there?"

"The Count?"

"The No-Count."

"No, of course not. Where did you get such an idea?"

He lighted his cigar with a look of relief, put it in his mouth, and sat back in his chair.

"Don't let your Aunt Sophia go and make a fool of you. She is a very good business woman, but you know she is not exactly—Solomon, and she is stark mad about titles. When you marry, marry a man."

"Mr. Canter, for example?" laughed the girl. "He is Aunt Sophia's second choice. She is always talking about his money."

"She is always talking about somebody's money, generally her own. But before I'd let that fellow have you I'd kill him with my own hand. He's the worst young man I know. Why, if I could tell you half—yes, one-tenth, of the things I have heard about him— But I can't tell you—only don't go and let anybody pull the wool over your eyes."

"No fear of that," said the girl.

"No, I don't know that there is. I think you've got a pretty clear little head on your shoulders. But when any one gets—gets—why, gets her feelings enlisted you can't just count on her, you know. And with your Aunt Sophy ding-donging at you and flinging her sleek Count and her gilded fools at you, it takes a good head to resist her."

The girl reassured him with a smile of appreciation.

"I don't know where she got that from," continued her father. "It must have been that outside strain, the Prenders. Your mother did not have a trace of it in her. I never saw two half-sisters so different. She'd have married anybody on earth she cared for—and when she married me I had nothing in the world except what my father chose to give me and no very great expectations. She had a rich fellow from the South tagging after her—a big plantation and lots of slaves and all that, and your Aunt Sophy was all for her marrying him—a good chap, too—a gentleman and all that; but she turned him down and took me. And I made my own way. What I have I made afterward—by hard work till I got a good start, and then it came easy enough. The trouble since has been to keep others from stealing it from me—and that's more trouble than to make it, I can tell you—what between strikers, gamblers, councilmen, and other knaves, I have a hard time to hold on to what I have."

"I know you have to work very hard," said the girl, her eyes on him full of affection. "Why, this is the first time I've had you up to lunch with me in months. I felt as much honored as if it had been the King of England."

"That's it—I have to stay down there to keep the robbers from running off with my pile. That young fellow thought he'd get a little swipe at it, but I taught him a thing or two. He's a plunger. His only idea is to make good by doubling up—all right if the market's rising and you can double. But it's a dangerous game, especially if one tries to recoup at the faro table."

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"Does he play faro?" asked the girl.

"He plays everything, mainly Merry H—l. I beg your pardon—I didn't mean to say that before you, but he does. And if his father didn't come to his rescue and plank up every time he goes broke, he'd have been in the bankrupt court—or jail—and that's where he'll wind up yet if he don't look out."

"I don't believe you like him," laughed the girl.

"Oh! yes, I do. I like him well enough—he's the main conduit through which I extract money from old Prender's coffers. He never spends anything unless you pay him two gold dollars down for one paper one on the spot. But I want him to keep away from you, that's all; I suppose I've got to lose you some time, but I'll be hanged if I want to give you up to a blackguard—a gambler—a rou—a lib—a d——d blackguard like that."

"Well, you will never have that to do," said the girl, "I promise you that."

"How is the strike coming on?" asked his daughter. "When I went away it was just threatening, and I read in the papers that the negotiations failed and the men were ordered out; but I haven't seen much about it in the papers since, though I have looked."

"Oh! Yes—it's going on, over on the other lines across town, in a desultory sort of way," said her father wearily—"the fools! They won't listen to any reason."

"Poor people!" sighed the girl. "What did they go out for?"

"Poor fools!" said Mr. Leigh warmly; "they walked out for nothing."

"I saw that they had some cause; what was it?"

"Oh! they've always some cause. If they didn't have one they'd make it. Now they are talking of extending it over our lines."

"Our lines! Why?"

"Heaven knows. We've done everything they demanded—in reason. They talk about a sympathetic strike. Poor fools!"

The girl gave him a smile of affection as he pushed back his chair. And leaning over her as he walked toward the door, he gave her a kiss of mingled pride and affection. But when he had left the room she sat still for some moments, looking straight ahead of her, her brow slightly puckered with thought which evidently was not wholly pleasant, and then with a sweeping motion of her hand she pushed her chair back, and, as she rose from the table, said: "I wish I knew what is right!" That moment a new resolution entered her mind, and ringing the bell for the servant, she ordered her carriage.

XII

MISS LEIGH SEEKS WORK

SHE drove first to Dr. Capon's church, and going around walked in at the side door near the east end, where the robing rooms and the rector's study were. She remembered to have seen on a door somewhere there a sign on which was painted in gilded letters the fact that the rector's office hours were from 12 to 1 on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, and this was Thursday. The hour, however, was now nearly three, and she had called only on a chance of catching him, a chance which a stout and gloomy looking verger, who appeared from somewhere at her foot-fall, told her at first was lost; but when he recognized her, he changed his air, grew quite interested and said he would see if the Doctor was in. He had been there he knew after lunch, but he might have left. He entered and closed the door softly behind him, leaving the girl in the gloom, but a moment later he returned and showed her in. The Doctor, with a smile of unfeigned pleasure on his face was standing just beside a handsome mahogany writing desk, near a window, awaiting her entry, and he greeted her with cordiality.

"Oh! my dear young lady, come in. I was just about going off, and I'm glad I happened to have lingered a little—getting ready to launch a new year-book." He laid his fingers on a batch of printer's proof lying on the desk, beside a stock bulletin. "I was just thinking what a bore it is and lo! it turned into a blessing like Balaam's curse. What can I do for you?"

"Well, I don't know," said the girl doubtfully.

"I see you were at the grand ball, or whatever it was last night. It must have been a great success. It was the first

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knowledge I had that you and your dear aunt had returned." His voice had a tone of faint reproach in it.

"Yes, we returned yesterday. I wish the papers would leave me alone," she added.

"Ah! my dear young lady, there are many who would give a great deal to be chronicled by the pubic prints as you are. The morning and evening star is always mentioned while the little asteroids go unnoticed."

"Well, I don't know about that," said the girl, "but I do wish the papers would let me alone—and my father too."

"Oh! yes, to be sure. I did not know what you were referring to. That was an outrageous attack. So utterly unfounded, too, absolutely untrue. Such scurrilous attacks deserve the reprobation of all thinking men."

"The trouble is that the attack was untrue; but the story was not unfounded."

"What! What do you mean?" The clergyman's face wore a puzzled expression.

"That our car was hitched on to the train——"

"And why shouldn't it be, my dear young lady? Doesn't the road belong to your father, at least, to your family—and those whom they represent?"

"I don't know that it does, and that is one reason why I have come to see you."

"Of course, it does. You will have to go to a lawyer to ascertain the exact status of the title; but I have always understood it does. Why, your aunt, Mrs. Argand, owns thousands of shares, doesn't she, and your father?" A grave suspicion suddenly flitted across his mind relative to a rumor he had heard of heavy losses by Mr. Leigh and large gains by Mr. Canter, the president of the road and his associates who, according to this rumor, were hostile to Mr. Leigh.

"I don't know, but even if they do, I am not sure that that makes them owners. Did you read that article?"

"No—well, not all of it—I glanced over a part of it, enough to see that it was very scurrilous, that's all. The head-lines were simply atrocious. The article itself was not so wickedly——"

"I should like to do some work among the poor," said the girl irrelevantly.

"Why, certainly—just what we need—the earnest interest and assistance of just such persons as yourself, of your class, the good, earnest, representatives of the upper class. If we had all like you there would be no cry from Macedonia."

"Well, how can I go about it?" demanded the girl rather cutting in on the rector's voluble reply.

"Why, you can teach in the Sunday-school—we have a class of nice girls, ladies, you know—and I could make my superintendent arrange for Miss—for the lady who now has them to take another class—one of the orphan classes."

"No, I don't mean that kind of thing. If I taught at all I should like to try my hand at the orphan class myself."

"Well, that could be easily—" began the rector; but his visitor kept on without heeding him.

"Only I should want to give them all different hats and dresses. I can't bear to see all those poor little things dressed exactly in the same way—sad, drab or gray frocks, all cut by the same pattern—and the same hats, year in and year out."

"Why, they have new hats every year," expostulated the rector.

"I mean the same kind of hat. Tall and short; stout and thin; slim or pudgy; they all wear the same horrible, round hats—I can't bear to look at them. I vow I'd give them all a different hat for Christmas."

"Oh! my dear, you can't do that—you would spoil them, and it's against the regulations. You must remember that these children are orphans!"

"Being orphans is bad enough," declared the girl, "but those hats are worse. Well, I can't teach them, but I might try some other poor class?"

"Why, let me see. The fact is that we haven't any—" he was speaking slowly, casting his mind over his field—"very poor people in this church. There used to be a number; but they don't come any more. They must have moved out of the neighborhood. I must make my assistant look them up."

"You have no poor, then?"

"Not in this congregation. The fact is this church is not very well suited to them. They don't mix with our people. You see our class of people—of course, we are doing a great work among the poor, our chapels—we have three, one of them, indeed, is a

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church and larger than many independent churches. Another has given me some anxiety, but the third is doing quite a remarkable work among the working people out in the east end—it is under my assistant, the young man you interested yourself so much in last year."

"Yes, I know—Mr. Marvel. I will go out there."

"Oh! my dear, you couldn't go out there!"

"Why not? I want to see him."

"Why, it is away out on the edge of the city—what you might call the jumping-off place among manufactories and railroad shops."

"Yes, I know. I have been out there."

"You have—why, it is away out."

"It is on—I don't recall the name of the street. It's away out, you see. I know it's near the street-car terminus that your family own. It's a very pretty chapel, indeed. Don't you think so? Your aunt, Mrs. Argand, helped us to build it. She gave the largest contribution toward it."

"Yes, I know. How is Mr. Marvel coming on?"

"Oh, very well—rather an ungainly fellow and very slow, but doing a very good work for our parish. I have been wanting to get the Bishop to go there all this year as there are a number of candidates for me to present; but he has been so busy and I have been so busy——"

"I will go there," said Miss Leigh, rising.

"I don't think you will like it," urged the rector. "It is a very bad part of the town—almost dangerous, indeed—filled with working people and others of that sort, and I don't suppose a carriage ever——"

"I will go in the street cars," said the girl.

"The street cars! Yes, you could go that way, but why not come here and let me assign you a class?"

"I wish to work among the poor."

"The happy poor!" said the rector, smiling—"Which way are you going? That is just my way. May I have the pleasure of driving up with you? I must go and see your aunt and welcome her back. One moment." He had shown the young lady out of the door. He now turned back and folding up the stock bulletin placed it carefully in his pocket.

As the carriage with its smart team turned into one of the broader streets, two young men were standing in a window of a large building highly decorated, looking idly out on the street.

"Hello! What's old Bart after?" observed one.

"Shekels," said the other and yawned.

"After her—he's taking notice."

"Oh! no; he's wedded to the tape—goes into the Grand five times a day and reads the tape."

"Bet you, he courts her."

"How 'll you prove it?"

"Ask her."

"Bet you you daren't ask her."

"How much?"

"What you like."

"I don't want to win your money."

"Don't you? Then hand me back that little fifteen hundred you picked up from me last week."

"That was square, but this is a certainty."

"I'd chance it—bet you a thousand, Jim, you daren't ask her to her face if old Bart isn't courting her and hasn't asked her to marry him."

"Oh! that's different. You want to make me put up and then make my bet for me. I tell you what I'll bet—that she's the only girl I know I wouldn't ask that."

"That may be. Now, I tell you what I'll bet—that you want a drink—ring the bell."

"That's a certainty, too," laughed his friend, and they turned and sank wearily in deep chairs till a drink should give them energy to start a fresh discussion.

Having put down the Rev. Bartholomew at the door of her aunt's imposing mansion, Eleanor Leigh, after a moment of indecision, directed her coachman to drive to a certain street in the section known as "downtown," and there she stopped at a pleasant looking old house, and jumping out of the carriage, ran up the stone steps and rang the bell. It was a street that had once been fashionable, as the ample, well-built houses and the good doors and windows testified. But that fickle jade, Fashion, had long since taken her flight to other and more pretentious sections and shops and small grocers' markets had long engulfed the mansions of the last generation. Had any gauge of the decadence of the quarter been needed it might have been

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found in the scornful air of Miss Leigh's stout coachman as he sat on his box. He looked unutterably disgusted, and his chin was almost as high as the chins of his tightly reined-up horses.

Miss Leigh asked of the rather slatternly girl who came to the door, if the Miss Tippses were in, and if so, would they see her. When the maid went to see if they were at home, she was shown into a large and very dark room with chairs of many patterns, all old, placed about in it, a horse-hair sofa on one side, a marble-topped table in the centre; an upright piano on the other side, and on a small table a large piece of white coral under a glass cover. Where the fireplace had once been, a large register now stood grating off the heat that might try in vain to escape through it.

Presently the maid returned. "Miss Pansy" was in, and would the lady please walk up. It was in the third story—back at the top of the stairs. Miss Leigh ran up and tapped on the door, waited and tapped again. Then, as there was no answer, she opened the door cautiously and peeped in. It was a small hall-room, bare of furniture except two chairs, a sewing-machine, a table on which was an ironing-board at which at the moment stood a little old lady with a forehead so high as to be almost bald. She was clad in a rusty black skirt, a loose morning sacque of blue cotton, and she wore loose bedroom-slippers. Her sleeves were rolled up, and her arms were thin and skinny. She held a flat-iron in her hand, with which she had evidently been ironing a white under-garment which lay on the board, and another one was on a little gas-stove which stood near a stationary wash-stand. As Miss Leigh opened the door, the old lady gave a little exclamation of dismay and her hand went involuntarily to her throat.

"Oh! I beg your pardon!" said the girl, starting to retire and close the door, "I thought the servant told me——"

By this time the other had recovered herself.

"Oh! come in, won't you?" she said, with a smile and in a voice singularly soft and refined. "My sister will be ready to receive you in a moment. I was only a little startled. The fact is," she said laughing, "I thought the door was bolted; but sometimes the bolt does not go quite in. My sister— Won't you take a chair? Let me remove those things." She took up the pile of under-garments that was on one chair and placed it on top of a pile of dishes and other things on the other.

"Oh! I am so sorry," protested the girl, who observed that she was concealing the dishes, "I was sure the girl told me it was the door at the head of the stairs."

"She is the stupidest creature—that girl. I must really get my sister to speak to Mrs. Kale about her. I would, except that I am afraid the poor thing might lose her place. There is another door just off the little passage that she probably meant."

"Yes—probably. It was I that was stupid."

"Oh! no, not at all. You must excuse the disorder you find. The fact is, this is our work-room, and we were just—I was just doing a little ironing to get these things finished. When your card was brought up—well, we both were—and as my sister is so much quicker, she ran to get ready and I thought I would just finish this when I was at it, and you would excuse me."

"Oh! I am so sorry. I wouldn't for anything have interrupted you," repeated the girl, observing how all the time she was trying unobtrusively to arrange her poor attire, rolling down her sleeves and smoothing her darned skirt, all the while with a furtive glance of her eye toward the door.

"Oh! my dear, I wouldn't have had you turned away for anything in the world. My sister would be *désolée*. We have a better room than this, where we usually receive our visitors. You will see what a nice room it is. We can't very well afford to have two rooms; but this is too small for us to live in comfortably and we have to keep it because it has a stationary wash-stand with hot water, which enables us to do our laundering."

"Yes, I see," murmured Miss Leigh softly.

"You see, we earn our living by making under-clothes for—for a firm——"

"I see, and what nice work you do." She was handling a garment softly.

"Yes, my sister does beautiful work; and I used to do pretty well, too; but I am troubled a little with my eyes lately. The light isn't very good at night—and the gas is so expensive. I don't see quite as well as I used to do."

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"How much can you do?" asked her visitor, who had been making a mental calculation.

"Why, I— It is hard to tell. I do the coarser work and my sister does the finishing; then she usually launders and I iron when I am able. I suffer with rheumatism so that I can't help her very much."

"I hope you make them pay you well for it," blurted out the girl.

"Why, we used to get a very good price. We got till recently seven cents apiece, but now it has been cut down—that was for everything, laundering and ironing, too. We are glad to get that."

"How on earth do you manage to live on it?"

"Oh! we live very well—very well, indeed," said the little lady cheerfully. "Mrs. Kale is very good to us. She lets us have the rooms cheaper than she would any one else. You see she used to know us when we lived back in the East. Her father was a clerk in our father's office, and her mother went to school with us. Then when we lost everything and were turned out, we found we had to make our own living and we came here to see about our case, and she found we were here—and that's the way we came to be here. But don't you let my sister know I told you about the sewing," she said, dropping her voice, as a brisk step was heard outside the door. "Ah! here she is now!" as at the moment the door opened and a brisk little old lady, almost the counterpart of her sister, except that she might have been ten years her junior, that is, sixty instead of seventy years of age, tripped into the room.

"Oh! my dear Miss Leigh, how good of you to come all the way out here to call on us! Sister, what in the world are you doing? Why will you do this? I can't keep her from amusing herself! (This with a shake of the head and a comical appeal for sympathy from her visitor.) Won't you walk into our sitting-room? Now, sister, do go and make yourself presentable. You know she will slave over all sorts of queer things. She really loves sewing and ironing. I'm quite ashamed to have you come into this pig-sty. Walk in, won't you?" And she led the way into a larger room adjoining the work-room, leaving Miss Leigh in doubt which was the more pathetic, the little old lady still delving over the ironing-board, making no pretence to conceal their poverty, or the other in her poor "best," trying to conceal the straits in which they were fallen.

Eleanor had observed that the older sister's gaze had constantly rested on the rose she wore, and as they were going out, the latter called her sister's attention to it. She said, she thought it possibly the most beautiful rose she had ever seen.

"Won't you have it?" said Eleanor, and unpinned it.

"Oh! no, indeed, I wouldn't deprive you of it for anything. It is just where it ought to be."

Eleanor persisted, and finally overcame both her reluctance and her sister's objection.

She was struck with the caressing way in which she took and held it, pressing it against her withered cheek.

"Sister, don't you remember the Giant-of-Battles we used to have in our garden at Rosebank? This reminds me of it so—its fragrance is just the same."

"Yes. We used to have a great many roses," explained the younger sister, as she led the way into the next room as if she were asking Eleanor into a palace, though this room was almost as bare of furniture as the other, the chief difference being an upright case which was manifestly a folding-bed, and a table on which were a score of books, and a few old daguerreotypes.

"Your friend, Mr. Marvel, was here the other day. What a nice young man he is."

"Yes," said Eleanor. "I am going out to see him. Where has he moved to?" Miss Pansy said she did not know the street; but her sister had the address. She would go and see. When she came back, she went over and opened the old Bible lying on the table. "Here is where we keep the addresses of those we especially value," she said, smiling. "Oh! here it is. When he was here the other day, he brought us a treat; a whole half-dozen oranges; won't you let me prepare you one? They are so delicious."

Eleanor, who had been holding a bank-note clutched in her hand, thanked her with a smile, but said she must go. She walked across the room, and took up the Bible casually, and when she laid it down it gaped a little in a new place.

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"Oh, you know we have had quite an adventure," said Miss Pansy.

"An adventure? Tell me about it."

"Why, you must know there is a young man here I am sure must be some one in disguise. He is so—well, not exactly handsome, but really distinguished looking, and he knows all about railroads and things like that."

"You'd better look out for him," said Miss Leigh.

"Oh, do you think so? My sister and I were thinking of consulting him about our affairs—our railroad case, you know."

"Oh! Well, what do you know about him?"

"Nothing yet. You see, he has just come; but he joined us on the street this morning when we were going out—just shopping—and offered to take our bundles—just two little bundles we had in our hands, and was so polite. My dear, he has quite the grand air!"

"Oh, I see. Well, that does not necessarily make him a safe adviser. Why not let me ask my father about your matter. He is a railroad man, and could tell you in a minute all about it."

"Oh, could you? That would be so kind in you."

"But you must tell me the name of the road in which you had the stock."

"Oh, my dear. I don't know that I can do that. I only know that it was the Transcontinental and something and something else. I know that much, because it was only about sixty miles long, and we used to say that the name was longer than the road. My father used to say that it would some day be a link in a transcontinental chain—that's where it got its name, you know."

"Well, look out for your prince in disguise," said the girl, smiling as she rose to take her leave.

That evening at dinner, after Eleanor had given her father an account of her day, with which she always beguiled him, including a description of her visit to the two old ladies, she suddenly asked, "Father, what railroad was it that used to be known as the 'Transcontinental Something and Something?'"

"The what?"

"The 'Transcontinental Something and Something Else?' It was about sixty miles long, and was bought up by some bigger road and reorganized."

"I suppose you mean the 'Transcontinental, Northwestern and Great Iron Range Road.' That about meets the condition you mention. What do you know about it?"

"Was it reorganized?"

"Yes; about twenty years ago, and again about ten years ago. I never quite understood the last reorganization. Mr. Argand had it done—and bought up most of the stock."

"Was any one squeezed out?"

"Sure—always are in such cases. That is the object of a reorganization—partly. Why are you so interested in it?" Mr. Leigh's countenance wore an amused look.

"I have two friends—old ladies—who lost everything they had in it."

"I guess it wasn't much. What is their name?"

"It was all they had. They are named Tipps."

Mr. Leigh's expression changed from amusement to seriousness. "Tipps—Tipps?" he repeated reminiscently. "Bassett Tipps? I wonder if they were connected with Bassett Tipps?"

"They were his daughters—that was their father's name. I remember now, Miss Pansy told me once."

"You don't say so! Why, I used to know Colonel Tipps when he was the big man of this region. He commanded this department before I came out here to live, and the old settlers thought he was as great a man as General Washington. He gave old Argand his start. He built that road—was, in fact, a man of remarkable foresight, and if he had not been killed—Argand was his agent and general factotum—They didn't come into the reorganization, I guess?"

"That's it—they did not—and now they want to get their interest back."

"Well, tell them to save their money," said Mr. Leigh. "It's gone—they can't get it back."

"They want you to get it back for them."

"Me!" exclaimed Mr. Leigh. "They want me to get it back! Oh, ho-ho!"

"Yes; I told them you would."

"You did?" Mr. Leigh's eyes once more lit up with amusement.

"Yes: you see they were robbed of

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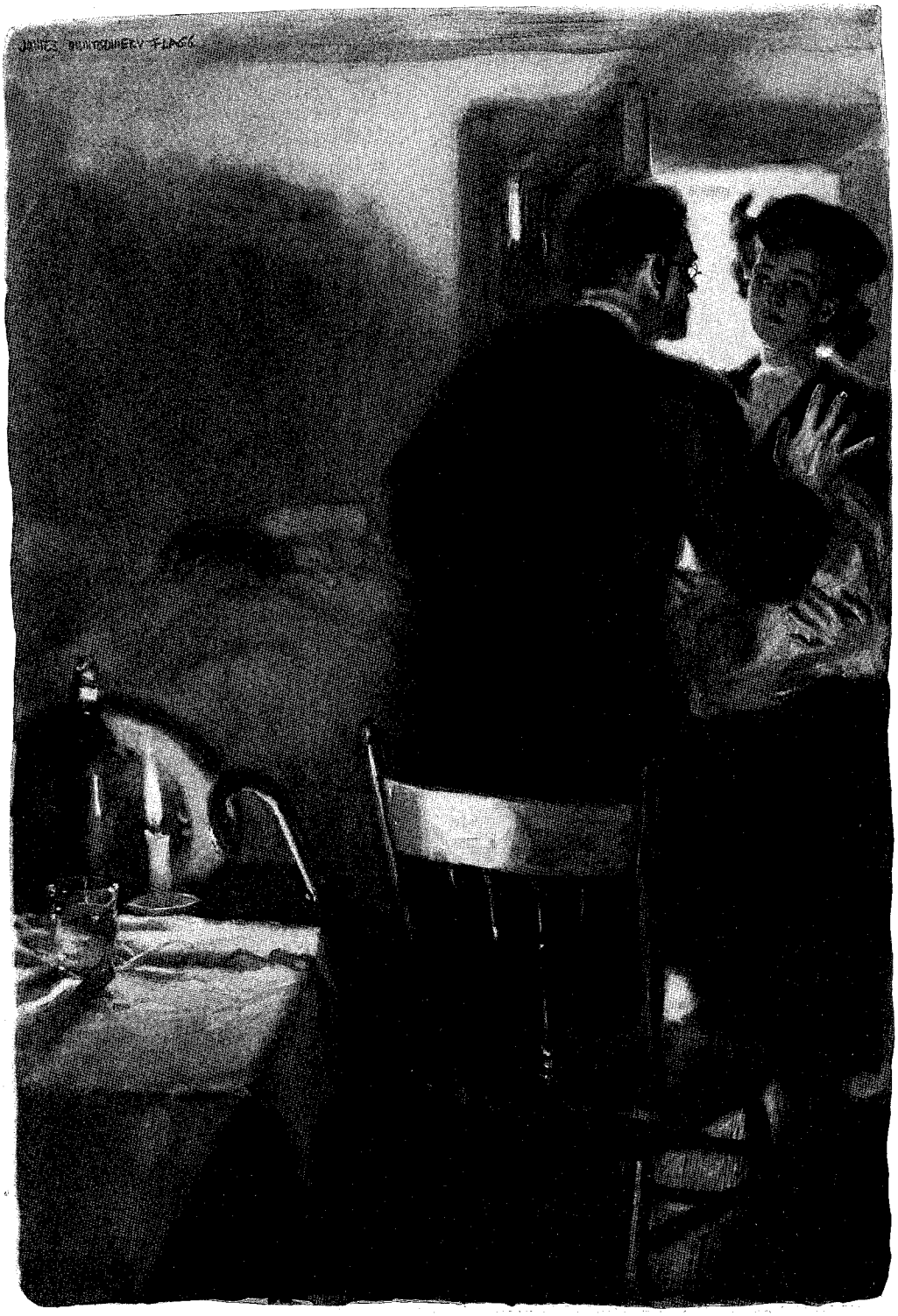

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"But you must not come in."—Page 324.

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every cent they had in the world, and they have not a cent left."

"Oh! no, they were not robbed. Everything was properly done and absolutely regular, as I remember. It must have been. I think there was some sort of claim presented afterward by the Tipps Estate which was turned down. Let me see; McSheen had the claim, and he gave it up—that was when? Let me see. He became counsel for your Uncle Argand in—what year was it—you were a baby—it must have been eighteen years ago."

"That was nineteen years ago, sir. I am now twenty," said his daughter, sitting up with a very grand air.

The father's eyes lit up with pride and affection as he gazed at the trim, straight figure and the glowing face.

"You were just a little baby—so big—" He measured a space of about two span with his hands. "That was your size then, for I know I thought your Uncle Argand might have made me counsel instead of McSheen. But he didn't. And that was McSheen's start."

"He sold out," said the girl with decision.

"Oh, no—I don't think he would do that. He is a lawyer."

"Yes, he would. He's a horrid old disreputable rascal. I've always thought it, and now I know it. And I want you to get my old ladies' interest back for them."

"I can't do that. I'm a Director. No one can. It's too long ago. If they ever had a claim it's all barred, long ago."

"It oughtn't to be—if it was stolen," persisted his daughter, "and it was."

(To be continued.)

THE THIRD GENERATION

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

THE man who presided over the Information Bureau in the North Station was somewhat impertinent.

"I get eight dollars a day for knowing my business, madam. I've told you twice that the next train to Dalton goes at one."

Mrs. Braddock stared at him, angrily.

"I shall report you."

"You can if you want to," laughed the man.

"Your time-table said—" Mrs. Braddock was interrupted by the impatient nudge of a boy's elbow.

"Let him go, mother. You can't do anything, anyhow. And here comes Uncle Curtin."

"I don't care. He'll find out if I can't do anything. To have to wait here a whole hour!"

"Next!" called the imperturbable man. Another woman crowded Mrs. Braddock away.

"Aren't you going to speak to Uncle Curtin?" asked the boy. He was tall and awkward and spectacled, and the hand which closed about the books on his arm was neither gloved nor well cared for. Beside his elaborately dressed mother he looked like a servant.

For a moment Mrs. Braddock hesitated. Then, as if determining to make the best of an unpleasant situation, she walked briskly across the waiting-room. She even succeeded in forcing a smile to her lips. When she reached the other side of the station, the tall man, whom she had been following, had gone. Egbert came up lazily.

"He went out toward the train-shed," he said. "There he is."

They saw him again, as he stood, cane in hand, watching the immigrants in their pen at one end of the great shed, then, before they could reach him, he had walked out into the street.

"I guess he found out he was too early," said Egbert. "Did you write him that the train went at twelve o'clock?"

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"A little louder," she said faintly. "Perhaps he is—asleep."—Page 338.

"Yes. It won't hurt him to wait. He has nothing to do."

The boy selected a seat in the waiting-room, and his mother sank down beside him with a great rustle of silk. She clasped her hands tightly in her lap, and frowned. Presently she began to smooth her forehead as though she were a masseuse. Then the frown went into her handsome eyes. She seemed deeply preoccupied, she saw nothing of the shifting crowd, the farmers from "down East," the gayly clad immigrants, the aristocrats on their way to Beverley Farms or Pride's Crossing. The boy was disturbed by the multitudinous noises, the roar of trains, the shrill cries of children, the laughter, the talking.

"I don't know what you had to bring me for," he said, impatiently. "Why couldn't you have brought one of the girls? They are older than I."

"Your grandfather doesn't like them and they don't like him. I wasn't coming out alone to see those two men. Not to such a house."

"Suppose grandfather won't do it?"

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Mrs. Braddock laughed.

"Won't do it! He'll jump at it. I know him."

When Curtin Braddock finally joined them, they were seated in the train. Mrs. Braddock flushed when she saw him coming. Even if she had not hated him because he always opposed her in family councils, she would have been uncomfortable in his presence. He was so superbly good-looking, and apparently so exquisitely well-bred. When, thirty years before, she had married his brother Rollin, she had felt his disapproval. She had been angrily certain that his brilliant story, "The Mesalliance," had been a covert sneer at her. She had seen almost nothing of him for ten years. She heard of him in Boston, or the papers said that he had gone abroad, or that he had written another clever book. They had come faster of late years, since he had lost the money which his father had settled upon him when he came of age. It was because she knew that he was poor that his sister-in-law relied so confidently upon his aid in the errand upon which she had come. He would call her crazy at first, but afterward he would realize that she was the only one in the family who was really clear-sighted and wise.

He looked down at Egbert after he had spoken to Mrs. Braddock. The boy sat awkwardly, his hand-clasp was limp, he did not take off his hat. Mrs. Braddock flushed again. She knew the boy was loutish; that was the way he was made. She had been too busy trying to make fifty dollars do the work of a hundred, and to make the girls attractive, to spend much time on Egbert. Nevertheless, she resented Curtin's glance.

"Let your Uncle Curtin sit down here, Egbert, and you sit in front of us," she commanded.

Egbert obeyed, dropping his books, and almost losing his balance as he gathered them up. His mother looked out the window, until Curtin sat down beside her.

"I suppose you wonder why I want to see you and your father," she began.

"Yes," answered Curtin. He was a man of few words. His father, in moments of anger, often accused him of being too lazy to speak.

"You can't imagine any reason why we, as a family, should want to get together?"

"No."

"I never heard of such people," Mrs. Braddock said, passionately. "You don't seem to care, you don't watch over your own affairs, you don't have any regard for my children, you let thousands of dollars go to waste, you——"

Egbert turned to look at his mother.

"The whole car will hear you," he said, curtly.

"I don't care who hears me," answered Mrs. Braddock. But she lowered her voice.

"But, my dear Emma!" said Curtin. "What are you talking about?"

"Don't you know that we might have five hundred thousand dollars for the asking? Five hundred thousand dollars that other people are enjoying. It belongs to you and your father and my children, and you won't take it."

Curtin folded his hands over his cane.

"You must be mad," he said, forgetting for once his fine manners.

"I am not mad." Mrs. Braddock spoke more slowly, as though she were afraid he might rise and go away. "It is all perfectly true. Your great-grandfather left five hundred thousand dollars to Braddock College——"

"Oh, nonsense, Emma! We could no more——"

"Listen to me! They were to forfeit it, and it was to revert to the estate, if they didn't do certain things."

"What things?"

"Their president was to be an ordained minister, that was one. And they were to require Hebrew of every student, and—oh, I can't remember what they are, but I have it down in writing. I have a copy of the will, and a copy of their catalogue. They've had the money so long they've grown careless, they——"

Curtin smiled scornfully.

"How did you find it out?"

"I was up there last summer. It made me sick to see all those fine buildings when we're so poor."

"But what put you on the track of this?" He almost said, "of this madness."

"I thought there might be some way to get it back."

A dull flush came into Curtin's cheek.

"It's too late," he said. "It's been sixty years."

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"It won't do you any good to talk, not if you talk a hundred years."—Page 341.

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"No, it isn't too late. I don't know whether your great-grandfather said this in his will, or whether it's only the law in such cases, but we can get it back in your father's lifetime."

"How do you know?"

Mrs. Braddock stammered in her excitement. It was the name of her lawyer which made the thing so blessedly certain.

"I went to Lorado Gray," she said. "He says there isn't any question about it. All that needs to be done is for your father to apply. Their own catalogue proves our case. They've—they've thrown the money away, back to us where it belongs."

Curtin turned to look at her. For the first time in their acquaintance they saw each other with friendly eyes.

"Did you discover all this—suddenly?"

"No," she confessed, frankly. "I worked for weeks till I found it all. And then I couldn't believe it till I went to Lorado Gray. He says there can't be any defense, that it is ours, ours, ours."

It was a long time before Curtin spoke again. He stared past the unkempt head of his nephew, while the snow-covered New England landscape glided slowly by. He was oblivious to the discomfort of the jolting stops, he did not hear the angry screaming of a child in the car.

"Are you really poor, Emma?" he asked finally.

"Oh, we get along. But the girls should marry, and I can't take them out as I ought. Think of having five hundred thousand dollars to divide among us!"

"It would be—heaven!" answered Curtin.

In an hour the train stopped, jerkingly, at Dalton. Egbert scrambled down first, without the least thought of helping his mother, and Curtin, who was behind her, could not save her from stepping almost knee-deep into the snow. The people on the station platform eyed them curiously as they started up the street. It was unusual now, since almost all the Braddock family had died or had gone away, to see three such prosperous-looking persons.

It was bitterly cold, but in their enchantment they were conscious of no discomfort, until they came opposite to the house itself, standing far back beneath its pine-trees, through whose thick shade the sun never penetrated. The house, once white, was dingy, the shutters were closed. It was the epitome of desolation and neglect.

"I haven't been here for five years," said Mrs. Braddock, shivering.

"Nor I," answered Curtin. "I—I was abroad, you know, that is, most of the time."

"Oh, you needn't apologize," laughed his sister-in-law, grimly. "It hasn't been an especially pleasant place to come to."

She went through the broken gate, lifting her skirts carefully above the snow.

"We'll have to go round to the dining-room," she said. "I don't suppose there's anybody here to open the door."

Curtin knocked, first with his hand, then with his cane. There was no answer. What if the old man should be dead? Lorado Gray had said that only he could apply to the courts. Panic-stricken, Mrs. Braddock turned to her brother-in-law, and their eyes met in frightened understanding.

"A little louder," she said faintly. "Perhaps he is—asleep."

The "Come in" which answered Curtin's pounding was so shrill, that Mrs. Braddock clutched his arm, in a mixture of fright and relief. Once inside the door, they stood for a moment, silently. Curtin's eyes saw first of all the well-remembered grandeur of the room, its splendid proportions, its fine old fireplace, and the noble portrait of his great-grandfather, the most famous man of his day. Then the indescribable slovenliness of the place struck more than one of his senses. He was conscious of both impressions before he saw his father, who stood beyond the great dining-table. He was grandeur and slovenliness combined, the fine head and face of the portrait masked by a week's growth of white beard, and almost brutalized by drink and dissipation. There was none of the joviality of the confirmed drinker about him, his supply of liquor was now too poor in quality and quantity to keep him cheerful. Curtin could foresee the passionate delight with which he would receive their story. He almost wished they had written to him instead of coming.

The old man bade them sit down. Curtin fancied that he was really glad to see them for once.

"What did you come for?" he asked.

"Because—" Curtin went across the room and took him by the hand. "Because we have some good news for you, father."

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He stood beneath the picture, his face twitching.—Page 341.

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"Humph!" said the old man. He looked sharply at them, as though he expected to see the good news in their hands.

It was Mrs. Braddock who told the story.

"I was up in Braddock last summer, father, and I saw all the fine college buildings they have bought with the income of your grandfather's money, and it seemed so terrible for him to have given it away from his own children, and——"

"He gave his children a lot," said the old man, shrilly. "He was the only Braddock who was ever worth his salt. His college will be there when we are dead."

"But, listen, father. I thought—I thought it wasn't fair for them to have it when we are so poor——"

"Poor!" cried the old man. "You are not poor with your fine house and your fine clothes. I am poor!"

"I know," said Mrs. Braddock. "I know you are poor. But it is nonsense for you to be poor. Listen, father. I got his will, and he said if they didn't do certain things, the money would come back to us. And——"

"Not to you." His old dislike for her flared up. "Not to you. To *me*."

"Yes, father, to you." Her eyes blazed, but her voice was quiet. "To you and to Curtin and to Rollin's children. They were to do certain things, and they haven't done them."

"What things?"

"Their president was to be a minister, and all the students were to study Hebrew. And there are other things. They——"

"Bosh!" said the old man. "What does a minister know about a college? What does a boy want with Hebrew? Does your boy know Hebrew?"

"But listen, father. You don't see the point. If they didn't do those things the money was to be taken away. I went to Lorado Gray, and he says we can have it back."

The sound of that mighty name seemed finally to make the old man understand. He sat down, heavily.

"He said we could take it away from 'em?"

"Yes, we can take it away from them. Five hundred thousand dollars."

Curtin turned to her once more.

"Are you *sure*, Emma?"

"Sure, *sure*, SURE," she answered, jubilantly.

The old man propped his head against his clasped hands.

"Did Lorado Gray say anything else about taking the money away from 'em?" he asked.

Mrs. Braddock flushed.

"He said it was legal," she answered, sharply. "Isn't that enough?"

"And you want me to apply for it?" The old man's mind seemed to be quickening.

"Yes. Mr. Gray will come out to see you. You won't have any trouble, father, but only comfort, luxury, everything you want."

The old man looked at her, grimly.

"What do you want with money? You've held on to enough."

"Enough? One never has enough. My girls must have dowers; they must have, oh, a thousand things. They have a name to live up to."

"A name! Bosh! Fifty years ago we had a name." He turned suddenly toward young Egbert. "What do you want money for?"

"Oh, lots of things," answered the boy vaguely. He had been looking first of all about the room, then up to his great-great-grandfather's portrait, then down upon his grandfather, and the sight seemed to frighten him.

"And you, Curtin?"

"I? What do I not want money for? What do you want money for, father?"

"I don't want it," the old man shouted. "Not that way."

"Not that way!" repeated Mrs. Braddock. "It's perfectly legal and right. They oughtn't to have it. They haven't obeyed him. It ought to be taken away from them as a punishment, they——"

The old man threw back his head and laughed.

"Punishment! *We* punish anybody! Because they've dropped Hebrew? Ye gods! Who is to punish us if we get it?"

"Why should we be punished?"

"Do you think he would give it to me, or to you? To squander? Where's the rest of his money gone?"

"Do you mean to say you won't apply for it?" she faltered.

"Yes, that's exactly what I mean." He lifted himself out of his chair, and stood

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looking down upon them. His mouth trembled.

"Father," began Curtin.

"It won't do you any good to talk, not if you talk a hundred years."

Mrs. Braddock began to speak once more.

"You might just as well have some of it while you live," she said, cunningly.

"Do you mean that you will get it after I am dead? Did Gray tell you that?"

"Yes." Her eyes commanded Curtin to be still. They seemed to say that a lie or two did not matter.

"Then Gray doesn't know what he's talking about. I know a little about law. I don't believe he said anything of the kind. And I won't do it." His voice rose to a shrill cry, as though he were an old, old woman. "I won't do it."

A stick of wood in the fireplace fell from the andirons and lay blazing upon the hearth. Then the old clock struck one, two, three, four. Their train left at five, and they had a long walk to the station. Mrs. Braddock crossed the room with her delicate rustle of silk against silk, and laid her hand on the old man's arm.

"Listen, father, it would mean comfort for you again, and horses and drink," her eyes met Curtin's and dropped before them, "and perhaps Ellen Tavish would come back to keep house for you, and——"

Young Egbert's lips opened in a question.

"Who is Ellen Tavish?"

His uncle Curtin sprang to his feet.

"Emma! Have you no mercy? And no sense?"

But Mrs. Braddock's voice went smoothly on, recalling to the old man the sins of his youth, the evil consolations which he had allowed himself in his loneliness after his wife's death.

"—and you could forget all this poverty and misery, father. If you will only apply!"

The old man's face was hidden in his hands. His was the proverbial third generation from honor. It was scarcely likely that in his feebleness and age he could resist the temptations before which he had fallen in his youth. He lifted his head. His face was altogether evil. There had been but one thing left in which he could take pride, the college which his grandfather had established. That still held the Braddock name above the dishonor with which he and his sons had surrounded it. Why not let that go also? Since Lorado Gray was willing to take the case, it was already won. It was true that money had ruined them. It had made of his name a byword, it had sent Rollin to a drunkard's grave, it had—— Horror of the past overcame him. But if money had ruined them, it should serve them now till they died, him, who was so desperately poor, Curtin whom he despised, Emma whom he hated, and this boy who would some day go like the rest. Let Ellen Tavish come back!

He looked at them all, one after the other, and then at the portrait above the fireplace. Suddenly he turned upon them.

"Get out of my house!" he shouted. "Go and never come back. If he knew you, he would curse the day he was born."

Curtin turned to watch his sister-in-law. What would she do now? Then he saw that young Egbert had moved. He stood beneath the picture, his face twitching. He looked like his grandfather in his wretchedness before him, and his great-great-grandfather, statesman, soldier, philanthropist, above his head. Curtin afterward tried to put the whole thing into a story, all his father's misery and Emma's commonness. Against them, he set the sudden, leaping pride and ambition in young Egbert's eyes. He said it was as though a torch had passed visibly from the dead hand in the picture to the young, living hand beneath. The boy was crying, his voice choked, he could hardly speak.

"Don't say that, grandfather! I am going to study and work and try! Don't, grandfather!"

Then, when the birth-pang of his soul grew too intolerable for speech, he hid his face in his hands, sobbing.

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ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

SPORT

IF one were writing of France, of Germany, of Italy, of Russia, of Spain, no one would notice the omission of a chapter on sport. A few pages upon hunting and shooting in France, of which there is still a certain amount; upon the students' duelling, and the hunting of the wild boar in Germany; upon big-game shooting in some parts of Russia, and upon bull-fighting in Spain, would suffice to give an idea of the relative importance of sport in those countries.

It is very different in England. The first thing to attract my attention on this my latest visit to England, was the announcement on all the newspaper bulletins: *England's Big Task.* I happened to know that the Prime Minister was seriously ill, that there was fierce debating in the House of Commons upon the new estimates for the Navy, and upon the new licensing bill just brought in by Mr. Asquith, and that there was fighting upon the frontier of India, with a certain tribe of natives. But England's big task had nothing to do with these trivial matters. An English cricket eleven was playing in Australia. The Australian eleven in their second innings had made an unexpectedly big score, and England's big task was to beat that score!

Though England may be fighting somewhere in her vast dominions all the time, she is also playing somewhere all the time. Unless the war is a very important one, there is more interest taken in the playing than in the fighting. They are verily a nation of game-players and outdoor sportsmen.

If we could know just what circumstances, and what environment our children would be born to, and what tasks they would be set to do, we could in time do as well with them as with horses and dogs. The trouble lies not in heredity, but in the haphazard of what awaits them. A horse is bred to run, or to trot, or to draw heavy loads, and we know exactly what we expect of him twenty years before he is born. With ourselves it is different. Few parents know what a son will be called upon to face at the age of twenty-one. Whether there will be a war and he must serve his country in arms; whether family fortunes will be on the ebb and he must make money; whether a friend will offer him a start in anything, from a machine-shop to a newspaper office. It is impossible even to train him for a pursuit, or a profession, that is still in the hazy distance. Civilization is the great disintegrator. As we become rich we dissipate our energies, we think of our dinners, our horses, our dogs, our friends, our books, our clubs, our travelling. A little strength and power goes to each. The peasant, the poor man, must perforce direct all his powers to one end, and often he becomes master there, while the rich become weak and small in scattered interests. So families cannot keep their places. The rough and poor and strong come in and take them. Simplicity easily beats out

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complexity and dissipation in a few generations. Hence the constant redistribution of wealth and power. Until we can overcome this ever-present obstacle to the successful breeding of human beings, socialism it would seem, is an unnecessary philosophy. Nature beats socialism hollow at her own game.

The English common-sense comes to the fore again in an attempt to solve this problem. She is old enough to know from experience that the world is still ruled by men, and in all probability will be for a long time to come. She breeds men therefore as strong and simple as she can. In these islands sport is not a dissipation for idlers, it is a philosophy of life. They believe in it as a bulwark against effeminacy and decay.

A congregational minister makes a speech in which he confesses to "a feeling of bitter humiliation" when he reads that the Prime Minister is the owner of a Derby winner, and stands to win or lose thousands of pounds on the race. Lord Roseberry's attention having been called to this speech by a political opponent, he replies as follows: "Sir, I am desired by Lord Roseberry to thank you for your letter and its enclosure. He will offer no opinion on the latter, for these matters should be dealt with according to the good taste, Christian charity, and knowledge of facts possessed by each person who touches on them." The letter is signed by the Prime Minister's secretary. Lord Roseberry is one of the most accomplished Englishmen of the day. He considers it lacking in *Christian charity*, to abuse him for owning and breeding a great race horse. So do probably more than eight out of ten of his countrymen. From top to bottom of English society, from the Prime Minister to the Yorkshire foot-baller, sport is almost as much a part of national existence, as eating and drinking.

Harvard University, not many years ago, conferred the honorary degree of Master of Arts, upon a young Englishman, who devotes a good deal of his time to studying and furthering the interest in wholesome sport. It was Mr. Lehman, a graduate of Cambridge University, England, who received this distinguished mark of his acceptability to the powers that be at Harvard, and this in spite of the fact that the crews he coached were woefully beaten by Yale. He was recognized as typical of one very prominent feature of British civilization. And so he was.

An accepted authority upon all matters of sport in England has compiled some figures as to the investments and expenditures upon sport, by the forty odd millions of inhabitants of Great Britain. His estimates, when they have been criticised, have been criticised mainly because they were too low.

His estimates are as follows:

	Invested	Spent annually
Fox-hunting	$78,035,000	$43,190,000
Shooting	20,335,000	40,640,000
Fishing	2,750,000	2,945,000
Racing	41,610,000	52,965,000
Yachting	28,000,000	15,160,000

But even these sums are not the whole of the budget, for he adds:

	Invested	Spent annually
Coursing	$2,600,000	$1,587,000
Coaching	1,451,250	1,188,975
Polo	435,000	552,500

Golf (there are some seven hundred and fifty Golf Links in Great Britain) counts for $2,625,000 invested in laying out of links, building club-houses, purchase of clubs, bags, etc., etc., and $3,627,750 annual expenditures for labor, up-keep of club-houses, and for caddies, professionals, and other necessary expenses, including travelling.

	Invested	Spent annually
Rowing	$1,420,000	$2,871,500
Football and Cricket	53,815,000	58,560,000

These figures have not been seriously questioned, except to add to their totals, so that we may conclude that some $233,066,250 are invested permanently, and $223,887,725 spent annually for sport. There is, in short, an investment in sport of some five dollars and twenty-five cents for each man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom, and a slightly smaller sum spent each year for sport. When aggregate investments and expenditures, reach such figures as these, we may be sure that the people who tax themselves thus heavily have, or believe they have, satisfied themselves that there is a valuable equivalent of some kind, that justifies the expenditure.

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The London County Council give in their report an analysis of the athletic games played during the past twelvemonth in parks and open spaces of London. The following table is of interest:

Games	Places to play	Grounds provided	Games played
Bowls	15	74	24,749
Cricket	35	452	28,904
Croquet	22	31	1,535
Foot-ball	35	231	16,228
Hockey	23	39	2,246
Lacrosse	5	7	120
Lawn Tennis	40	476	102,649
Quoits	20	36	2,063

Travel by train or motor anywhere in England and you see games being played—particularly if it be a Saturday—from one end of the country to the other. The open spaces of England seem to be given over to men and some women batting, kicking, or hitting a ball. The attendance at games on a Saturday is very large. Even in these days of distress in the ship-building and cotton industries, when the problem of the unemployed is a serious one, there is no lack of sixpences and shillings to gain entry to the foot-ball games. Even at the beginning of the foot-ball season the gate receipts show an attendance of more than 200,000 people. When the big and final games take place I have calculated that out of the male adult population of England and Wales on a great foot-ball Saturday one in every twenty-seven is in attendance at a game of some sort, and this leans to the error of being too few, rather than too many.

The domestic exports of the United Kingdom in 1905 were slightly over thirty-eight dollars per head, while the expenditure and investment for sport is about ten dollars per head, or a little more than one-fourth as much. Excluding troops and expenditure on troops serving outside the United Kingdom, England only spent the paltry sum of $75,000,000 on her army in 1907, and the cost of her naval armament in the same year was only $167,500,000, both together considerably less than was spent for sport. The capital value of the sporting rents advertised by a single firm of land agents one season not long ago, reckoning the letting value at four per cent., amounted to $43,750,000. The licenses to kill game bring in a revenue to the State of something over $925,000 per annum.

In a territory of some 19,000,000 acres in Scotland, 3,481,000 acres are preserved and devoted to deer forests alone.

It is not to be wondered at then, that England has been described by one of her more irascible sons, who was probably not interested in sport, as: "the paradise of the rich, the purgatory of the poor, and the hell of the wise."

We are not convinced that the writer of this description is right. The bookish man is probably disheartened by the size of the sport budget of his country, and by the enormous amount of time and energy thus expended. On the other hand, when we examine the results, and gather together the threads of what Englishmen have accomplished all over the world, nobody but a blind man can conceal from himself, that certain virile qualities of character have, thus far in the world's progress, dominated the more intellectual and philosophical traits.

Not only are muscles and sinews strengthened and hardened, but the temper and the will are trained as well. The man who learns to spar, for example, not only schools his eye and his hands and his feet to respond quickly when called upon, but he learns also, and what is far more important, to keep his temper under control, and to take a pounding cheerfully; and if a man can translate these lessons to serve in the larger affairs of life, where temper is often tempted, and where poundings are meted out to all of us with even impartiality, he has learned a valuable lesson. As Stevenson puts it: "our business in this world is not to succeed, but to continue to fail in good spirits."

Every sport has the valuable effect of diverting both mind and body. A sharp gallop, a round of golf, a week's yachting, a day's shooting or fishing, changes the current of one's thoughts, and rests the mind as well as the body. All the benefits to be had from sport group themselves under these two heads, of training and diversion. The lad at his rowing, his foot-ball, his cricket, or his tennis, needs the training more than the diversion; while his father, riding, shooting, golfing, or yachting, needs the diversion more than the training.

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The first settlers in America, indeed all the inhabitants thereof, until very recently, needed no sports for their training or their diversion. Building roads, and bridges, and houses, and railroads, and canals, and defending the same from their savage neighbors were enough. Civilization in those rough years was hard training enough, and every citizen was obliged to play the game whether he liked it or not. But increased prosperity, and above all, steam and electricity, not only in America but in Europe, have done away with the necessity for constant physical exercise, or for daily deeds of daring. The best of mankind, however, know intuitively that luxury is the most insidious of all foes. If we are no longer obliged to ride, or to walk, in order to see our friends or to attend to our business, then we turn to and make a business of riding, walking, shooting, fishing, climbing mountains and hunting wild game, in order to keep alive in us the hardier virtues, which, in the beginning, made our forefathers capable of winning a place for us in the world. As the necessity for self-defence and great exertion to provide food lessen, field sports become more popular.

It is often said as an objection to this argument, that a man can learn self-control and show high courage just as well by doing his duty, whatever and wherever it happens to be. It is not necessary that we should have wars, or rough games, like foot-ball or polo to steady the nerves of men, to give them courage, and to teach them to take care of themselves. The controversies and temptations and hard tasks of daily life are enough. This is true in a way. Taking care of a peevish child who is ill, is a tremendous test of patience and gentleness. Bearing the frowns of fortune with cheerfulness and in silence, shows courage. Keeping oneself well in hand through the various worries of daily life, in business, profession, or in the home, is a constant schooling of the nerves. Riding a horse over a five-barred gate, or across a water-jump, is a test of horsemanship, but before these can be successfully negotiated it is necessary to have some training at simpler feats of riding. It is the same with these other matters. He who has learned self-control, fair-play, and good temper at his games, finds it easier to exercise these same high qualities in the more complicated emergencies of daily life. There is a German proverb which runs: "when the devil cannot go himself he sends an old woman." There is just enough truth in the old woman argument against rough games and sports, to lead one to believe that the devil sends it. The nation which presides over the destinies of one-fifth of the inhabitants of the globe, spends over two hundred millions annually for sport, and has invested something more than that besides.

Perhaps there is no severer test of a man's all-round abilities than his power to govern wisely; at any rate the governing races of to-day are races of sportsmen. The peoples who are inheriting the earth to-day are the peoples who play games, perhaps because their contests make them meek! France with her violent attempts in the last hundred years to reduce all life to a philosophical system, has a decreasing birth-rate, and has become of second-rate importance as a world power. In fact, every fresh compilation of statistics helps to show that this declining birth-rate is not a passing phase. The latest figures available for Paris, those for 1907, show that an actual shrinkage of the population is a fact. In spite of the fact that the marriage rate has been on an ascending scale for the last twenty-five years, and that the death-rate has had, on the whole, a tendency to lower, the population does not increase. Last year there were 50,811 births against 50,499 deaths, a margin of only 312 to the good. But even this is not accurate, since some 30 per cent. of babies born in Paris are sent away to the country to be nursed. Their *births* appear in the Paris registers, but if they die in infancy, their *deaths* are recorded in the provincial commune where the death takes place. Thus Paris escapes having to record nearly one-third of the infant mortality which might reasonably be expected in the City's death roll. Whether it be the lack of the sporting instinct or not, there is no gainsaying this proof of lack of breeding power. And when it is added that only recently France was obliged to dismiss her Secretary of Foreign Affairs at the demand of the German Emperor, her situation as a world power becomes pathetically inferior.

The traveller in Spain has seen that the

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salient characteristics of the race are overweening personal pride, untrustworthiness and cruelty. The sordid stealing on all sides by Russians during the war with Japan needs no repetition here. The Chinese despise unnecessary physical exercise, and can scarcely be driven to fight, and they are no more capable of defending their country than an enormous cheese to prevent itself being eaten. On the other hand, Japan is a nation of athletes whose prowess has only lately been discovered, and they are the more dangerous accordingly. Indeed, it is an open question whether England's hypocritical and short-sightedly selfish alliance with these varnished savages has not done more to menace Saxon civilization, both in Europe and in America, than any diplomatic step that has been taken for centuries.

We have seen something of the origins of the English race in another chapter, and we have seen, too, something of their almost universal desire to be let alone, and to be governed only up to that point where individual freedom is least interfered with. Their love of the land, and their outdoor life, have prevailed through all the centuries since they became possessed of what is now Great Britain.

There is a rational philosophy back of this interest in sport. Only a race of strong men, fighting men, can keep themselves free from enemies abroad and enemies at home, as they have done, and conquer the world to boot. Sport is merely artificial work, artificial adventure, artificial colonizing, artificial war. It is shooting at a mark because there are no enemies to shoot at; it is keeping the muscles hard and the nerves steady, and the head, heart and body under control, by a subterfuge, now that the real necessity has passed. And though there are, perhaps, higher and better tests of patience and self control and courage than are required at foot-ball, hunting, or golf, there is certainly no better preparation to bear those tests, than the schooling one gets by playing these games.

There is, of course, another side to this question, that no one can afford to overlook. There is a marked difference between a game played for training or diversion, and a game played as a business and for a salary. That is no longer sport but business, and there is nothing more degrading than to give all one's time and energy to the lighter, or to the physical side of life. That is not training nor diversion, but merely a debauchery of brutality. Society is good, sport is good, novel reading is good as a diversion or a rest from more serious matters, but any one of them taken up as a business, as a vocation, makes but a sad return to its devotee. Sport as a profession, I quite agree, breeds more bullies, boasters and tricksters, than anything else I can name.

Sport, too, even in the hands of amateurs may produce these same vulgar qualities. England has suffered severely along these lines, because here sport has so many more participants. The gentleman sharpers, welshers, and blacklegs, at racing, pigeon shooting, and cards, are too largely recruited from the English. Only within the last few years a turf scandal involving two gentlemen of high rank and another of no rank, either socially or morally, disclosed a degree of infamous chicanery unworthy of a Chinese gambling hell. Race horses have been poisoned, pigeon shots have sold themselves to the book-makers and so on. This indeed is the grave danger to sport among a people whose tastes are predominantly physical. An hundred years ago you might have seen in a certain English village, the village idiot taken out on fair days, and chained to a stake on the village green, that he might have an airing, there, in all probability, to be teased by the local loafers. A subscription for Tom Sayers, the prize-fighter, was headed by Lord Palmerston, and subscribed to by most of the members of the House of Commons of the day. Prize-fighting, cock-fighting, bull- and bear-baiting, rat-hunting, dog-fighting, fights between men and dogs, and the like, were favorite pastimes not only of the masses, but also of the gentry, not an hundred years ago.

The great Prime Minister of the early days of Queen Victoria, Lord Melbourne, remarked that he liked the Order of the Garter, because "there is no damned merit connected with it!"

There are people in the world who are of a very coarse-grained moral fibre, of a very animal make-up, people who do not realize that it was not the absence of costume, but the presence of innocence, which made the

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happiness of the garden of Eden. A disproportionate number of these people are inhabitants of the British Isles. There are many fortunate results due to their predominating animal characteristics, but there are also disagreeable features of that same temperament, that even the most friendly critic may not overlook. The intense love of sport is founded upon this virile temperament, which must, of course, have its bad side. Fortunately for them they have been the nation who have undertaken, and, be it said, accomplished, some of the greatest feats of conquering and governing, that the world has known. These adventures over-seas, and their untiring devotion to sport at home, have subdued and kept within bounds the animal side of them, though it has, and does still, crop out at times in evil practices.

A people of this type, somewhat indifferent to intellectual interests of any kind, are almost driven to exercise in some form, and their climate is a still further incentive.

Possibly the greatest foe to an orderly and useful life is monotony. The human mind, and the human body, wear out easily if they are subjected day in and day out, to a steady repetition of the same thing. The brain worker must change from his mathematics to a novel, or from history to the study of a new language, or he finds his mind getting rusty. The man who goes from house to office and back again, seeing the same faces, doing the same duties, conning over the same figures; or the teacher going over and over again the same tasks; or the judge hearing every day the same round of quarrels, definitions and criticisms, grow restless and tired. No one of these may recognize that monotony is at the bottom of his troubles, but the drip, drip, drip, wears the stone away. Drink, dissipation, wickedness of various kinds are put down to various causes—to disappointment, to failure, to lack of self-control—but in reality, back of all these is monotony. These failures and shipwrecks could not stand the deadly strain of such a life, and did not realize that change was the medicine they needed. For the great mass of men, to go away, to travel, to change the whole environment of life, is impossible. Just here is where sport comes in in our artificial civilization to help us out. In Great Britain, for example, there are some thirty thousand cricket and foot-ball clubs alone, the members of which come from all classes of society. Hands from the factories, clerks in small shops, tradespeople, and the lesser professional men, all take a hand. All through the English provinces there are no distinctions of class at their games.

This rather heavy, muscular people keep their health, and their heads, and their happiness, by this almost universal participation in some form of sport. It is their way of letting off steam, which every individual and every nation must have for safety's sake, in some form or other. If one computed the amount of wealth and territory brought to acknowledge the British flag by travellers, explorers, sportsmen, by adventurous botanists, fishermen and the like, the two hundred odd millions spent for sport annually would seem a small sum indeed.

Newspapers of the most conservative bias devote columns every morning to the doings of the sportsmen. Cricket, foot-ball, racing, hunting, in all their details, are chronicled and discussed, and advertised, with the same seriousness, as are speeches in parliament, dispatches from the seat of war, and international diplomatic affairs. The classic races, such as the Derby, the Oaks, the Grand National, are the theme of long newspaper articles months and months before they take place; and the betting odds against this and that horse are published each morning six months or more before he is to run, as regularly as the stock-market quotations.

If the King's horse, or the Prime Minister's horse wins the Derby, or any one of the great classic races, the owner, as he leads the horse back to the paddock, is received with tumultuous cheering. This is true of any owner fortunate enough to win such a race, but for the King, or a popular statesman, the ovation is almost frenzied. There, at any rate, the whole population is unanimous to a man; a good sportsman is universally popular.

Prowess at any sport is counted upon as a telling factor in the availability of a candidate for office. A candidate for parliamentary honors, lets it be known as widely as possible, that he is an old "Blue," of either Oxford or Cambridge; or that he has played for England at cricket or foot-ball, or won honors in some one or other of their many games, or been an adventurous

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traveller, or a great hunter or fisherman. These things help his candidacy, if not more, quite as much as any qualities of intellect, unless he be a statesman who has already won his spurs.

The stranger, whether American or other foreigner, is at a loss to understand much of the workings of the political, and social life of England until he has become thoroughly imbued with the idea, that sport is a much more serious, and much more widely distributed interest here, than anywhere else in the world. In England, some form of sport is either the reminiscence or the avocation of practically every man who has been, or is physically capable of playing a game, or taking part in some form of field sports.

It is the only country in the world which supports not only a number of weekly and monthly periodicals devoted to sport, but also two, if not more, daily journals exclusively given over to the chronicling of racing and game playing. The *Sportsman* is a recognized and well-edited daily paper, to be found at every club and in many houses. The betting odds, present and prospective, the official starting prices, appear daily, as well as columns of news dealing with the exercise from day to day and the comparative merits of all horses in training.

The King breeds and races horses, and is the conspicuous and, be it said, a long way the most popular, person present at all the great race meetings. The Prince of Wales is one of the half-dozen best shots in England, and I am not far wrong in saying that his prowess as a shot does more to endear him to Englishmen than any other ability he may have. The Speaker of the House of Commons fences, and shoots, and rides to hounds. Lord Brassey is a yachtsman of reputation, who has devoted himself to the service of the Navy as an editor, and has ruled a distant colony with distinction. Lord Onslow is an authority on harness horses, and a big game shooter of long experience, as well as a valuable servant of the state; and so one might go on with an interminable list of distinguished Englishmen who are as well known for their prowess at some form of sport as for their ability, uprightness and self-sacrifice as political servants of their country.

The very speech of the Englishman savours of sport. "He did it off his own bat." "He put his money on the wrong horse." "This is a painful game." "Let us," or "we had better change the bowling." "I don't think he can go the distance." "It is an odds on chance," or about anything the Englishman is apt to express his feelings in the words of the bookmaker and say: "Oh, I should call it a three to one," or "a five to one," or "a six to four chance." "It isn't cricket," or "it isn't playing the game" refers to any underhand or not quite straight conduct. These and countless other expressions serve to express distinctions and differences even of a subtle kind. If you have hunted in Ireland for a winter you come away convinced that most of the stock phrases in conversation are invented by the horses. The universal use of "fit" to express one's condition, and of "feed" for eat, are constant reminders of that habitation, dearest of all to the hearts of so many Englishmen, the Stable.

I have never forgotten the slovenly grooms, the staring coats of the horses, the bad smells, and the generally unkempt appearance of the stables of the King of Spain in Madrid. They spoil their children in the Latin countries and neglect their horses; while in England the stables are in many cases better and more comfortably furnished than the nurseries. As a result, both the English children and the English horses are superior! There is a kindness which is cruel and a harshness which is kind. This nation of sportsmen make this subtle distinction unerringly. Why, one asks. They are not philosophers, No. They think little of the intricacies and niceties of living, and discuss such matters even less. It is God's air, and life on the land, and wholesome bodies which guide them aright in such matters. It is only of late, when the population is shifting from the land to the towns, that they seem to be losing the sterling qualities that are their heritage. They are the last race of all to be fuddled and disturbed by new religions, new theories of government, new solutions of the problem of existence; in short, that effervesence of semi-education which is posing as the interpreter of God and man all over the democratic world. We in America are so much older, so much more weary than they are, and it is with

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some regret that one sees nowadays that England and the English are not as boyish as they were. The greatest Englishman of letters now living, Rudyard Kipling, writes of:

> "The flannelled fools at the wickets.
> "The muddied oafs at the goals."

He is much too sure an interpreter of all things English to mean that quite as it stands. His writing is the incarnation in words of ever youthful England. Like other wise men, he is incensed sometimes that his countrymen play so much. If I were an Englishman I should pray God that my countrymen might never play less so long as they played the game. It is the men in the closets, not the men in the fields and on the seas, who breed sorrow, suspicion and envy; and the Englishman is not so dull as it might appear when he pins his faith to the outdoor man. He is not far wrong in his belief that: *Ceux qui manquent de probité dans les plaisirs n'en ont qu'une feinte dans les affaires.*

Englishmen look upon sport as a part of character, as well as a physical developing factor in civilization; while the interest of the majority of Americans is confined to the excitement expected from a contest. Many Americans look upon the international yachting and other contests, almost as though they were serious battles, and are elated or depressed accordingly; while the English take these matters much more calmly, and, while eager to win, welcome these contests as being good for the sports and games themselves, and bear always in mind that the genuine sportsman:

> Sets his heart upon the goal
> Not upon the prize.

Let me put it even more clearly, by saying that the proportion of the spectators at Lord's on the days of the University or Public School cricket matches, who have themselves played the game, is very much larger than the proportion of spectators present at a base-ball, or foot-ball game between Harvard and Yale. Or again, out of the Eton and Harrow "elevens," the fathers of twenty, and possibly the grandfathers of fifteen, of the boy players, have themselves been cricketers,—some of them even of sufficient prowess to be on their school eleven. Of the last year's Harvard and Yale base-ball and foot-ball teams and varsity eights, not one of the players had a father and grandfather, who had both distinguished themselves along those lines, and there were, with two noticeable exceptions that I recall, almost none whose fathers, even, had been experts at these games.

Though we Americans believe, or pretend to believe, with Cicero, that every man begins his own ancestry, one is forced to admit that a game with a long ancestry of tradition, will differ in all probability from a game with little or none. It must be admitted, too, that a boy whose father and grandfather, whose uncles and brothers, all play some game, or take an interest in some form of sport, will grow up to look at the question very differently, from one whose relatives take little or no serious interest in any game. Englishmen practically never realize that sport lacks entirely this atmosphere of almost sacred tradition in America, while on the other hand, few Americans understand the very serious and unassailable position of sport in England.

It is only two centuries and a half ago that the settlers of New England ran away from sport in England, to found a commonwealth, where one of the names for the devil was diversion, and another amusement. It was said of these people, the Puritans, that they believed hell to be a place where every one must mind his own business. At a time when English parsons and school-masters were some of them playing cricket on Sunday afternoons, and others of them hunting two or three days a week in the season, their representatives in America, who should have attempted to imitate such enjoyments, would have been ridden out of their parishes on rails, or confined in a mad-house. In America to-day it would be difficult to find a clergyman over sixty years of age who had been a distinguished athlete in his college days; in England even the stranger can count such by the score.

This ancestry of sport marks the difference in the way we Americans look at sport, and it also marks the very great difference in the auspices under which we practise it. In America boys play with boys almost exclusively; even a professional coach for the crew, or the ball nine, is a source of much discussion and dissension. English schools have not one, but several professionals, and what is most im-

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portant of all, English boys play their games, a good part of the time at least, with men. Old Carthusians, old Etonians, old Wykehamists, go back to play their school eleven, or their school foot-ball team; old University men play the youngsters; country gentlemen have house parties of cricketers and polo players; and the writer had the pleasure to play against a team, at a certain country house, where the host of fifty kept wicket, and captained an eleven, no member of which was under thirty-five; and it is with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain that he recalls that they won. This fact alone, of the participation of the adult and middle-aged element so generally in English sport, accounts for the wide difference in the way in which sport is regarded and the way in which games are played. Where boys and youths are accustomed to play their games, cricket more particularly, with grown men, it introduces an element of sobriety, courtesy and reticence in their play and behavior, which are lacking to some extent among boys and youths who play exclusively among themselves. Games played in such auspicious surroundings assume their relative place and receive their proper value, for men do not feel defeat so keenly, nor do they look upon such victories as the greatest of all achievements. Men play for the game's sake, while boys are apt to play exclusively to win. In England games and sports receive their status and character from men; in America it is the boys who give our games their status and character.

In England, as a result of this, there is a very large and mature public, thoroughly conversant with the rules, precedents, and traditions of their games and sports; and the English press following this lead, differs from the American press in its comments, criticisms, and descriptions in much the same degree that the English players differ from the American players; that is, in their sobriety, courtesy and reticence.

All good Americans were at one in condemning the blatant and puerile excuses and accusations of a portion—happily, a small and easily recognized portion—of the American press, in regard to the defeat of the Cornell crew at Henley a few years ago. And when there was added to this, letters to the newspapers from trainer, and parents, and the boys themselves, the condemnation became disgust. Americans could not help feeling, about these underbred and unsportsmanlike people, as one would feel should his own son go to visit at a friend's house, and behave like a vicious stable-boy, and thus throw discredit upon his home. Here was a most unhappy example of the result of leaving the whole domain of sports and pastimes quite too much in the hands of professionals and undeveloped boys. On the other hand, the visit of a Harvard crew to England two years ago, to row against Cambridge, made every American proud that he was so well represented, and marked the great stride that the genuine sportsmen has made in America. They were good sportsmen, good fellows, and gentlemen, and it was worth while to have them come three thousand miles and suffer defeat, if only to show the Britisher, something first rate of our own breeding.

It is true that to some extent in these latter days, the college contests and their arrangements have had the great advantage, of the superintendence of an advisory board of college officials, and college graduates, but even then one must realize the difference between advice from the outside, and the more forcible influence of example by actual participation in the games themselves, by older men. It is just therein that the English games and players have an advantage over our own. The masters at the public schools in England play with the boys every day; during their holidays, these same boys play with their elder brothers, with their fathers and their fathers' friends, and I recall one instance of a grandfather who plays cricket with his sons and grandsons, and no doubt there are many more. Only the other day a certain family composed of grandfather, father, sons, and one daughter, challenged their local golf club to a match of eight a side, and won. In America, with the exception of a few of our boys' boarding-schools, modelled somewhat upon the lines of the English public schools, there is almost no active participation in the boys' games by older men.

The results of this difference between the English and American method are many and manifold. Seldom a year passes with us, but there is friction, discussion and even displays of puerile bad temper about the

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arrangements for, and the carrying out of, our intercollegiate games. Harvard will not play Yale at foot-ball; or Princeton declines to play Harvard at base-ball; the smaller colleges grumble at the arrangements made by the larger colleges, and they quarrel among themselves to boot. What men can fairly represent the college, and what men cannot; whether this man or that, has been bribed by having his expenses paid at this or the other college, merely that he may be eligible to play on the base-ball or foot-ball team, or row on the crew; which teams shall play on a given date, when most gate-money is expected; these and many other matters of a most unsportsmanlike character come up for acrimonious discussion, which ought not to arise between gentlemen at all.

The games themselves are played during the exciting and decisive moments, amid a yelling, howling, and cheering, backed up by a brass band, that would do credit to an Omaha dance among Sioux Indians. Worst of all, this pandemonium is methodically let loose under the direction of certain leaders, at a time when it is intended that it shall seriously disconcert opponents. Decisions of the umpire, if they are in the least doubtful, are received with jeers and howls, and the players themselves express their dissatisfaction, by grimaces and gesticulation, which would be unbecoming and punishable in infants deprived of their toys. It is true that it was some score of years ago, and possibly would not happen now, but the writer playing foot-ball against one of our prominent universities, on their own ground, was with the rest of the team hooted at, jeered, and almost interfered with during the game by the members of the university whose present supremacy at the game in question makes such behavior unnecessary.

One may say that such behavior is never, certainly rarely, seen among amateurs in England. Fathers would be ashamed of their sons; schools and universities would lose not only caste, but revenue and reputation, if such things happened, and the head-masters and masters would root out such evils at any cost. If the playing of games resulted in this veritable delirium of excitement, they would no more permit it than they would countenance the taking of dangerous stimulants by the boys. They would consider the two on the same plane of harmfulness.

One must add, in this connection, that games as played in America are not more difficult, nor are the points to be decided nicer than in English games. An illustration of how we in America try to obviate all possible causes for dispute, is found in the fact that the batter is not out now, if he is caught off the bat by the catcher, at our game of base-ball. It was difficult to decide whether it was the snap of the catcher's gloves, or some like-sounding noise, or the actual contact of the swift ball and the bat; hence the change. But at cricket there is even a more subtle point still left to the judgment of the umpire. Indeed, this latter is worthy of emphasis because it stands quite alone, I believe, as being the only question, not of fact but of hypothesis, left to the decision of an umpire in any game now played. The point in question is known to cricketers as "leg-before-wicket." Here the umpire is called upon to decide whether a ball pitched at a certain spot *would have* hit the wicket, if the batsman's leg had not been in front of the wicket at the time. It is a very nice question of eye and judgment at the best of times. In scores of games of cricket at which the writer has been either spectator or participant, he has seen many men given out "leg-before," men from all classes of society, from the member of his university eleven down to the butcher's boy on his village eleven; but in no single case has he seen the player make a gesture or open his lips to question the decision of the umpire, or to make a comment. Granted that one is even prejudicedly American, one may well question whether so very delicate a decision as this would pass unchallenged, by both players and spectators, in a match between two American colleges, upon which great hopes were placed,—and probably some dollars.

It is fair to say in this connection that our spectators are largely at fault in this matter. To the uninitiated the prime, not to say the sole, interest of a game is, who wins. Our spectators are despondent, or elated, according as their favorites win or lose. All the accessories and fine features of a well-contested game are swamped for the majority by this one all-embracing interest. They appreciate little else, because they

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understand little else, and they therefore put the emphasis much too strongly on the one feature of winning. An English audience is not only much less excitable, and much more experienced, but a technically educated audience, and the spectators get their enjoyment from a multitude of nice details, and therefore do not have the same baleful influence upon the players.

In this matter of the influence of the spectators I must repeat, even at the risk of saying the same thing over and over again in these pages, that neither the English nor the Americans appreciate how much more democratic in these matters as well as in many others, is England than America. Englishmen who only know America at the long range of theory cannot understand what seems like a contradiction; and Americans who are mostly but birds of passage in England, do not recognize the truth of it. There cannot be the slightest doubt in the mind of the man who knows both countries, and who has played the games of both countries, that the Englishman is a far more democratic sportsman than the American. I mean by that, definitely, that all classes come far oftener in contact with one another, especially in the provinces, than with us, and are on more friendly and less awkward terms of good fellowship. Trades-people, school-boys, the squire, the parson and the noble play together, interest themselves together, and get on together in the most wholesome fellowship at cricket, boating, hunting and the like. Almost more than anything else this has made England so homogeneous a nation.

This custom is an advantage, in that thus a very large number of both players and spectators, of whatever class, have not only seen, but have participated in games, with players playing for the love of the game, and with a respect for, and a courteous obedience to, its best traditions. The butcher and the ironmonger would be as quick to see and reprehend such a trick, let us say, as knocking a man's bails off when he accidentally steps out of his ground, as the young gentleman from Eton. The rule is, that a man may be thus put out for stepping out of his ground, but unless he persists in stealing ground, there is a higher, though unformulated law, which says this advantage shall not be taken. In America, at base-ball, on the contrary, the habit of running inside of second and third base, thus shortening materially the ground covered by the runner, became so frequent that now two umpires are employed, when, if the players could be trusted, only one is necessary.

The large proportion of the general public in America who interest themselves in the playing of games, labor under the overwhelming disadvantage of seeing only our game of base-ball, and that played by paid professionals who are managed by stock companies, whose sole desire is to make money out of an exhibition of ball-playing. Nothing could be worse. These players are not, as the stranger might gather from the names of the clubs, as the Chicago, the New York, the Boston, the Washington Club, men from those particular cities. On the contrary, there is a regular traffic in players by the managers of the clubs, without the least attention to what part of the country they hail from. They play purely and simply for their salaries, with no more sectional loyalty than a race horse which runs to-day for one owner, and to-morrow for another. As their living depends upon their success at the game, one can readily understand their attitude toward the umpire, toward one another, and toward the game. They care no more for the best traditions of the game, nor for a sportsman-like attitude in their play, than a terrier hunting rats. Nothing could be more debilitating to the morals of sport than the state of things as above described. It is true that cricket in England includes many professionals, but no county eleven is without its contingent of gentlemen players, one of whom is always the captain, and the standard of behavior demanded of, and acquiesced in, by both players and spectators, is very high. A row on a base-ball field is not uncommon, and a graduated scale of fines, to be inflicted upon players by the umpire, is a necessary weapon of defence in his hands, against insult and even assault; while a disturbance at a cricket match is practically unheard of. Foot-ball in England, played by professionals and attended by vast crowds, suffers much as our base-ball, and rows and assaults are not uncommon.

I have gone at some length into this matter because the American in the west, south-west, and south, indeed the American,

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generally, has little interest in sport; and the influential portions of these and practically all communities, except in Massachusetts and the neighborhood of New York, where the college graduate is beginning to make his influence felt, cannot, from any similar experience of their own, in the least realize what a predominating factor sport is, and has been, in this English civilization. The Duke of Wellington's dictum about Eton's effect upon Waterloo sounds in American ears like an exaggerated flattery of sport. As a matter of fact, it is a commonplace. There is not the smallest doubt but that the education, moral and physical, of these Englishmen through sport, is one of the most saliently distinct features of their civilization. You can see it in their 'bus and cab-drivers in the management of their horses, and from thence all the way up to their management of the large variety of races they control in their colonies. What you see at Lord's, you can see in Egypt and in India. They play more than they pray, and they spend more upon sport every year than upon either education or religion. There is no false shame about it. On the contrary, there is enthusiastic and unabashed interest in all forms of sport, by practically the whole population from highest to lowest. It is looked upon, in short, as part of the curriculum of education. One might search a long time to find an English Cabinet, one or more of whose members was not an authority at racing, or fishing, or hunting, or cricket, or rowing, and the like. The few who do not take an actual part, live surrounded by, and steeped in, this atmosphere.

As we have seen, they are not by origin or by temperament a pugnacious race. Their fighting is done generally to preserve the peace, to keep themselves and their land in quiet, however selfish their aim may be.

It is a far cry, perhaps, from playing to painting, but I never stroll through an English art gallery without noting the quiet, the homeliness, the innocence of the scenes their native artists choose for their studies. Fred. Walker, Dicksee, J. C. Hook, Luke Fildes, Wyllie, Constable, Poynter, Farquharson, Orchardson, Millais, Holl, Frith, Watts, Linnell, and many others; go look at their work, whether a landscape or a study of a situation, like Fildes's pathetic painting "The Doctor," for example, and see how simple, how quiet, how pathetic are the scenes that appeal to them. It was to these people first that landscape appealed. There is no enthusiasm for mere land and sky, in Greek, or Roman, or Renascent art. It was born here, that particular love of the land, lifted into poetry and painting, through the brush and pen of Englishmen. The animal virility, which will out, and which finds its vent elsewhere in political excitement, in pornographic literature, and suggestive art, which unsteadies and excites, and culminates here in Napoleon, there in Zola, or here in a revolution, and there in a morbid philosophy, seems to be dissipated and calmed in this moist island, and to lose its feverishness among these hard-playing islanders.

The bulk of their art leans to the mild type, as does their literature, and their statesmanship. The effervescent politician or demagogue, whose denunciations are suspicions, whose promises are dreams, and whose actual achievements are mere rhetorical promises to pay, seldom makes much headway here, and rarely lasts long. The turbulent and spectacular journalism, common elsewhere, pecks at the heart of public interest here largely in vain. Men of whatever class cannot be coached to believe that noise and fury, personal attacks and impudence, are to be trusted, or that bombastic oratory means real business and level-headed leadership.

The reader has quite mistaken the meaning of this chapter, however, if on reading it he concludes that the writer intended a eulogy of sport and game-playing, and in particular of English sports and games and nothing else. This is not at all the object of the chapter. The intention is to emphasize, strongly, the very large, one might even say the disproportionately large, place they occupy in English life, and to show also that what good they do, and the comparatively little harm they do, are due entirely to the fact that they give in some sort a training for life, because as a rule they are conducted on sounder lines of fair play, sanity, and uprightness than anywhere else in the world.

It is not the business of this chapter to discuss the question as to whether a hard-drinking, hard-riding, game-playing, out-door-loving people will continue to hold

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their own against such rivals as America, Germany, and Japan. Personally, I believe we stand at the parting of the ways, and that the student of England and the English is looking on to-day at the first indications of the decay of, in many respects, the greatest Empire the world has ever seen. The sun that never sets is setting. Nothing but a tremendous, almost miraculous, wrench can turn our stout, red-cheeked, honest, sport-loving John Bull away from his habits of centuries, to compete with his virile body against the nervous intelligence of a scientific age. His game of settlement on the land, there to raise his crops, there to play, there to live in peace, there to expand himself till he occupies his present large proportion of it, he has played to perfection. But the nations are playing a new game now, and some of them seem to play it more brilliantly and more successfully than he does. Though one may praise, and praise honestly, the game he has played, and the manly way, upon the whole, he has played it, this need not interfere in the least with the conviction that he is being caught up with—which means, of course, ere long left behind—in the far more scientific game that Germany, Japan, and America are now playing.

That pleasant physical fatigue which lulls the nerves to sleep, and which is one of the most beneficent effects of physical exercise, may be at work in this case, leaving Mr. Bull as confident as ever, and pleasantly unconscious of his own danger. That this worship of, and training of, the body by playing games seriously and taking sport seriously has provided them with a calmness, steadiness, and fearlessness of character all their own, no one can doubt. That these characteristics have made them ideal governors of inferior races, no one but perhaps a jealous German will deny; nor can it be denied, either, that it has kept the peace at home, leaving them unharmed and practically untouched by the class wars and modern political philosophies, which have caused grave unrest among the masses of the people all over the world.

England, at any rate, has kept in view the laudable ambition to bring up her rich with the hardness and resourcefulness of the poor, while we in America have dropped into the vulgarity of bringing up our poor to be rich. Not a few of our social sorrows in America are being fostered by a widely advertised, though fortunately small class who, having been recently poor, are trying to appear anciently rich. At least there is no such thinly veiled hypocrisy, no such self-conscious social awkwardness in England. That, at any rate, is not their weakness. On the other hand, the easy unconsciousness born of great physical vigor and great national success is apparently consoling them with a blind belief that theirs is the only type of manhood, theirs the only road to national health and prosperity. Alas, there are many indications just now that though this is a brave and comfortable creed, it is not comprehensive enough.

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A MAN'S PRAYER

By Grace S. H. Tytus

HER shifting creeds had robbed me of my own,
My very name she changed to mask a spite,
Faithful to no one but herself alone,
She stood between my conscience and the light.

Year upon year I fought for my ideal
Of her, as seen athwart my own love's screen,
Cherished a picture, knowing it not real,
Because I needed what she might have been.

This in the past. But now a little child,
Tearing the veil aside, clings to my knee,
And as I must have looked at her and smiled
Long years ago, smiles and looks up at me.

Grant, Lord, that from the spaces she left bare
May spring my teaching, and, old stings forgot,
I for my own child a new smile may wear.
Help me to be—all things which she was not.

Grant me my child's respect as sole reward,
And then, before I draw the veil anew,
Just for the old delusion's sake, O Lord,
Show me one trust to which she was half true.

PASCAL ROCHETTE'S PENANCE

By Elizabeth Shaw Oliver

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER H. EVERETT

THE Curé of St. Fidèle laid aside his vestments in the sombre sacristy and reviewed his morning achievement. On this eleventh Sunday after Trinity he had preached a great sermon; a sermon on temperance. His text from the Ephesians: "Drunkenness, revelling—they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven," had rolled sonorously from the high pulpit to every corner of the crowded parish church. At the plainness of the statement men had straightened themselves, women had nodded emphatically, and little children had opened their eyes. He had preached for fully an hour, but his people's attention had not wandered; without quivering an eyelid, without moving a muscle, they had sat spellbound in the uncushioned wooden pews. The Curé, himself, had not been insensible to the power of his appeal; even now, as he moved mechanically about the sacristy, he was tasting in retrospect the joys of the orator, looking once more on that sea of upturned faces, feeling again men, women and children vibrate at his lightest touch. None of his parishioners, he remembered, had borne so strongly the impress of fear and repentance as Pascal Rochette, the owner of the village saloon. He could not forget the man's big head, with its red-gold beard, its shaggy, unkempt hair, its light-blue eyes, which had stood out so strongly from its fellows that, in the end, swept along on the tide of his own elo-

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quence, it had seemed that the parish church held but two beings: himself and the burly publican. As in flaming sentences he had pictured the terrors that await those who ignore the apostle's warning, he had seen Pascal's great face work with emotion, and finally, when he had ended his sermon by a denunciation of all those who, in the pride of their hearts, are a stumbling block to their brothers, he had heard the big man weep aloud.

St. Fidèle had nestled for years among the green encircling hills untroubled by the sorrows of intemperance. Guided gently, but firmly, by Monsieur le Ferrière and upheld by the people, Mayor and Council had voted persistently against license, until, with the building of the new saw-mill and the subsequent influx of foreign labor, a party had arisen which scoffed at such conservatism, and declared open war on the time-honored policy. As the mill interest grew, the radical party gained in power, and at the last election, in spite of the Curé and his trusted lieutenants, swept all before it. Philippe Coutourière, a mayor shorn of office and glory, was forced to give his undivided attention to shop-keeping, and Pete Tremblay, the boss of the mill, reigned in his stead.

The first official act of the new government had been a reversion of St. Fidèle's temperance attitude; the village was declared in favor of license, and Pascal Rochette, an overgrown farmer with a pirate's beard and a rabbit's brain, opened his saloon between the blacksmith's and the shoemaker's. Here for the last month Pascal had ingeniously plied his trade; his *whiskey blanc*, though bad, was cheap. At all times of day, at all times of night, a half-dozen or more of the villagers could be seen lolling over the long, wooden counter, sipping their *petits verres*. The old priest, bent on the duties of his office, often passed the rough, unpainted building, but never without a sigh, for, little by little, he saw the best of his people drawn into the meshes of Pascal's net. Drunkenness became an every-day occurrence, moral standards lowered rapidly. The Curé was forced to realize that the hour of secret protest and pleading was over. Harassed but undaunted, he decided to preach a sermon, not an ordinary Sunday discourse—a gentle exposition of the daily duties of Christian life—but a denunciation so severe, so eloquent, that the parishioners of St. Fidèle should tremble, and turn them from their evil ways. All through the months of June and July the Curé, his *soutane* caught high with safety-pins, his hands behind his back, had paced his garden walk, casting and recasting his sentences, planning and replanning his climaxes. He was a man who battled seldom, but when once engaged gave no quarter.

"*C'était terriblement beau* your sermon, Monsieur le Curé," said François Lavoie, as he placed the priest's simple midday meal on the bare table in the back room of the presbytère. "St. Fidèle talks of nothing else!"

The Curé smiled. "What will they do?" he said.

"*Dame*, Monsieur!" returned François, shrugging his shoulders, "that is quite another affair!"

The old priest meekly bent his head. Still he could not forget Pascal's face. He felt confident that to one, at least, he had not preached in vain. Would it be wise, he mused, to follow up his seeming victory, strike while the iron was hot, or to allow the weight of his words to sink unaided into the man's soul. Eating his boiled meat, he considered the matter; but over and above his solicitude for this erring member of his flock floated the assurance that, whatever the results, Jean le Ferrière had preached a great sermon. Before he went to bed he looked out on the stars shining low above the murmuring river and thought once more of his morning's triumph. Perhaps, after all, his eloquence was wasted in this little hill town; he must speak to his Bishop; perhaps he had been created to preach to the wise rather than to the foolish.

The Curé was in the midst of that first sound sleep which is the luxury of rich and poor alike when a group of men, all more or less under the influence of *whiskey blanc*, staggered out of Pascal Rochette's bar and made their zigzag way in the direction of the presbytère.

"That was a sermon of first-class, never have I had so much drink for so little," hiccoughed Joseph Desbiens, as he pressed old Hector Dufour's homespun-clad arm. "Monsieur le Curé is a man of talent, we should stop *chez lui* and tell him of our admiration."

Dufour, the bent shoemaker, nodded his

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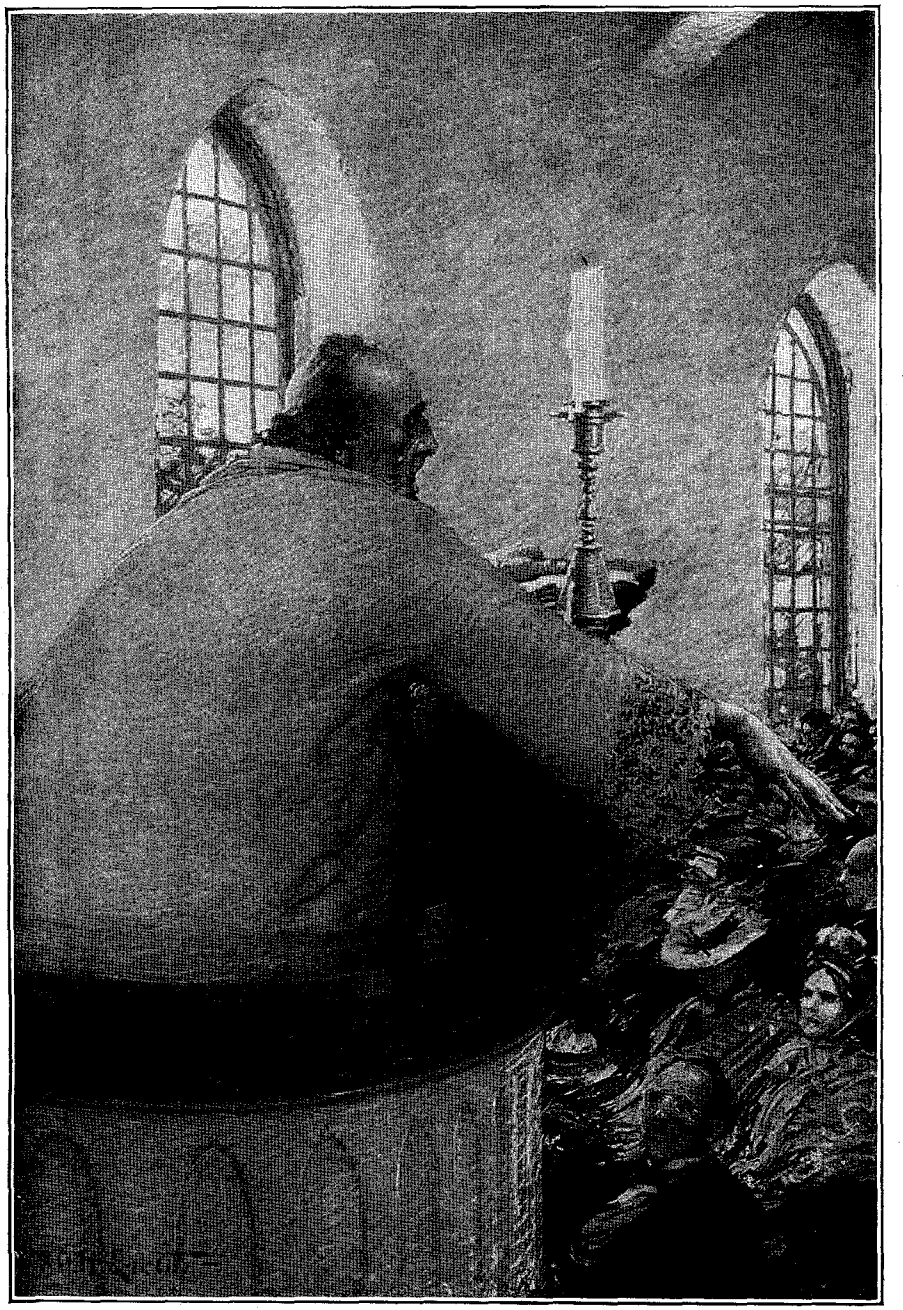

Drawn by Walter H. Everett.

In flaming sentences he had pictured the terrors that await those who ignore the apostle's warning.—Page 356.

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gray head approvingly; then, with a touch of genius, "we will give him a little serenade," he said; "*C'est fin ça.*"

The idea thus fathered received an enthusiastic allegiance, it grew, it prospered. Each member of the noisy group, eager to do his part, went his way with drunken gravity, to return a few minutes later a stone's throw from the house of the slumbering priest. Hector Dufour and Joseph Desbiens had brought their fiddles, rude, unvarnished instruments with wire strings and mangy bows. Ulysse Otis willingly exposed his Quebec accordion to the damp night air, while Dosité Girard and Pamphile Maltais were armed with battered mouth organs. The remainder of the serenaders trusted to their voices. The old shoemaker, by right of seniority and superior intelligence, constituted himself the leader.

"My children," he said pompously, if a little unsteadily, "we will play together an air which is familiar to all of you, '*Malbrouck se va-t-en guerre*'; those who do not play shall sing, and when we have finished the fifth couplet Pamphile Maltais, who is a *gars du talent*, shall make a *parlement*. He shall tell Monsieur le Curé that the Saint Père could preach no better, that he has the love of his thirsty people, and that we are much obliged to him."

A titter burst forth from the huddled homespun group, but Hector quelled it with an imperious stamp of his *botte sauvage*.

"Silence," he commanded, "and when I say one, two, three, commence."

The men stood at attention, and at the given signal, accentuated by a rapping of old Dufour's bow on the back of his fiddle, broke forth into discord and confusion. No instrument was tuned like another, no voice struck the same note.

Monsieur le Ferrière, awakened thus rudely, sprang indignant and puzzled from his bed to catch, amid the din of drunken voices, the remnants of the well-known chanson:

Malbrouck se va-t-en guerre, li ri too ra la, li ri too ra la
Malbrouck se va-t-en guerre ne sait quand il viendra.

Là bas

Courrez, Courrez, courrez petites filles jeunes et gentiles
Courrez, courrez, courrez venez ce soir vous amuser.

He rushed to the window, he flung it wide open. Standing in the glimmering moonlight, his white-haired head thrown indignantly back, his eyes flashing, he looked like an avenging spirit of some other world, but the men below were too far gone in whiskey to take fright at danger signals.

The singers clapped their hands, the players cheered. "There he is," they said, "one sees he finds us *ben fins*."

Conscientiously, discordantly, they played through their five couplets; then, at the sight of old Hector's upraised bow, the music ceased and Pamphile the orator stepped forward.

By this time the village was awake, lights began to gleam through unshuttered windows, dim figures moved to and fro in the moonlight, and François Lavoie, his face scarlet with anger, hung out of a lower window and shook his fist at the serenaders.

"Monsieur le Curé, Messieurs and Dames," began Pamphile, with a wave of his hand, but St. Fidèle was never destined to hear his *parlement*.

"Pamphile Maltais," said the priest, knitting his white eyebrows and leaning out of his window, "thou art mad with whiskey; all thy companions are drunk. Where didst thou get thy liquor?"

"At Pascal Rochette, of course," shouted the unabashed Pamphile, "thank you, Monsieur le Curé," and he took off his battered straw hat and waved it enthusiastically toward the indignant priest.

The Curé's lined face flushed. He squared his shoulders. "Go to your homes," he said, sternly; he spoke like a man accustomed to obedience; "you have brought disgrace upon the village. Never in the history of St. Fidèle have her people so forgotten themselves. I am ashamed for you, my children, ashamed for St. Fidèle. Go, and to-morrow think of what you have done!"

Though the men hardly grasped the meaning of the angry priest's words, a life-long subordination to the church swayed their bewildered brains. With one accord, heads hanging and with uncertain footsteps, they disappeared from the moonlit road like a flock of frightened sheep.

The Curé was alone by the open window. Little by little the village quieted down, lights were extinguished, voices ceased, but still the Curé did not move.

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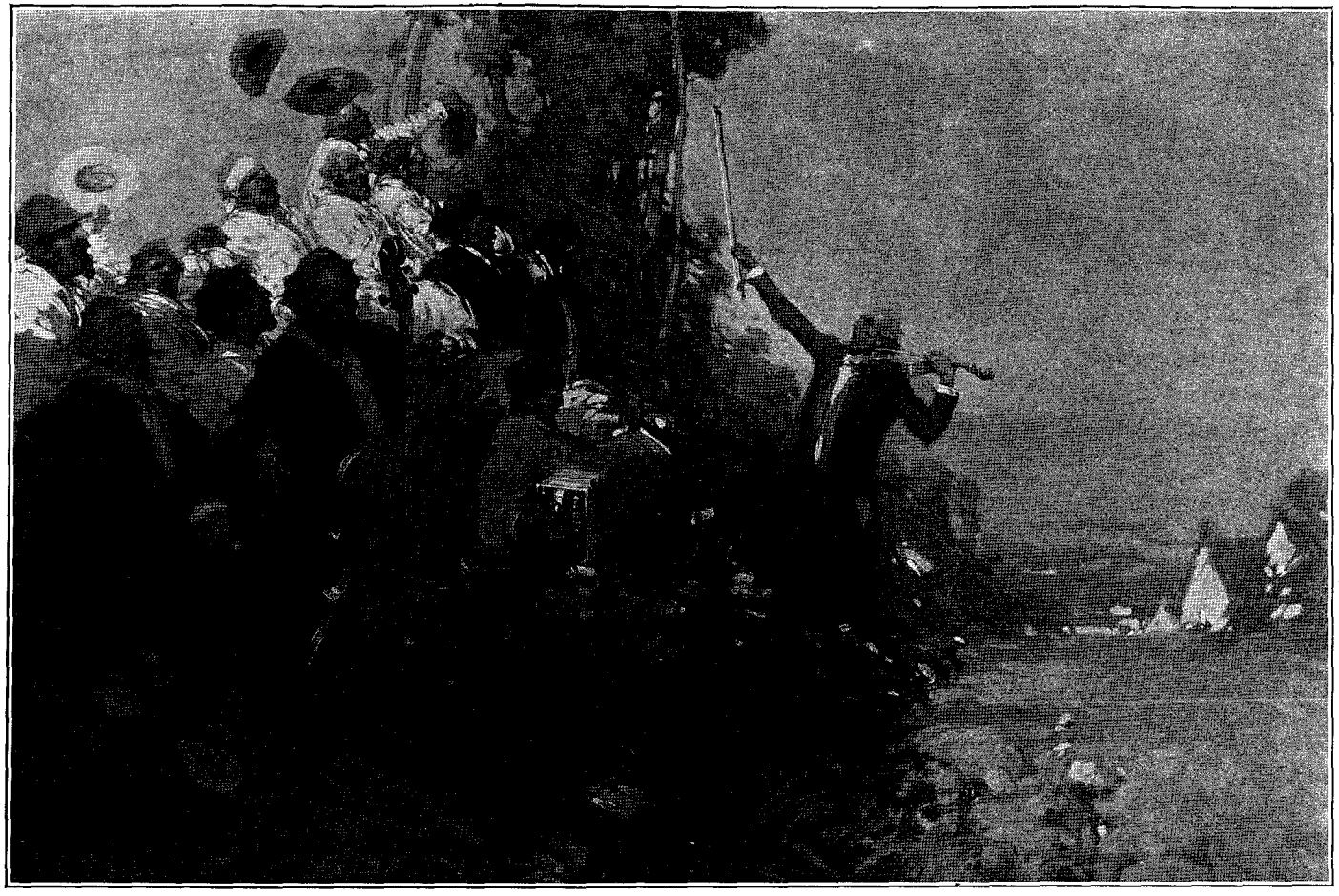

Drawn by Walter H. Everett.

The men broke forth into discord and confusion.—Page 358.

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"Pamphile said they bought the liquor '*chez* Pascal Rochette,'" he said at last, with a shiver. "Alas, my sermon, my sermon!"

. . . . . .

The next morning dawned fair: first the steel-blue sky with the morning star swinging clear over the great river, then the trembling, uncertain light of new-born day, and finally the red shoulder of the sun, pushed slowly above the low-lying South shore. The Curé was early astir; all night he had tossed sleepless on his bed, tormented by remembrances of the evening's scandal; slowly but surely anger had given place to self-recrimination. Was he not, after all, responsible for the men's behavior? This was the question he asked over and over again, and over and over again his sensitive conscience answered yes. He was getting old, unfit for his position, he had not sufficiently fought the growing power of Pete Tremblay and his party, he had dilly-dallied with the evils of Pascal's bar, and finally, in his unwarranted satisfaction with his Sunday sermon, he had been guilty of the sin of pride. The old man, as he fastened the last button of his *soutane*, hung his head.

"*Mea culpa*," he murmured, "*mea culpa*."

He was deaf to the white-throat's morning song, he was blind to the nodding orange lilies beneath the presbytère windows, and he said his mass mechanically, if reverently.

At breakfast François Lavoie noticed his master's depression, but, though he guessed its source, he tactfully omitted any reference to last night's scandal.

"Come, Monsieur le Curé," he said, as one might speak to an ailing child, "take a little food. To eat, Monsieur, is the will of God as well as a temptation of the devil."

But the old priest silently shook his head, for, slowly but surely, he had arrived at a painful conclusion which sapped his appetite and depressed his spirits. That he himself was the most guilty he did not attempt to deny, and perhaps, on the whole, it would be wiser and better to give up his parish; nevertheless, before taking such a step, and for the good of his flock, he must make an example of Pascal Rochette, the man who had flaunted a disregard for his brothers' welfare and a depraved sense of his own independence in the very face of the church's disapproval. Much as the Curé shrank from such measures, he felt he must not falter. He would make one more effort to reclaim Pascal, and if that failed he would launch against the sinner the dreaded thunder of excommunication.

Immediately after breakfast the Curé went to his room. He took off his rusty, weekly *soutane* and replaced it by his newer Sunday garment. He put his best hat on his head, his buckled shoes on his feet. The Curé, like his far-off ancestors of France, was going forth to do battle dressed in his finest.

François Lavoie, with open mouth, watched the old priest pick his way across the muddy road and walk in the direction of the newly built saloon.

"Seigneur," he exclaimed, rubbing his knotted hands together, "Monsieur le Curé has his clothes of Sunday. Pascal Rochette is in danger!"

There was no visible life before the rude, unpainted building which was, at one and the same time, Pascal Rochette's house and place of business. Slowly but firmly the Curé mounted the rough steps and, lifting the latch, stepped into the low-raftered, empty bar. Here there was ample evidence of the night's orgy; broken bottles, some empty, some half full, covered the unplaned floor and counter, window panes were shattered, chairs legless. The old man's brows drew sharply together and his mouth closed convulsively. Probably both Pascal and his wife were sleeping off the effects of their excesses. Disgusted and angry, he strode across the room and flung open the door leading to the Rochettes' living apartments.

"Thank God, they have no children," he murmured.

The Rochettes' kitchen was no more sordid than those of their neighbors, the faded rag carpet no dirtier, the glowing stove no more dilapidated, but to the Curé's highly wrought nerves its lack of order seemed this morning a many-tongued testimony to the degradation of the liquor trade. It therefore surprised him to get a glimpse of Madame Rochette in the adjoining shed, standing thus early before her wash-tub, skirts pinned carefully behind, soapsuds to the elbow. She was so intent on her work that at first she did not see him.

"Good day, my child," he said, taking off his hat, and little Madame Rochette, with a

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scream of surprise, raised her head, made a vain, embarrassed effort to wipe the soapsuds from her hands and to straighten her rumpled hair.

"Good day, Monsieur le Curé," she gasped; she entered the kitchen and hurriedly placed a yellow wooden chair by the stove. "It will be a fine day."

The old priest faltered, but finally seated himself. There was no doubt in his mind on one subject: whatever little Madame Rochette's share in the past scandal, she was at present quite her unoriginal self.

"I wish to speak with thy husband," he said at last, rather awkwardly. "Where is he?"

"In an instant," replied the little woman, winking her near-sighted brown eyes. "I will call him for Monsieur; he washes his *planche* at the stable," and she whisked herself out of the kitchen.

In St. Fidèle, Pascal Rochette's *planche* was not noted for its cleanliness; this excess of neatness was, therefore, somewhat puzzling to the Curé. Was this Pascal's new form of intoxication, he mused, as he sat upright in the wooden chair, his feet close together, his hands on his knees, waiting patiently.

Before many minutes had passed there was a murmur of voices, a scuffle of feet, and the huge form of Pascal Rochette filled the doorway. The big, red-bearded fellow pulled at his forelock in embarrassed silence, and the old priest, with growing wonder in his eyes, examined him slowly from head to foot. Pascal, contrary to his usual custom, was as sober as the priest himself.

"You wish to see me, Monsieur le Curé," he murmured, turning his great head from side to side like a bashful child.

The Curé cleared his throat. He had come prepared to meet a half drunken and rebellious publican, and the man's sober, if awkward, docility troubled him.

"Yes, my son," he said. "I wish to speak with thee, to tell thee—" and then he paused, uncertain of his ground.

"Ah, Monsieur le Curé," said Pascal, stepping within the threshold and flushing with pleasure, "it is, I see, as Claudia says, you come to tell us you are content with what we did last night, to give us your blessing."

The priest's jaw dropped.

Pascal, his former embarrassment dispelled, continued breathlessly: "Ah, Monsieur, that was a great sermon, a sermon of first-class. At first I say what is it of which Monsieur le Curé and the good St. Paul talk; they know nothing of such matters; for a curé or a saint it is not *convenable* to be *en boisson*, but for the rest of the world from time to time it is the custom. And then, Monsieur, little by little, I begin to listen; what you say has the air to be of good sense, and I see, too, that the good St. Paul is a man of certain talent. I remember Ernest Dufour, who is drowned at the logging camp because he go to the drive when he is *en fête;* he leave, I know, five little children and a sick wife. I remember Napoleon Gagné, whose horse run away from him, when he is *un peu exalté*, and throw him from his *planche* with a broken leg. *Dame*, I say to myself, Monsieur le Ferrière has reason, too much *whiskey blanc* is not good, and I promise to myself that I will only take *quelques petits coups* from time to time. Monsieur le Curé, then you say it is not good that a man should tempt his brother. *Eh bien*, what is that to me? I think my brothers are all at *Lac St. Jean;* but you contend that all the village is my brother. Seigneur, I say that is a big family that Monsieur le Ferrière gives. I listen not to such words, they are bad for the business. Then, Monsieur le Curé, you talk, you talk so long, so well, that I begin to find the seat hard; I look around, I like to get out of the church, but every one looks at me, and I have fear to go. You, Monsieur le Curé, your eyes they grow big, you shake your hand at me; when a hare feels the noose round his neck and kicks with his legs he feels not worse than I: Pascal Rochette. *Mon gars*, I say to myself, at the last day of judgment *le bon Dieu* will speak like that, then it will be too late. All at once, Monsieur, my heart grow big, the tears come to my eyes. Monsieur, it is with difficulty that I sit still. I wish to get up and tell you that I have shame.

"When mass is over I speak to no one. I go straight to my house and then I tell my wife how I feel. She, too, has the heavy heart. 'What shall I do?' I say, 'to show Monsieur le Curé and the *bon Dieu* that we repent?'

"Claudia has the head, Monsieur, that I have always said. Monsieur le Curé is right, she tell me, and Pete Tremblay is one big rascal when he makes thee take the li-

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cense; it is dangerous for thee to keep it. Thou must sell no more *whiskey blanc*, thou must become temperance, and we will go back to the farm. 'But,' says my wife, 'thou hast done much wrong and to make peace with Monsieur le Curé and the *bon Dieu*, this penance has come into my head: the two hundred dollars that thou hast gained this month, thou shalt rend them to Monsieur le Curé, and the whiskey in the house thou shalt ask nothing for it, thou shalt give it away.'"

Here Pascal, assured of admiration, paused and looked proudly at Monsieur le Ferrière, but the Curé, his hand before his twitching lips, turned abruptly to an open window and became absorbed in contemplation of the disordered barnyard.

Pascal, with a sigh of disappointment, continued his narrative. "At first, Monsieur, I say no. I have earned the two hundred dollars and there remains much whiskey, for at least fifty dollars, Monsieur. It is enough that I give up the license, become temperance and go back to the farm. But Claudia is obstinate like a pig. A penance, she says, is not a penance if it costs nothing. What would you, Monsieur," pleaded Pascal, shrugging his shoulders, "those who are married know it is better to agree with one's wife. I go to the village in the afternoon and tell everybody that I have done wrong, that I give up the license, that I give away for nothing the remainder of the *whiskey blanc*. They are good fellow in the village, Monsieur, they say Claudia is right, that she has good ideas. They all shake me by the hand and promise to help me. So when I come to my house Claudia and I open the door of the bar, we leave the bottles on the counter, he who comes helps himself. My wife and I go early to bed, but, I assure Monsieur, not to sleep. The noise those fellows made was *une affaire terrible*. I wish to send them away; but Claudia, she say 'No, it is part of the penance.'"

The Curé, still studying the barnyard, lifted his shoulders ever so slightly, but Pascal, intent on the fulfilment of his promises, was unsuspicious. He plunged a huge hand into a sagging vest-pocket and drew out a roll of dirty bills. "Here are the two hundred dollars, Monsieur," he said. His tone of voice, though regretful, was firm.

"H'm," murmured the Curé, with an assumed gravity, as he faced about and looked intently at Pascal, "h'm," and he passed a long, slim hand across his lined brow. He was humorously convinced that the Rochettes knew nothing of the last night's serenade.

"Pascal, my son," he said finally, dropping his eyes and motioning the money away from him, "wilt thou not need the two hundred dollars for the farm?" The possibility of excommunication had melted into thin air.

The man's heavy face lighted with pleasure. "Ah, Monsieur le Curé," he said, quickly pocketing the bills, "what goodness. You think, then, that the *bon Dieu* will be satisfied with less?"

The Curé's lips quivered as he rose to his feet, but he nodded his head reassuringly. He smoothed down his *soutane*, he put on his hat.

"Tell Claudia," he said finally, forming his words with slow precision, "that I am very happy. As thou sayest: she has the head, she is a good wife to thee, Pascal. It is well that thou shouldst go back to the farm; it is well that thou shouldst give up the license, but perhaps another time it would be wiser to come to me. I would not interfere with Claudia, but a priest of my age has, after all, a certain experience in penances." The Curé's face was set in grave lines and his broad-brimmed hat hid his eyes. "*Au revoir*, my son," he said, as he pushed open the door of the bar. He threaded his way through the broken bottles and stepped out into the village street.

"My children, my children," he murmured, "and I dreamed of leaving you." The clear sunshine was dazzling, the sky cloudless, and the narrow, lonely road lay white and straight between the hip-roofed houses. In the shed behind the kitchen Madame Rochette stood like a priestess before her wash-tub.

"Ah, Pascal," she said, plunging her hands in the soapsuds, "what did I say? Didst thou no see Monsieur le Curé's face? it shone like the moon of August; he and the *bon Dieu* are full of admiration."

Pascal, submissive and convinced, bowed his head to the marital yoke and only the swaying green willow before Pascal's door, as it stooped low to shelter the priest from the blazing sun, knew that, though there were tears of relief and tenderness in his faded eyes, Monsieur le Curé was laughing.

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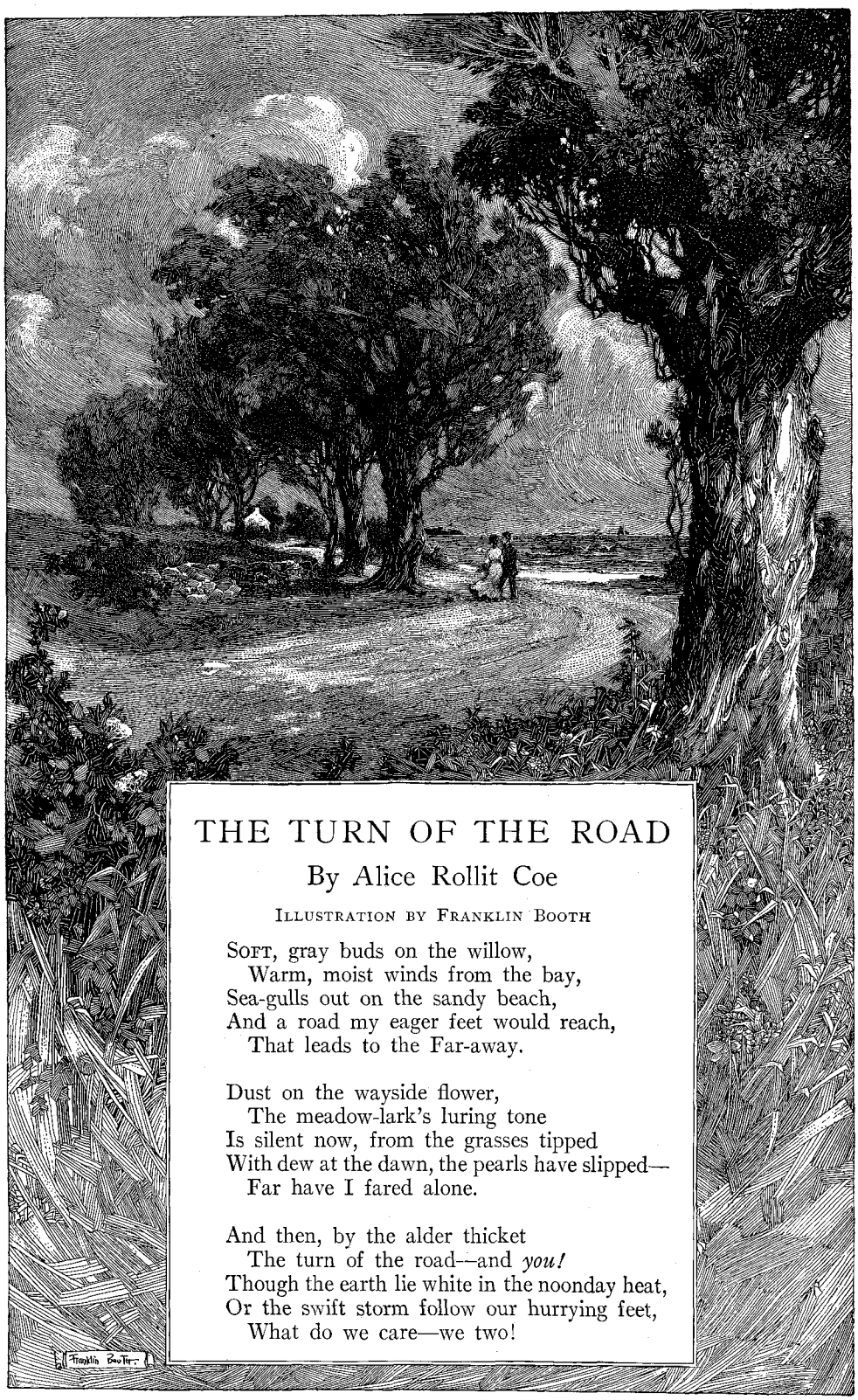

THE TURN OF THE ROAD

By Alice Rollit Coe

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

SOFT, gray buds on the willow,
  Warm, moist winds from the bay,
Sea-gulls out on the sandy beach,
And a road my eager feet would reach,
  That leads to the Far-away.

Dust on the wayside flower,
  The meadow-lark's luring tone
Is silent now, from the grasses tipped
With dew at the dawn, the pearls have slipped—
  Far have I fared alone.

And then, by the alder thicket
  The turn of the road—and *you!*
Though the earth lie white in the noonday heat,
Or the swift storm follow our hurrying feet,
  What do we care—we two!

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AN AMERICAN CONCERT OF THE POWERS

By Theodore S. Woolsey

THE *Equality of States;* rather a dull, repellent, not to say commonplace, topic is this, one says to himself. True, but so are the Ten Commandments. It is the breach of them that lends interest to them. If every state in the family of nations recognized and respected the central fact upon which political society is founded—that every other state is its own equal in the possession of rights, and must be let alone in the exercise of those rights—then truly our lines would be cast in pleasant places for the millennium would have arrived.

Let us illustrate the difference between theory and practice in the working out of this doctrine of state equality in certain of its aspects.

For two generations the states of the European continent have been divisible into two general classes: those which are respectable members of society and those which are not. The former pay their debts or at least the interest on them; are strong enough to command respect; are stable enough to encourage development; are wise enough to recognize common interests, such as the value of tranquillity; in short, are powers. The latter are outside of this charmed circle. They are in no combinations; they play the political game single-handed; they fish in troubled waters and, it may be, trouble the waters in order to fish; through ignorance or shiftlessness or policy they misgovern their subjects; they owe more than they can pay; they lack credit, stability, character, but they do not lack astuteness. Now if the equality of states were a fact, if independence or the right to be let alone were complete, such states would be allowed to misgovern and to lag behind in civilization uncontrolled.

This is not always permitted them, however. They feel the power of combinations of states of the former class exercised to keep them in the straight and narrow way and duly resent the pressure. Their one idea of statecraft is to break up such combinations by playing upon mutual jealousies, by playing off one state against another. And so we have a picture of modern Europe. Amidst the greater themes runs ever this minor chord in the European concert. The Concert of the Powers constraining Turkey and Greece and the Danubian peoples to be good and quiet, and calling their action "police power," is a familiar spectacle. Who gave them this power over their equals? They took it, and said it was in self-defence.

It may be here remarked that the very ancient principle of the balance of power, that is, the principle that if one of a group of states grows so strong as to endanger another all the rest shall combine to reduce the first to harmlessness, was also a denial of state equality and based on the same need of self-defence. The balance of power principle in one shape or another survived until the decade 1860–1870. That period saw Germany growing united and strong and finally predominant, but with no combination against her. And since then there seems to have sprung up in place of the balance of power principle a system of alliances to hold the big states in check, and the police power idea to restrain the little ones.

To avoid the appearance of vagueness let us take a single illustration of this police power and its application. Greece was a victim of Turkey's misrule. With the aid of the Powers she got her independence and passed under their tutelage. Many vicissitudes she met with, but in process of time at the Berlin Congress, like other states, fattened a little at the expense of Turkey. Unfortunately the increase of territory proved a mere paper promise. So in 1897, to call attention to her wrongs and her claims, following time-honored usage, Greece began to agitate. She aided the Christian insurgents in Crete and raided over the border in Epirus and Macedonia. Nat-

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urally war with Turkey resulted, and the warlike Ottomans speedily mastered Thessaly. Then the Powers interfered. At the outset Salisbury, as the mouthpiece of the Concert, had plainly said, "The Powers being firmly resolved to maintain the general peace, have decided not to permit the aggressor in any case to reap the least advantage from such aggression." He added further, "It is impossible that Europe should allow Christian communities to fall under the Sultan's government. But it must not be supposed, because this doctrine throws its ægis over Greece, that therefore she is to be free from all penalties attaching to unwise or unrighteous action." Thus when the moment for intervention came, Turkey was whipped off, and Greece, in a chastened spirit after her thrashing, was set going again with but trivial loss as the result of her adventure. There was no more real equality between these states than there is between the three actors in a barnyard drama when I set my dog on my cow to drive her out of my garden. Nevertheless there is plenty of reason to believe that the excuse for this abnormal exercise of control, namely, that it is done in behalf of the peace of Europe, is a good excuse and a real reason. It is to be borne constantly in mind, however, that this police power is wielded by all the leading powers of the European continent, with the sole exception of Turkey, not necessarily bound by treaty but acting unitedly because their interests are identical, and at the back of all these interests is fear—fear lest a spark not stamped promptly out may lead to a general conflagration.

Turn now to our own hemisphere.

To the casual and prejudiced observer it may be that the Latin-American states look alike. This is not the opinion of those who have sympathetically studied our neighbors. As in Europe, there are good states and bad states. There are Mexico and Brazil, Chile, Peru and the Argentine, as well as Venezuela, Cuba, Santo-Domingo, Hayti and Salvador. It is true that popular opinion and the people's will do not always find as free expression as one could wish. The beneficent despot rather than the constitutional executive has been the instrument of progress. Still, progress there has been by whatever standard you test it: by stability, by credit, by growth in wealth, by institutional development, even by constitutional control.

Yet alongside of this brighter picture is a long, dark vista of dictatorships and revolutions, of broken contracts and repudiation, of life and property insecure. In one particular the American differs from the European situation, for here there is no such danger of a general embroilment. The police power, if applied at all to the ill-behaved states, must be justified by the needs of civilization, not of self-defence. Whether such interference in the affairs of another state, based upon such a motive, is justifiable, each person must judge for himself. That President Roosevelt believes in it seems evident from his message to Congress of December 6, 1904. "Any country whose people conduct themselves well can count upon our hearty friendship. If a nation shows decency and efficiency in social and political matters, if it keeps order and pays its obligations, it need fear no interference from the United States. Chronic wrong-doing, as an influence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may in America as elsewhere ultimately require intervention by some civilized nation, and, in the Western Hemisphere, the adherence of the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrong-doing or impotence to the exercise of an international police power." And I would point out that both European powers and the United States have repeatedly assumed this right. France in Mexico, Peru and Buenos Ayres; the United States in Cuba, Santo-Domingo, and Venezuela; Great Britain in Nicaragua, Venezuela and Buenos Ayres; Spain in Peru and Chile, are cases in point. Examples of this action, big and little, justifiable and hard to justify, successful and failures, are many. Certainly if the application of an international police power in Europe is lawful, its proper use on other continents must be equally lawful. Here belongs what is called in modern political phrase, the policy of the "big stick" as if it were a policeman's truncheon. To meet this growing readiness

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violently to interfere in their affairs on pecuniary grounds, the South American states have invented a contrary principle which they call from its sponsors the Calvo or (in a milder form) the Drago Doctrine, forbidding the collection by force of contract debts claimed by one country as due its citizens by another. This was considered and agreed to by the Second Hague Conference. But the prohibition does not hold if the debtor state refuses to submit the question of liability to arbitration or if after losing in arbitration it fails to pay the award. Thus by implication the abstract right of interference is approved.

Somewhat akin to this exercise of police power is another claim which the United States alone asserts, to concern itself with its fellow American states in their defence, for it assumes to prevent full punishment of their wrong-doing. This is the Monroe Doctrine in its modern shape, the doctrine that though a European state may punish an American state for misdemeanor, may declare war upon it even, yet punishment must not result in permanent seizure of its territory. Curiously enough the United States bases such action so far as it is aimed at European powers upon the right of self-defence. President Cleveland, for instance, in his Venezuela message of December 17, 1895, says that his enforcement of this Monroe Doctrine against Great Britain "is important to our peace and safety as a nation and is essential to the integrity of our free institutions" . . . and earlier in the same month he had told Congress that "the traditional and established policy of this Government is firmly opposed to a forcible increase by any European power of its territorial possessions on this continent." Thus upon this Western continent are a variety of states with whose political fortunes our own are in this way linked and with whose commercial development we desire to be identified. But such altruism is not always appreciated. For, owing to similarity of race, speech and situation, when we interfere —as in behalf of Cuba—all the other Latin-American communities incline to suspect the integrity of our motives. This is true if the "big stick" is brandished; it is true if the Monroe Doctrine is enforced; it is true if we intervene in behalf of humanity or to advance the interests of civilization. Whatever we do *single handed* will be mistrusted. It is as if Great Britain should undertake to tranquilize South-Eastern Europe without consulting Austria and Germany and Russia.

There is another aspect of single-handed action: if the United States attempts alone to control the destinies of the minor states on this continent. It presupposes a power which it does not possess, as well as a responsibility which it cannot afford to assume. Even to redress our own wrongs, we cannot get at Venezuela behind her mountain rampart, for instance.

To march an army and to supply it, over the route which leads from the sea to Caracas is an impracticable thing and President Castro is well aware of it.

Thus we assume, under the modern broadly expanded Monroe Doctrine, to forbid foreign aggressive action against Venezuela to the extent of seizing territory, yet have no means of curbing Venezuela in her aggression upon the rights of other powers, even of ourselves.

Exactly what degree of responsibility can be attached to the United States for the misbehavior of a state like Venezuela it is difficult to say. Of course our own official attitude is to deny any responsibility at all. And yet it is open to argument whether this assumption of power without corresponding responsibility is not inconsistent with the principles of reason, of justice and of law. In this connection let me cite certain remarks of Secretary Root before the New England Society in 1904, speaking on a corollary of the Monroe Doctrine, as given in the next day's papers:

"And if we are to maintain this doctrine which is vital to our national life and safety, at the same time when we say to the other powers of the world: You shall not push your remedies for wrongs against these republics to the point of occupying their territory, we are bound to say that whenever the wrong cannot be otherwise redressed we ourselves will see that it is redressed."

To protect another from the consequences of his act, yet not to have con-

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trol over that act, is to put such person in a very favored position. It is as if a guardian allowed his ward to contract debts yet refused to permit their collection. It is the flaw in a government guaranty of bank deposits. But the motive is not altruistic but selfish, and the alleged reason does not impress one.

"You shall not have a free hand with my weaker brethren," says Uncle Sam to his European friends; "because it would be dangerous to *my* peace and safety and to the integrity of *my* institutions."

What wonder that European statesmen reply: "If you will not permit us to redress our own wrongs, then we shall look to you as the 'best friend' of the wrongdoer for compensation." Can one avoid the conviction that there is an element of justice in such complaint and in such demand? Is it not at least true that it is peculiarly to our interest to have well-behaved rather than ill-behaved states as our neighbors?

There are two ways of dealing with an offender: You may try to prevent his act, or you may punish his act. If the United States has any degree of responsibility for the conduct of its fellow states in this hemisphere; if, at least, it is peculiarly interested in that conduct, and if it cannot readily punish it without assuming an intolerable burden, the alternative treatment—prevention—suggests itself.

To prevent a wrong you must know that such wrong is imminent and moreover you must have power. To prevent Venezuela, for example, from violation of contract, repudiation of debt, perversion of the form of justice, you must have an astute observer on the spot and such control of party government as will hold an aggressive executive in check ordinarily. But see what this involves: The agent of the United States at the less trustworthy American capitals must become the centre of a web of intrigue. With money and influence he must build up a party in each which will do his bidding positively or negatively, to take action or to prevent action. As a last resort he must be ready to meet aggression with revolution. I do not think this rather shocking picture is overdrawn. The opera bouffe of the novelist might well become the reality of the statesman. And little argument is needed to show that our straightforward type of diplomacy would be unequal to such a task.

In what has been said hitherto we have contemplated action taken by our country as a single and separate state. If the argument advanced carries conviction it shows that such action is impracticable, hard to justify, embarrassing, unwise. Its harvest, as our experience shows, is dislike, not gratitude. And is this not natural, for it is a consciousness of superiority that dictates it? But there is an alternative. It is to suggest this better plan that these lines are written. Why cannot the idea of a concert of powers, working unitedly to keep the peace, to advance our civilization, to foster our trade, to protect, to regulate, even to punish, be translated to these Western shores—an American police power in the hands of all the stable, responsible and orderly states of this hemisphere?

Several facts are leading up to this idea. One is the formation of the International Union of American Republics as a result of the Pan-American Congress of 1889, to emphasize and foster the solidarity of American interests. Reciprocal arbitration agreements have been entered into, mutual knowledge has been gained, the first step has been taken toward the habit of acting together. Of this the Bureau of American Republics at Washington, with its machinery for getting and diffusing information, is a constant reminder.

Another influence tending strongly in the same direction is that memorable journey to the South American capitals by Secretary Root two years ago, at the time of the third international conference of the American republics in Rio de Janeiro.

His statesmanlike grasp of the possibilities of the situation, his sympathetic understanding of the Latin-American character, his tactful speech and friendly manner have done much to pave the way for the policy here advocated.

In the joint action by the United States and Mexico in 1906 to induce

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three Central American states, Honduras, San Salvador and Guatemala, to keep the peace, resulting in what has been called the Peace of Marblehead, because that ship served as neutral ground for deliberation, we see the actual introduction of the principal under discussion, a union of American powers to apply restraint (*i. e.*, the police power) to certain of their fellows.

This joint action was followed the next year by Mr. Root's visit to Mexico, thus completing his informative journeys to our neighbor states.

In the light of the various facts here recalled, is it too much to say that a Concert of Powers in America is actually in process of formation; that its influence in keeping the peace has already been exercised and that the machinery for its working already exists?

Do not cherish the belief that such a concert will introduce the millenium. Within its membership as well as outside of it, will be suspicion and jealousies and disagreement, perhaps even war. It is always possible, as in Europe, that a general agreement may give place to a general conflict. But in two particulars it is reasonable to think that such joint action would be more generally practicable and peaceable than the single-handed action of one State no matter how powerful:

1. If many states unite to curb one, it means peace. One state cannot afford to fight or to flout all its neighbors, for that means isolation.

2. If the strongest American state loyally unites itself with the other "good" states, the members of this concert, at least, will have mutual respect and goodwill, which can be translated into terms of mutual and profitable trade.

Unity of action too strong to be opposed; peace as a result instead of revolution and war; the dictator at a discount, since no one will recognize him; political friendship and commercial sympathy instead of suspicion and jealousy; a premium set on stability and solvency, since to be in the concert rather than outside of it would mean so much to the minor states, would be so well worth while; a trade mutually profitable based on mutual good-will; an influence larger in world policies than any one state could aspire to. Such results as these, even if not realized, are at least worth aiming at. Are they not more profitable if the United States joins hands with its fellows on this continent, than they could be if it plays the game alone?

AT PARTING

By C. A. Price

HAVE we not known most happy life?
  Thou sayest, my Very Dear.
Vex not the end with useless strife.
  Alas! the end so near!

Hath not Love given us of his store?
  Yea, measure heaped, each day.
Whom Love hath filled fears Death no more.
  My heart—I cannot say—

Lo, I am gone where Time is not,
Being in Love's release;
Find in thy heart that dateless spot,
And it shall answer: Peace.

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BABBLE OF OLD BEAUX

By Mary Heaton Vorse

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARMAND BOTH

SOMETIMES when I sit looking at the fire of an evening, my mind travels back to those years when there was no Felicia. It is a strange thing, too, about that time; it is all very well to say that the past does not alter, but it seems to me no more stable a quantity, no more to be depended upon, than is the present or the future. Its events are governed by its own shadowy lines of change, and a year of one's life in retrospect may seem noble or ignoble, or interesting or flat, or all of them one after another. In fact, the past, instead of remaining as steady as one would expect, shifts around, slavishly reflects one's moods, twists and distorts itself according to one's pleasure. It is as though memory were a fire, and one's memories the smoke of it, eddying upward, swift-changing, and unstable.

When Felicia and I were first married, for instance, there was a time when there was no staler country than that of my past, except those parts of it which had been graced by Felicia's dear presence. Its fair places were distasteful to me; its tender memories I turned my back upon—Felicia had no share in them. Indeed, I turned my back on all that country, some of whose places were so fair, as though it were all made up of those spots which the best of us have—things that we would like to forget. I washed out, as near as I might, all my life since I was grown up, except such small parts of it as Felicia wanted for playthings. I kept my childhood, for instance. Women are fond of the childhood of the men they love—this is because they always look on us as big children, and as one tells of the things one did when one was just breeched—how one kicked at the kitchen door three hours steadily because one wanted it opened for one instead of taking the trouble of turning the handle oneself—they nod their heads wisely and smile to themselves, and this little smile means, "He hasn't changed a bit since he was seven years old."

Yes, I was as false to my past as you were when you were married, though, besides the pleasant memories and besides the gay and pleasant visions which I so rudely slapped in the face, I had one memory to whom I never did violence. It was not my first love—you may be sure I locked *her* up in as black a place as I could find. She was a little girl who looked like apple blossoms—if apple blossoms can have a turned-up nose—and who talked slang; a pretty minx, but a brazen one. No, I would have nothing to do with her during my engagement and marriage.

The name of my memory was Rosalie Carlton, and I was never for a moment false to her. She had an existence that was different from all the other commonplace, workaday memories, and this I tried to express to Felicia, who asked, "Was she pretty?"

"No," I replied, "she wasn't exactly what you call pretty—she was better than pretty; she didn't need to be pretty."

"Ho," said Felicia rudely, "I know that kind."

I ignored her. "Life," I said, "in the presence of Rosalie, played itself in a higher key. So much more seemed to happen in a day when she was with one. She gave a significance to little things. In her gay, high-spirited presence the small things of life had another meaning."

Even as I pronounced these words, they jangled at me with a guilty familiarity. I seemed to have heard myself saying them before.

"H-m-m," mused Felicia. "That was the first compliment you ever paid me which made me notice you."

There came to me an exact memory of the stealing of Rosalie's tribute for Felicia. I remembered all the circumstances of it.

"Well," I temporized basely, "you and Rosalie are somewhat alike; only you are —ah—very much more so."

After all, language is a poor thing, and the nature of man is still poorer, and as there are many fair women in the world, it

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appears that there are not enough pretty speeches to go around, so that each one shall have a brand-new set all to herself. You must needs write to your Felicia things not unlike those that you wrote at sixteen to your first love. You spell better, and you know more about your native tongue, but you tell them both that you die daily without them, and that you have never loved any one else, nor will you ever. And it makes no difference how many times you write these things—they are always true. This is one of those subtleties that women cannot understand.

I had other reasons for clinging to the memory of Rosalie. I had, after all, to have some one to oppose to the reminiscences which Felicia constantly flaunted before me. And here let me note the basic difference between men and women. You do not find a woman making her past into a blank waste for the sake of her husband, however new he is. She doesn't forget one of her old loves. They turn up in every sylvan path; they slide past one in a canoe as one goes down the river. There is no moonlit night that is not haunted by the echo of their voices—not if you have married a girl like Felicia. Their impudent letters are forever turning up when one does not want to see them. And far from being ashamed of this, Felicia seems actually proud of it. With many of them she keeps up a friendship—I have to have the creatures at dinner and be polite to them.

Like other husbands, I have my dark moments, when I wonder how it was that a commonplace fellow like me, no better than another, got such a bird of paradise for a wife. "My poor Felicia," I say to myself, "how badly, my child, you did for yourself. You should have married a great statesman; you should have been the inspiration of an artist." I go on like this until I become sorry for Felicia and ashamed

"H—m—m," mused Felicia. "That was the first compliment you ever paid me."—Page 369.

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of myself for having interfered with the brilliant future which might have been hers. Then one of the Might-Have-Beens turns up, and I will say for myself that, so far as I yet have seen, poor as I am, I am far and away better than any of those popinjays who had the impudence to look upon Felicia; though she seems strangely lacking in a perception of their inferiority. In those moments I look upon myself in the light of Felicia's rescuer. But clever as she is, she seems to expect me to share her naïve delight in her own conquests, even though they were conquests of such poor things. She tells me long stories about them, and the incidents which she spares me her friends hasten to tell me. Sometimes I get almost to the point of saying:

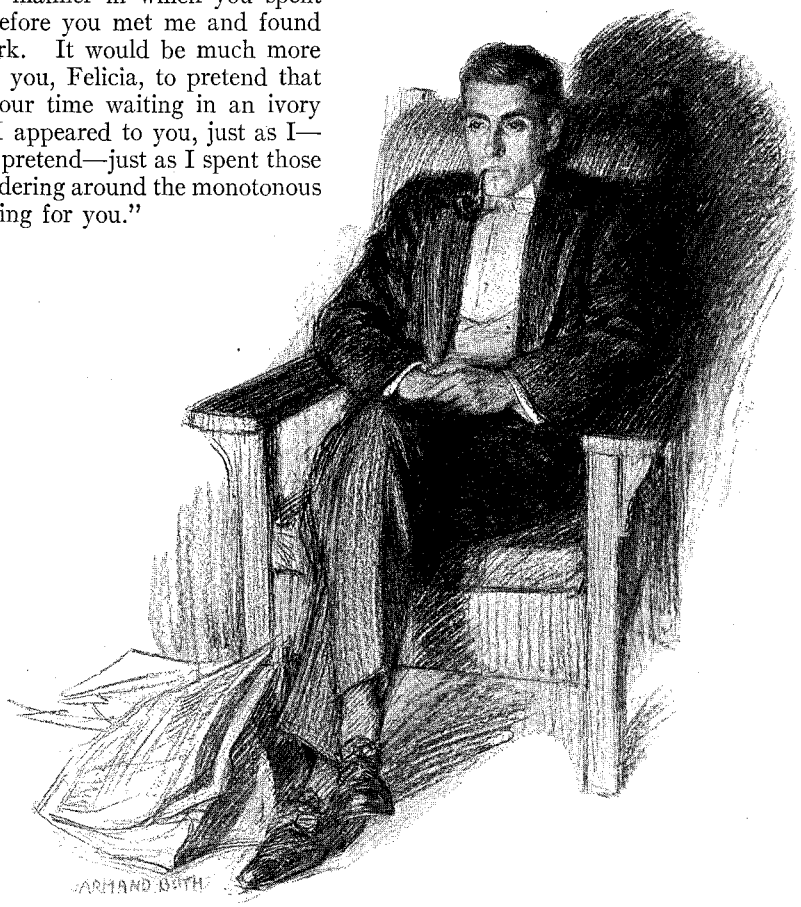
"Forbear, woman! Stop talking about these tiresome young men! Stop talking of the futile manner in which you spent your time before you met me and found your life-work. It would be much more becoming in you, Felicia, to pretend that you spent your time waiting in an ivory tower until I appeared to you, just as I—no, I do not pretend—just as I spent those years in wandering around the monotonous earth searching for you."

So it is small wonder that, to Felicia's babble of old beaux, I occasionally oppose some touching little incident connected with Rosalie.

"In the days before I met you, my dear," I confided to Felicia, "she was like a bright thread run through the homespun of my life." Again, I would tell how her gay, audacious presence had flickered in and out of my life like a will-o'-the-wisp. "The tides of life ran higher when Rosalie was there," said I to Felicia.

"Ho!" said Felicia.

But I would go on quite undisturbed: "I do not know what chance it was that separated us. I suppose it was ordained that you and I should meet, for I was still under Rosalie's spell, though some estrangement had come between us, when



"Well," I temporized basely, "you and Rosalie are somewhat alike."—Page 369.

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I first saw you." But Felicia would receive my confidences with unsympathetic sniffs, which were highly unbecoming.

As I said before, the past is an unstable land, dull or droll or interesting quite apart from one's own volition. One fine day, while I was looking backward, I noted a little unwonted color glowing here and there in what had been for some time a colorless waste. A graceful form or two flitted about.

"What are you doing there?" said I. "I had forgotten all about you. And you, Country of the Past, so dun and so uninteresting, please remember that there is no color in you."

It paid no attention to me. I would forget it for a time, and when next I chanced to look its way, it would have grown more alluring. Trees blossomed out and birds sang there. I was quite shocked with it for acting in this way, and annoyed, too, for where, I ask you, was my superiority to Felicia, who had seemed so much less idealistic to me when she played about in her past with happy unconcern? But it would have its own way with me, and as the months slid along, and years, it lured me back to itself more and more.

I know, of course, what the cynical will think. But it is not true. I love Felicia as much as I ever did—more; and if of an evening I now and again stole back and revisited some of the pretty places of my youth, and if now and again this or that forgotten friend came to visit me, this was no treachery, I am sure, to Felicia. I repeat, and with emphasis, I love Felicia more every day, a great deal more than I did in that time when I made myself odious to all the world but her. Men, when they first fall in love—and women, too—think this odiousness a proof of affection, but it is not any more than the fakir's dust and rags are a proof of holiness. If love of this kind endured, then indeed would the world become a waste; the reason it passes and changes into something decenter is that the business and pleasure of society may continue.

That one gets over this acute stage, however, is no index of diminution of affection, as the very young in love seem to believe.

Secure in this knowledge, I played around with my memories, and brought a few of them for Felicia's inspection. There was a set of young people I had belonged to, young men and maidens, whose doings seemed to me worthy of being remembered. I told Felicia about us, and how clever we all were.

"We were really intellectual," I told her, "say what you like. We may not have been as quick in the wits as your friends, but we had intellects of a solid kind, in those days." I would go on and tell her of our doings and sayings. But Felicia didn't seem interested. She perversely took a violent dislike to two of the girls, and told me flatly, moreover, that we sounded like a set of solemn owls.

"Was Rosalie Carlton one of them?" she asked suspiciously.

"No," I said. "Rosalie was different. Rosalie was by herself. *She* had wits, if you like—the real thing. There was a certain mystery about her, too, a curious quality that one never got to the end of."

"What was the name of that other clever girl that you spoke about?"

"Catherine Katon," I told Felicia.

"I've heard that name somewhere," she said. "I'm sure she's living in town now. I'll try and find out."

"Oh, will you?" I exclaimed.

"Indeed, yes," said Felicia, "I will. I'd love to meet her."

And though I have been married long enough so that I should suspect the Greeks even bearing gifts, I kissed Felicia for a kind-hearted dear.

In a short time Felicia had brought it about. Years had passed since I had seen Catherine Katon, or any of the pleasant circle of friends whose heart she was, and I confess that my own beat a trifle. She had grown a little older, but not much. She was the same distinguished, graceful person whom I remembered—just the kind of friend, in short, that one would pick out of one's past to show one's wife, better than any one I could have thought of, except Rosalie; for Catherine Katon to Rosalie was, after all, what a good modern portrait is to one of those subtle, strange pictures by Luini.

"She's charming, isn't she?" I asked Felicia, at the end of our first interview.

"Delightful," Felicia cordially assented. "I have asked her to dinner with the So-

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and-Sos, and she is to go with us to The Society Thursday night."

We saw her often. The dinner came off, and the Society; after that followed an afternoon tea on both sides; and after that a dinner on both sides, for Catherine Katon's parents had come home from abroad to make their dwelling place New York; then there followed three or four more courtesies from one or the other of us. I do not know how many times during the next three weeks I saw Catherine Katon. It seems to me a hundred. For after the first pleasure of meeting her was over, an idea occurred to me which I strangled as soon as born. Mutely I challenged Felicia, to see if the idea had occurred to her, too. She was as placid as a bowl of milk.

But somehow the edge had gone out of life. Our little doings were no longer so amusing, and yet they should have been, for wherever I turned, there was the friend of my youth, a charming picture of a well-bred gentlewoman, disposed, moreover, to treat me with all kindness. What more could I want? Yet I did want something more. I wanted, hang it, I wanted to be amused when I went out—I didn't want to talk about my soul all the time.

Then, again, what loomed larger and larger to me as the days went on were the large number of subjects which couldn't be discussed with Miss Katon. Everywhere there were signs, "Path Barred!" The conversation flowed in one deep stream, with high dikes on every hand, and the stream of talk was composed of classic art, literature, and music—classic till one busted. Was it possible that as a youth I had stood weeks and months of this? Was it possible that I should have to spend weeks and months of it now; for Felicia talked classical music and the Age of Shakespeare until I could have wrung her wicked little neck; talked it without batting an eye, and tried to continue the discussion after we got home. My heavens! can't a man sit down and get out his pipe and evening paper without his wife lugging a volume of Shakespeare under his nose, or asking him if he doesn't think if Schopenhauer had lived fifty years later his point of view would have changed? For those were the sort of questions with which my old friend's mind busied itself.

At the end of a month, when Felicia announced that she had asked Miss Katon to dinner for a certain night, "That's too bad," said I, "for I have a committee meeting directly after."

"I will ask her for the next night," said Felicia.

Here my manhood asserted itself.

"You will not, Felicia," said I, "not the next night, nor the night after that, nor any night this side of a month. Miss Katon is one of the finest women I know, but——"

"Oh," said Felicia, "I thought I had found out at last what sort of things you like."

"I do. I like her very much, but——"

Felicia gave a little sigh.

"Husbands are hard to please," she said plaintively.

I looked at her sternly.

"You know too much," said I, and I left the room abruptly. It is neither kind nor decent for a wife to know the things that Felicia does.

In that flash of intelligence that had passed between us I saw what she had been up to all the time. For the second time she had rendered a part of my past waste ground to me, only this time the ghosts could never flicker back again. She taught me over again that people as well as places can grow small when one sees them again after a lapse of years.

We see Miss Katon from time to time. She is a very nice girl indeed, and I am proud to number her among my friends, but she no longer is the guiding light she used to be, nor does she make me despise the intellects of certain other light-minded ladies of my acquaintance. No, I can no longer remember her as a guiding light, and it is Felicia's fault that this is so. And as to my other companions, who circled round Miss Katon, I turned hastily from them. I did not like to think of the high-minded and sophomoric utterances that we exchanged. I do not like to think that I was ever interested by anything that ought by rights so to have bored me.

Come, quick! Let us hurry away from this little garden which the guile of Felicia has so devastated. Even now, if I linger here, perhaps some broken stalk of a memory will fling at me a high-minded platitude. Come away!

However, I now had Felicia unmasked.

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I saw what she was up to. Felicia did not want me to have a past, no matter how innocent a one. The vain woman wanted it to be wiped out. She will loudly deny this, of course, and pretend that it is not so. But do not listen to her. It may even be that she was not aware of her own bad purpose, that it was instinct which sent her on her relentless warfare on poor Rosalie. But now I had the key. Many a small act of Felicia's that had no significance at the time now meant something to me; and it all meant the same thing, the undermining of Rosalie's influence.

The campaign against Miss Katon meant nothing else. Felicia had not cared a picayune about Miss Katon. She marked her with the insulting ticket, "Not Dangerous," the very first second her eye rested on her. This whole elaborate campaign had been a flank attack on Rosalie, although Rosalie's name had never, during these weeks, been mentioned between us. You see, it all meant, "How mistaken you were about Catherine Katon, who, though such a nice girl, is, Heaven knows, dull company enough; therefore your Rosalie—aren't her perfections the imagination of your inexperienced youth?"

To which I replied sternly: "No. Furthermore, you shall not rob me of my sweetest memory. You shall not rob me of Rosalie."

"I have caught you," Felicia would accuse me, "wondering what would have happened if you had not quarrelled."

"That is not true," I would assure Felicia with suspicious haste.

"Besides that," Felicia went on, "you like the color of her hair best."

"I never said so!" I protested.

And all the time, while these unseemly conversations were going on, our tongues would be blandly discussing where we would go to the theatre, for these communications, so humiliating to both of us, were held in that voiceless language known to all married people.

"It is not that I mind her," Felicia would pursue, "but I hate to see you waste your time on that kind of a woman. It is not dignified. If she really were worth while, now—but no one likes to see a man she cares for taken in."

At this, stung to the breaking point—"What about your old beaux?" said I. Out loud, you may be sure, I was always careful to call them fine fellows.

"I don't sit mooning about them, looking into the grate," she retorted, as if that had anything at all to do with the case.

It was natural, with all these underground messages snapping out at each other, that we should disagree with some asperity as to which theatre we wanted to go to that night. When a man first marries, he imagines that if he always speaks tactfully to his wife, it will be enough; but there is lots more in it than that. Just try thinking tactlessly for a while, and see what happens to you.

I do not like to present myself as a superior person, but I cannot forbear contrasting my conduct and Felicia's. Her old beaux I let live—I did not notice them enough to try and kill off their memories. If Felicia wanted to let her fancy play with a lot of unlicked cubs who had once wanted to marry her, and who had since then married fat and disagreeable wives, I let her; I did not bother about them. But Felicia attacked poor Rosalie as remorselessly as an Indian. She would crawl through the brush for the sake of firing one poisoned arrow at her. She stalked her in my mind. She got so I couldn't have a comfortable ten minutes of sad might-have-been meditation on Rosalie without looking up guiltily to see if Felicia had surprised us. I was driven by Felicia into the most underground methods. It is by such constant espionage that the innocent are often made guilty.

And what irritated me most was that outwardly Felicia was as calm as a picture of Peace consorting with Mercy. Not an eye did she bat while she was trying to shrivel up in me the sweet memory of Rosalie. There was a little piece of poetry that I had written to Rosalie in our early days, and in a moment of early married folly, before I knew anything about the nature of women, I had confessed to Felicia whose poem it was. She used this against me in a number of subtle ways. If I had it to do over again, I would say that I had just written it to any one, or that it had been just sitting in my mind, waiting for Felicia to come along and take it. It began:

"Thy hair is like a forest dark,
I enter in and lose my way."

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It went on better than that; I wish I had room to quote it all here. It was a very nice poem indeed.

Well, I do not need to describe all the engagements of my battle for Rosalie. It was fought out to the finish, each foot of ground disputed, and I won finally, in those shadowy places where our encounters took place. I kept the memory of Rosalie for myself, a battered little memory, it is true, and one who showed the marks of the conflict of which she had been the cause; but, nevertheless, I had won, and I thought to keep Rosalie for myself always, the more so as it seemed to me that Felicia had at last given up; for there came a time when she seemed at last to have realized my loyalty and the futility of attempting to undermine it.

But I misjudged Felicia. Many men have fought a similar battle, have tried to keep to themselves some early memory, some kind face, and have thought that they had won, and then have failed miserably, as I did, but not many fail in such a cruel way as I did; and before I go on to the end of this warning to young men about to be married, I want to put you a question. It is: did Felicia arrange it all herself or was Fate unfair and one-sided enough to play into her hands?

We have dined and counterdined with the Morris's all the years we have been married, without the name of Rosalie Carlton ever having come to the surface; so you cannot blame me for disloyal suspicion when I wonder if Felicia's fine Italian hand had not something to do with its coming up as it did. Before I knew where we were:

"Rosalie Carlton?" I had already exclaimed to Mrs. Morris. "Why, I didn't know you knew Rosalie Carlton."

"Know her! I should think I did. I suffered under Rosalie's caprices enough when I was in school. I was," she added gratuitously, "a little bit of a girl, and Rosalie was in the graduating class—let's see—why, Rosalie must be thirty-eight by now."

I had never mentioned to Felicia that Rosalie was a little bit older than myself.

"Are you sure we mean the same Rosalie?" I temporized; although the word "caprices" rather clinched the matter. I knew Rosalie's caprices myself. It was because of one of them that the final misunderstanding which had separated us had come about.

"Oh, we must mean the same girl," Mrs. Morris replied. "My Rosalie was a little, black, shiny girl—hard, like an ant, and with a face like a bad-tempered dachshund."

My glance travelled involuntarily to my wife. She was listening, but her face gave me nothing; she was listening with that polite attention which one accords to the reminiscences of one's husband's old friends, whom one has never met. She merely murmured: "You never told me she looked like a dachshund."

I never had. I had never thought of it; but now that my attention was called to it, she did rather.

"Is she married?" I asked.

"Good heavens, no!" replied Mrs. Morris. "Fools as men are, there's no man living so foolish as to marry Rosalie!"

"Bobby was a great beau of hers once," Felicia volunteered.

"Well, now," said Mrs. Morris, "to think of Rosalie's ever having had a beau—and a nice one, too!"

"I wasn't the only one," I said stiffly. "She was a most clever and interesting girl."

"Oh, Rosalie's no one's fool," Mrs. Morris agreed. "The ingenuity she showed in tormenting us younger girls! You never knew where to find her. She could obscure herself from view by her bad temper. I never knew any one who could retire so impenetrably into a mist of sulks."

Felicia looked at me. I knew what she was thinking was, "That was what you meant by her 'mysterious quality.'" And the humiliating part of it is, that that is exactly what I must have meant. I listened abstractedly as Mrs. Morris prattled on, and piled one anecdote on another of her school-days—stories of Rosalie's sulking tyranny; there was a verisimilitude in these pictures of Rosalie; someway, they fitted in only too well with the picture of Rosalie that I had. Mrs. Morris prattled on, as a woman will do when started on childhood reminiscences, every now and then saying tactlessly:

"To think, Bobby, of your having liked Rosalie!" While Felicia ate nuts with an

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absent-minded air, which tried to say that all this had nothing to do with her, nor was she very much interested in it.

At last I tried to lure my friend away from the topic.

"Does Rosalie still live with her horrid stepmother?" I asked.

I had only touched another spring.

"Horrid stepmother!" cried my treacherous friend—when you think that I have been talking all these years about how pretty Mrs. Morris is, she might have done better for me than this. "Horrid stepmother! It would be just like Rosalie to pretend that that angel of light was horrid. Why, Rosalie's stepmother was a perfect martyr to her; and the dance Rosalie led her! When she dies, 'Sulked to Death' will be put on that poor woman's tombstone. And usually, when one's got a difficult girl like that, one can hope to marry her off; but poor Mrs. Carlton—there was no hope for her getting rid of Rosalie that way from the first. Rosalie always quarrelled with every one. The first thing she'd have done, if she'd ever had the luck to get engaged to a man, would have been to quarrel with him, in that queer, sulky, impenetrable way of hers."

Indeed and indeed it was my Rosalie! Yes, this was the ugly warp on which was woven the mysterious and alluring web of Rosalie's intricate character. Other memories crowded in on me. I remembered how Any Miller used to take Mrs. Carlton's part in Rosalie's quarrels. He had always called her "that little black beast," and I had thought him a fool.

"There was one moment of hope for poor Mrs. Carlton," my friend pursued. "Rosalie thought of being a teacher; and when Professor Northrup heard of that, 'God help the school!' he said. But of course it came to nothing. And Rosalie is the kind of girl that gets worse as years go on. I saw her, only the other day, looking as pleasant as a fog bank; and her nose grows longer every year."

At this final touch, Felicia saw the indecency of pursuing Rosalie any further. Her downfall was complete enough, even for the most exacting rival, and Felicia showed her decency by changing the subject. You see, there wasn't one thing left. Poor Rosalie was shrivelled up entirely. After that I couldn't, could I, go on dreaming about her in the fire? And when you think that her nose was growing longer every year—! Especially since all these things sounded but too possible, even to my partial ears. I can only be grateful that they allowed she was clever and interesting. That is all that I salved out of the shipwreck of my memories of Rosalie.

But the question will always remain to me: was the exposure of Rosalie as a sulky termagant, with a nose which grew longer every year, a put-up job on Felicia's part? You may be sure I shall never learn this from her, though what makes me suspicious is that she has gloated so little. She has never teased me once since that evening. Only, on the way home that night, I fancied I heard her quoting softly to herself. Perhaps it was my guilty imagination, but it sounded like,

"Thy hair is like a forest dark."

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THE POINT OF VIEW

FOLLOWING so soon upon the death of Charles Eliot Norton, the death of Donald G. Mitchell points the same moral. The moral is that it is perfectly practicable for an American, given "the amateur spirit" in himself, and possibly some modicum of private means, to lead a retired and gracious and beneficent life. This is quite inconceivable to a foreigner, perhaps particularly to an Englishman, who, by very dint of his proximity, is, in certain essential respects, so much more a foreigner than the Continental. To the foreigner in general and the Englishman in particular the notion of a retired or retiring American is an anomaly which he refuses to entertain. The American who does not wriggle or strut toward the limelight, and mistake that progress for a struggling toward the light, the American who does not strive nor cry, is, to the general European appreciation, a solecism in nature. Of course, he is a familiar, though not a familiar enough phenomenon to us others, us natives. Unhappy he of us, even though himself engaged in what old Wiclif calls "parlous battle," who does not know at least one dear old man, or perhaps not so old, who occupies some "quiet seat above the thunder," "Like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle," who judges the current phenomena with an aloofness, who has no need to keep his ear to the ground or his nose to the ticker, and who is able to "shun the spawn of the press on the gossip of the hour" and lead his own dignified and individual life.

"The Amateur Spirit."

One rejoices to see, in the obituaries of "Ik Marvel," that this capability is noted with admiration and even with envy. The case is more compelling than that of Professor Norton, because of his senior's and survivor's early and unquestioned literary successes. Professor Norton never made such successes. It might be said with plausibility that his retiracy was as much enforced as spontaneous. Indeed, that might be said of Mr. Mitchell, too, though the enforcement in his case came from a valetudinary condition. Certainly not from failure of any literary aspirations which he may have entertained. Perhaps nothing else ever seized and held the attention of so many of the candid youth of America as "Dream Life" and the "Reveries of a Bachelor." At any rate, the seizure and the holding were quite unmistakably attested. If it were really weak health alone that induced the winner of these successes to abdicate his victorious position instead of trying to repeat them, then one might find in the abdication an abundant consolation even for a valetudinary condition. To turn from failure to "do chores" and solace one's leisure with the Georgics and Columella is one thing: to turn from signal success to the same vocations and avocations is quite another, and immensely more exemplary. And to have this turning away from "any of the objects of ordinary ambition" recognized as admirable and truly successful, as it has been ungrudgingly recognized in our more thoughtful quarters, is the attestation of what one may properly call a triumph of right living. There is a pathetic passage in one of the private letters of Donald G. Mitchell's contemporary, George William Curtis, cited in Mr. Edward Cary's "Life," which is illuminating as well as pathetic. "How much I prefer these quiet hills," he writes at some political crisis, "and how I am driven out on the stormy seas." Not that Curtis was at all blamable for being "out on the stormy seas," but that Mitchell was all the more enviable for being in the quiet nooks, "the still air of delightful studies." Enviable and also admirable, for he had shaped his life according to his requirements, and remained far, yet not too far, from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, the master of his fate, the captain of his soul.

His own escapades into public life were the merest avocations. "Julius Cæsar was a consul; so was Napoleon Bonaparte; so was I"—as he begins his record of his Venetian consulate by saying; and proceeds to show what a hollow mockery the consulate was, Franklin Pierce *consule*. How admirable if it was willed, how enviable even if it was imposed, that lifelong addiction after an initial success that would have turned

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most heads—that addiction to a course of life that "kept him out of the common controversies of the street and of the forum," and so incidentally gave rise to so much good reading as to tempt the reader to insist, quite in opposition to a recent contention, that all literary men should be amateurs. "What I wonder at," says Stevenson's practical man to Stevenson's artist, "is that you should not want to do anything else."

For the fruit of this learned and gentlemanlike leisure is so much more to the purpose than the entire "life-work" of many literary exclusives. The "collective edition" which Ik Marvel had the honest pleasure of surveying during the last year of his long life, was a worthy and merited tribute to what may be called, without any real contradiction in terms, the Earnest Amateur. To a man who had never written for his living, as one may say, to have the fruit of his *horæ subsecivæ* set before him, sixty-one years, as he himself records, after he had begun to make that humane use of his spare hours, was a *solatium senectutis* such as few men have and few men earn. There stands "Edgewood" still, looking eastward over the fields where are the young Yale barbarians all at play. Until its late occupant is quite forgotten, it will stand to instil into certain of the young barbarians, looking westward up the hill, one of the most beneficent uses which a "liberal education" can conserve.

FRIEND after friend departs, who has not lost a friend? Americanism after Americanism is replevined by our kin across the sea, and we Yankees stand by helpless and supine. What have we left for our very own, if our indigenous vocabulary is proved to be only a collection of transplanted seedlings? A senator of the United States—and from Massachusetts!—has delighted in a scholarly collecting of the Americanisms which he finds flourishing abundantly in the pages of Shakspeare. And before that traitorous deed was done, another Massachusetts man, the author of a group of satirical ballads called the "Biglow Papers," had gone out of his way to show that many of our most vigorous localisms of speech were mere survivals. Even *rare* in the sense of underdone is not our own, since it was once known to the British, who chose to allow it to fall into innocuous desuetude. Indeed, we need not be surprised if some British witling some day ventures the suggestion that the author of "Every Man in His Humor" was called Rare Ben Jonson simply and solely because his plays were not well done.

An Adopted Americanism

And now another vocable which we had cherished as our own is to be ravished from us. Could there be a more characteristic Americanism than *rough-rider?* Is not this hyphenated term redolent of the ferocious and lanate Occident? Could any of us ever have the slightest doubt as to its origin? Yet even if we did invent it, we were anticipated by our cousins in that distant isle off the coast of France. An American may have devised *rough-rider* off-hand as the best term to describe a thing that needed a name. But the name itself was not novel; it can be found—hyphen and all—in a novel, or at least, in a work of fiction written in London in 1843 or thereabouts, by one George Barrow. The book is called "Lavengro"; it is a record of adventures and a gallery of human character, which has long been the joy of all who delight in a good fight sympathetically set forth. And in the thirteenth chapter of this veracious chronicle Lavengro is set astride of a fiery steed. He manages to stick on as best he can; and as he does not fall off, the groom sees fit to encourage him by crying out: "That's it, now abroad with you; I'll bet my comrade a pot of beer that you'll be a regular rough-rider by the time you come back!" And there's an end to our paternal pride in the phrase. We did not beget it; at best we only adopted a bantling born to another sire.

THE female American has been of late "catching it" in the columns of a serious, if visionary, London journal. Her assailant, a Scotch-Canadian, has managed to infuriate her British sisters also by declaring that when he says the American woman he does not mean the general American woman, but only a type of womanhood which is highly developed in the United States, but of which the representatives abound in the United Kingdom. The type he assails upon the ground that it is like the lilies of the field in that it toils not, neither does it spin. Also it does not bear children. It is given, above other women, to fads and fancies.

The Male American

Undoubtedly this type has been developed so highly in this country that it is not unfair

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to designate America as its special habitat. The discussion stirred up by this Habakkuk Mucklewrath has brought out anew the spavined adage that if America have no leisure class, it has a leisure sex, and the corollary unfolded by the good Watts about the kind of employment which is provided by abundant leisure. But, rather oddly, at the same time a cisatlantic discussion has arisen over the social defects of the male American. Nobody pretends that the defects appertaining to excessive idleness are his. On the contrary, the very complaint of him is that he is excessively given to business. Wherefore his womankind are, in the estimation of many rapid tourists and of some more mature observers, better educated than he, and more addicted to the things of the mind. According to Mr. Perry Robinson, he frequently has to ask his wife who painted the prides of his gallery, whereas the English wife has to resort to her husband for that class of information. But hence, so to speak, the cultured American girl, revolting from her uncultured though strenuous compatriot, finds herself more at her ease with the cultivated and unstrenuous stranger, and even the American matron, or pseudo-matron, it is more than suggested, finds satisfactions, of course within the limits of becoming social intercourse, with the leisured and cultured Briton, with the lively Gaul, with the omniscient and nullificent German, which she cannot derive from the companionship of her liege lord and countryman.

It is very odd, very "rum," her congenial Briton would say, how the American girl in particular is deceived. (As to the American matron, provided she keep herself out of the scope and purview of French fiction, it does not so much matter.) The American girl is apt to forget or ignore that the very thing that makes her eligible in the eyes of the foreigner is the very thing that she owes to the disparaged American male parent, whose limitations she finds irksome, the same limitations which in the comparison with the "cultured" and "leisured" foreigner discommend her cœval compatriot to her. For while it has been justly remarked that in affairs of the heart women are the more practical and men the more romantic, the remark is of a domestic significance and will not bear exportation. The Continental European frankly admits a mercenary element in his courtships, and the cultivated but unprovided Briton, though more circuitous in his procedure, is equally persuaded of the necessity that he must "marry money." *Vide* Anthony Trollope *passim.*

Yes, we arraign him; but he, the weary Titan, with deaf ears and labor-dimmed eyes, continues, in short and in his own locution, to "saw wood." Perhaps it were better for him if he were a little less strenuous, as certainly it were better for his European rival if he were a good deal less lazy. The male American may cherish an inarticulate conviction that he has the makings of a better husband than the more ornamental male European who may yet put him to shame in a casual discussion on Shakespeare and the musical glasses. And, really, the time seems to give it proof. An American, to be sure not a very strenuous one, in Mr. Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady," warns the American girl who is about to give herself to an exemplar of culture, also an American (although as the other American observes, "one forgets that, he is so little of one"), that she was "meant for something better than to keep guard over the sensibilities of a sterile dilettante." She came, by tragical experience, to the same conclusion. In fact, the novelist, in the work in question, anticipated and summed up the recent contention. Caspar Goodwood and Gilbert Osmond, respectively, embody the types of the strenuous American and the cultivated foreigner, and the distinct moral is that Isabel Archer chose the wrong man. When the poet Bunthorne, in Sir W. S. Gilbert's operetta, inquires of the rustic maiden, "Do you not yearn?" she makes answer, "I yearn my living." It is a pertinent answer for the male American when he is challenged by the female American. He may with some confidence expect that the other things she misses in him will be added unto him; whereas this particular capability will surely never be a by-product of graceful and cultivated ease.

CAN any one find a better instance of the irony of fate than that afforded by a sale catalogue of the autograph letters of authors? A writer may have gone through life, constantly struggling with evil fortune, and dying at last almost unknown,

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As to the Autograph Letters of Authors

leaving behind him a novel or a book of poems that wins at last a wide circle of ardent admirers. While he was alive he could not earn his living by his pen, and his writings went a-begging, with no buyers. And then, when posthumous fame comes to him too late, the imploring missives that he wrote in his garret to unappreciative publishers came to be worth more in the market than he was paid for any of the works into which he poured his soul. He himself may have received little or nothing for his masterpiece while he was alive; and then when he is dead and gone, every A. L. S. that can be discovered in the waste-paper baskets of his contemporaries is proffered for sale to eager collectors at prices which would have made him laugh aloud with incredulous self-mockery.

A single note of Milton's, or even a signature sprawled in an odd volume, will now bring more than the poet received for "Paradise Lost." Charles Lamb was not cast down by the simplicity of his scale of living, and he was sustained by his sense of humor and by the manliness of his character; but he would have had the smile of the unbeliever if a prophesying friend had told him that the manuscript of any single one of his essays would be more valuable than the pay he probably received for all his contributions to the *London Magazine* lumped together. Thackeray again, with his modesty which did not prevent now and again a suspicion as to his own work, would have been pleasantly flattered if he could have foreseen that his charming little notes, with the casual caricatures he liked to scrawl in the blank spaces, would be quoted in the market at prices far outreaching that which he himself was paid for his more carefully composed contributions to the reviews.

There are authors of our own time who have now awakened to the possibility of this future inquiry for their stray correspondence, and who are therefore most fastidious in their letter-writing, never permitting even the least important note to go forth that is not fit to be welcomed in the most exacting collector's library. The letters of these authors are always neat in chirography and perfect in orthography. They are all of them what the dealer will delight to call "characteristic specimens," and they will also take their place at once and without any editing in the "Life and Letters" which the natural vanity of these writers looks forward to. Missives thus conscientiously composed are not so much letters to the actual recipients as they are epistles to posterity. And perhaps, like other epistles to posterity, they may not always reach their address.

But these are not the only letters that are written with an eye to the future autograph collector. M. Porel, the manager of the vaudeville theatre in Paris, has recently been narrating his recollections of the dramatic celebrities he met in his youth. And one of his anecdotes is a little disquieting to the peace of mind of the autograph collector. M. Porel tells us that he dropped in one morning to keep an appointment with the elder Dumas, and he found that the kindly and robust author had spent the whole night in a vain effort to make a thousand francs, which he needed to help the son of an old friend and which a dealer had promised him in return for five hundred autograph letters. He had toiled over these never-to-be-sent and never-to-be-received missives until he had exhausted every possible epistolary form and until he was absolutely exhausted himself.

To an observer on this side of the Atlantic familiar with the history of the stock exchange this anecdote recalls the method of Gould and Fisk printing off shares of a new issue of Erie stock as fast as these could be sold. To emit five hundred letters by a single writer appears to be a painful example of over-production. But probably the dealer who made the bargain knew his business, and he intended to lock up this mass of correspondence and to float single specimens into circulation slowly and skilfully, keeping his price up by every method known to the trade. This adroit French merchant in MSS. would never have been guilty of underselling—unlike one of a later American dealer who recently proffered for only nine dollars a letter of Artemus Ward, written and dated in 1885—a score of years after the decease of Charles F. Browne! Now, a letter in the handwriting of a dead man referring to events that took place long after his demise is absolutely unique. To ask only nine dollars for it was to give it away; for in reality it was priceless, since it proves the immortality of the soul and also the control of pen, ink and paper by disembodied spirits.

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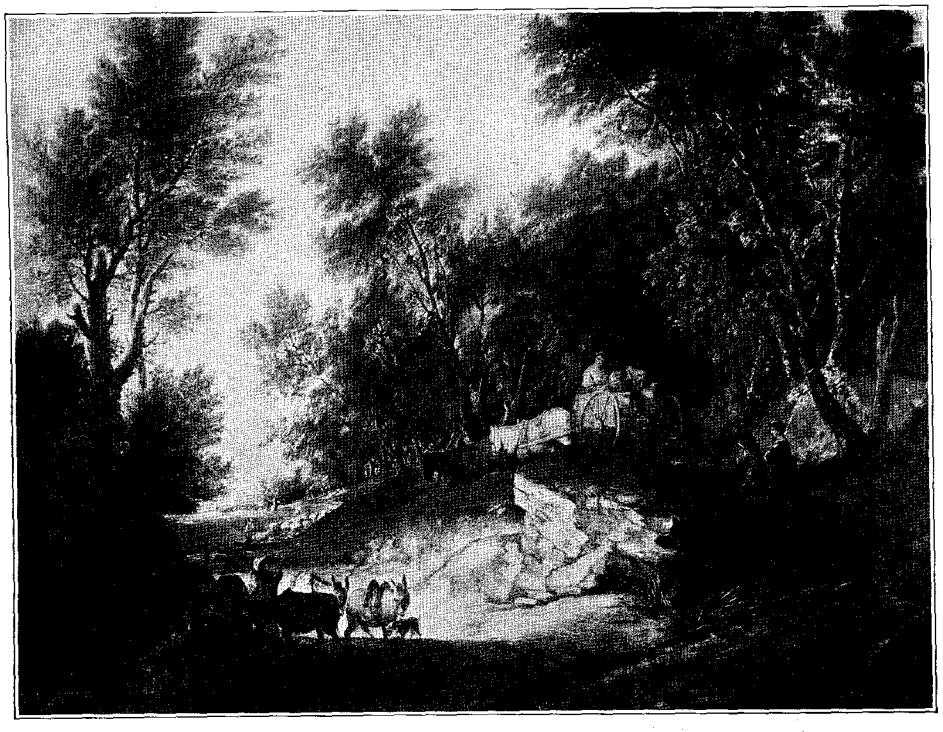
THE FIELD OF ART



Landscape, by Thomas Gainsborough.*
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MORE EXAMPLES OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

IT is a pleasure to return to this school,* and to note the effort that is being made at the Museum to extend the list and range of the British painters who must always be of peculiar interest to Americans.

That ill-starred genius, George Morland, is represented by a homely theme characteristic of the subjects that appealed to him. The "Midday Meal" is the picture of a pigsty shaded by a group of large trees; a young farm hand, carrying a pail of feed and followed by three hungry swine, approaches the sty. Swineherd and swine are given with a light touch which reveals the pleasure some of these early Englishmen took in the mere manipulation of pa[illegible]; and while the color is of a certain conventional mellowness, it is still acceptable, and, for the period, good. To those interested in following the sequence of the practice of painting in England this canvas is an example they will enjoy, and is a desirable possession for the Museum.

There is a portrait by Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A., of that handsome man, the "Irish Liberator," and master of popular eloquence, Daniel O'Connell, painted in a conventional way and conventionally lighted —interesting, however, as showing an intermediate period in English portraiture analogous to the lapse in our own art after Stuart and others of our early painters; a merely well-painted but colorless performance. In describing his dress would not the catalogue read better if "waistcoat" were to replace the word vest? Elsewhere we come to an-

* See the Field of Art for January of this year.

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Mrs. Fitzherbert, by George Romney.*
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other Sir Joshua, hung regrettably high, which seems to suggest some of his most captivating qualities. It is the portrait of "Master Hare," delightful in its creaminess of both flesh and frock, and, as we have said, in this artist's happiest vein. The landscape background exists merely to detach the lovely figure of a child, and it fulfils its purpose. The tone of the sash and edging to dress falling from shoulder is of a delicious and harmonious mauve that contributes to the delicacy and breadth of the canvas as a whole. It is a delicacy devoid of weakness and a breadth without emptiness that the artist has achieved here.

Like some others of the English landscapists, Richard Wilson first essayed portrait painting, but, on going to Italy, the scenery so attracted him, that he relinquished portraiture and turned to landscape. He never lost the Italian accent, so to speak, and his English pictures had almost invariably a foreign and un-English air; so that his Italian landscape here seems strongly reminiscent of Claude Lorrain, while that entitled "The Storm" suggests, weakly, Salvator Rosa. It is valuable for the Museum, however, to possess this connecting link between English and Italian landscape art, and we are glad to see it here.

"The Bridge of the Stour," by John Constable, is an instance of the faithful portrayal of natural effects, and in this picture we must

*See the previous article, Field of Art for January, 1909.

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Lady Lilith, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.
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not look for even the picturesque sentiment that he can sometimes give. This is far from the imaginative rendition of Turner, but it is a vivid and sprightly presentation of high noon—a solidly painted work of more technical than æsthetic interest. The sky with active clouds is finely given—a good, wholesome, homely canvas.

"Ariadne in Naxos," by George Frederick Watts, shows much of this painter's large sense of form and much also of his limitations. There is a big, handsome conception and impression in its landscape accessory, but it is marred by turbulent and broken drapery lacking breadth; reminiscent of the Elgin Marbles without their thorough and profound knowledge of the form it envelops. Both Satyr and panther in the foreground leave much to be desired both in form and color, so undecided are they in each of these qualities. Despite this, there is a large feeling of corporiety in the figure of Ariadne herself; it is all indicative of a high artistic purpose and aim in hesitating hands.

A little picture by George H. Boughton, "A Puritan Girl," is among the English group, and it is of a sentiment and workmanship quite representative of a certain style of English painting of the late nineteenth century. We would, perhaps, like to see something more important by this painter, although, for showing his method, this is as characteristic as a larger work. It

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is not a robust method, but of a refinement that possesses charm.

It is unfortunate that a man who has done such worthy work at times as Sir John Millais, painter of "The Northwest Passage," of numerous notabilities, once President of the Royal Academy and at one time nominal head of British art, should be so inadequately represented here as he is in the canvas entitled "Portia." This, which might be an illustration from some Christmas colored plate of a *London Illustrated News* or *Graphic*, is really too unimportant to be seriously considered, and the writer will refrain from further comment, trusting that time will remedy the lapse and give us a better example of this well-known painter.

Sir Frederick Leighton is more advantageously seen here in his "Lachrymæ." Although a work of his later years, it has all the elegance and finished charm of this accomplished artist, and is for him, sober in color, always excepting the lurid light in the background, which is too strong in value to harmonize with the prevailing tone of the picture.

A very recent acquisition is "Lady Lilith," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and to be frank, it is interesting and valuable to have examples of these men.

The school of which Rossetti was one of the recognized heads, the pre-Raphaelite, was called into existence by a certain demand on the part of its disciples for a more faithful and loving study of nature—a more patient and intimate scrutiny of the forms of the outside world; and this being the case, it seems unfortunate that, with the best intentions, some of its exponents should be so inadequately equipped to express them.

Here is a theme evidently chosen, in matter of accessories, to give charming and varied scope to the delineation of such exquisite shapes as those of roses, with their marvellous beauty of curling petal which varies, in a fascinating perspective, with each changing plane of vision—or poppies, equally demanding sensitiveness of sight and an incisive and cunning hand to reveal their delightful play of subtle form. Little of this is given in a subject one might fancy had been selected, as we have said, for the reason of its possessing this grace and charm.

There is a certain large and languid attitude in the figure which is broadly "seen"—alike in its aspect of blonde flesh and in the white drapery. It is almost nâïve, however, in its tentative and unknowing touch, in innocence of competent drawing, both in lineal contour and interior construction; and while the medium is water color, it is in no true sense adhered to, for it is overloaded and made heavy by an excessive and unskilful use of Chinese white or gouache.

In spite of, not because of, these technical weaknesses, and through some inherent sense of *ensemble*, the artist in him betrays a sumptuous breadth of vision which saves the day. Still, the fact remains that the color, although acceptable, is in no quality distinguished. The painter, if he felt the delightful tones that play on the surfaces of differing materials seems not to have possessed the craft to denote them, and consequently there is a lack of that pervading element of air and envelop which would contribute much to the quiet unity of the work.

On the whole, English art has never been overwhelmed by academic spirit or academic training; and this is doubtless why its results are so appealing and emotional. Much of its painting is from sheer love of the work, and, had the means of expression been less unhesitating, we might have lost much of its charm.

The haunting heads of Gainsborough, the splendors of Turner's palette, and the exuberance of Sir Joshua might have, each and all, contributed more to the science of painted art, but have left the spectator cold. And, after all, it is the heart that should be stirred, the imagination fired and the soul solaced by the various activities of the mind that works for the elevation and joy of humanity. At present English painting at the Museum is more richly represented by the art of the past than by the masters of to-day; and here there is room for numerous additions that may readily be brought to mind.

We are grateful for what is here—we are hopeful for much to come.

FRANK FOWLER.

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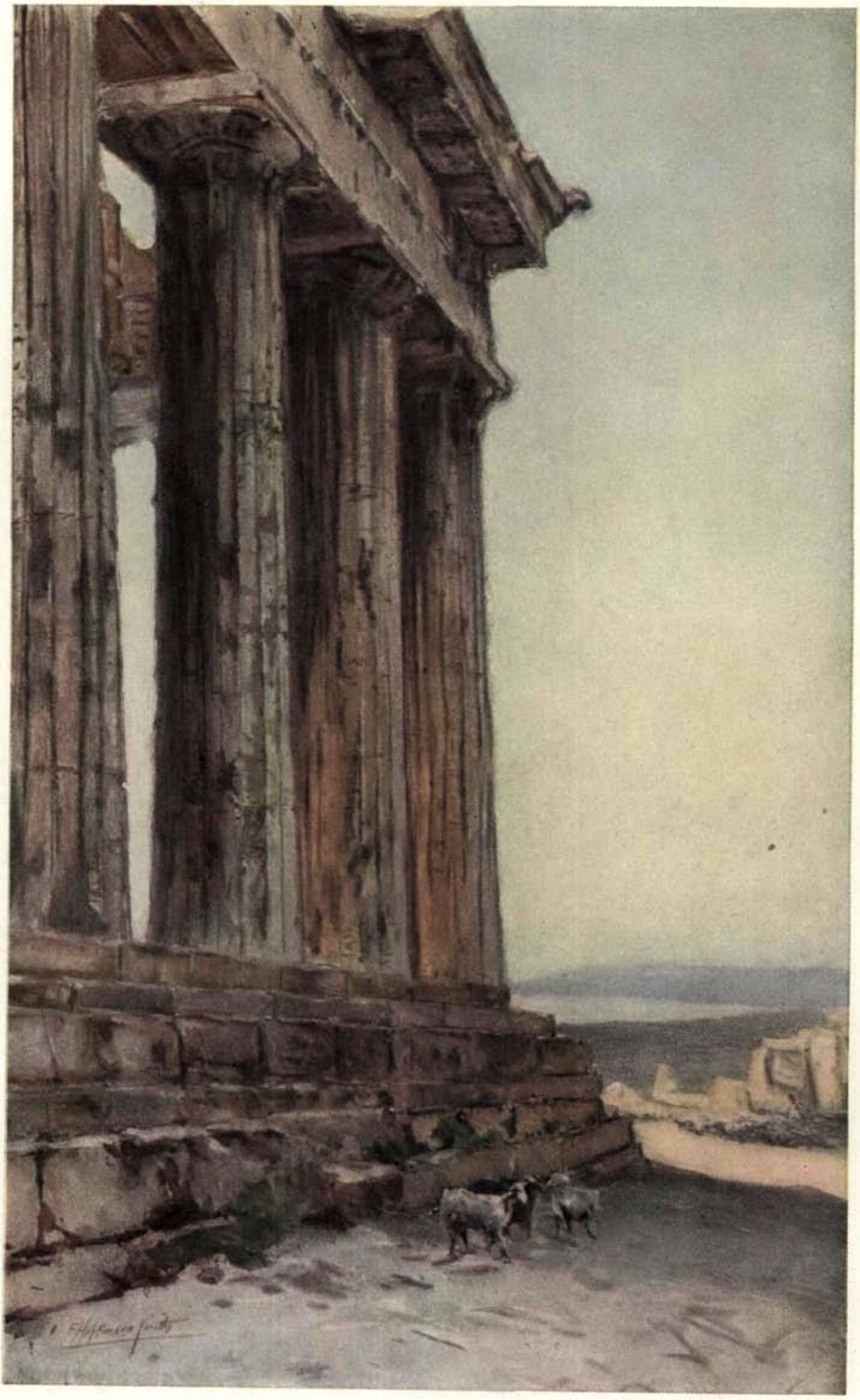

THE COLUMNS OF THE PARTHENON LOOM UP!

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